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(III.)

TRIALS BY ORDEALS.

The divine tests are named differently as an accused is asked to pass through the ordeals of scale, fire, water, and poison, etc., for establishing his innocence. Trials by such ordeals should be instituted only in cases of high treason, or most culpable offences, while oaths and swearings should be deemed as sufficient to establish one's innocence in petty charges. Ordeals by means of the purifying elements of Nature should be resorted to in cases where the charges would be the violation of the king's rights. Ordeals by scale, plough-share, or poison should not be allowed in cases where the value of the subject-matter of the suit would fall below a thousand coins. The officer presiding at an ordeal should give a verdict and a certificate of innocence in the event of one's successfully passing through it, whereas the accused, found wanting in the test, should be liable to punishment.

The accused should fast, and bathe at sunrise with all his clothes on, on the day of the test, and pass through his ordeal in the presence of the king and the Brahmanas. An old, infant blind, invalid, or a female accused, should be tested with the ordeal by scale, while the innocence of a Sudra, should be ascertained by means of the ordeal by fire, water, or the seven Yava (barley) weights of poison. Then the person, efficient in measuring by scale, should put the weight of the accused person on the receiving pan of the balance. The accused should begin his ordeal by praying as follows :—

"The Sun, the Moon, the Wind, the Fire, the Earth, the Heaven, the Heart (conscience), the god of Death, the Day, the Night, the Morn, the Eve, and the god of Virtue witness the good or evil acts of man. O thou Scale, made of yore by the gods, and the abode of all truth, dost thou speak the truth. O thou blissful damsel of heaven, remove the doubt which men have entertained as to my honesty and innocence. Lower me down, if I am truly guilty of the offence charged against my name, otherwise lift me up, O mother."

In the ordeal by fire, the palms of the accused should be first examined as to whether it had not been plastered over with clay. Then seeds of Vrihi grass should be strewn over them, and the seven leaves of an Ashvatha tree, stitched together with a string, should be spread over the seeds. Then the accused should address the Fire-god as follows:—

"Thy seat is in the inside of all creatures, O Fire, and thou art the witness of acts of merit and demerit. I have held thee in my palms, speak truth, O god, as a witness to my innocence." Then a red-hot iron ball, weighing fifty Pals, should be placed on his palms, covered as above, and the accused or the person suspected, should be asked to slowly walk over seven Mandalas or rings, each ring being laid down sixteen fingers apart. The accused should then throw off the fire from his hands, expose them to the inspection of the officer presiding, and would pass off scot-free in the event of his coming out of the ordeal unscathed. The test should be repeated where the ball would drop down before reaching the goal, or any doubt as to fairplay would arise.

At the outset of an ordeal by water, the god Varuna, should be addressed as follows:—

"O thou holy Varuna, O thou holiest of the holies, purify me and protect me by truly testifying to my innocence." The accused should stand waist-deep in water, and then sit down on his hips. His innocence would be established, if an archer simultaneously discharging an arrow over his head with his sitting, would find him fully dived down into the water.

In an ordeal by poison, the accused should first address the poison to be imbibed as "O thou poison, the son of the God Brahman, and who hast thy abode in truth and virtue, dost thou deliver me from this accusation nad be thou to me as nectar." Thus having ad-

drugged the poison born of a hill, he should imbibe the same in the presence of the assembled Brahmanas. His innocence would be established, if he could assimilate the poison safely without retching or vomiting.

In the alternative, a suspected person should drink three handfuls of the water used in bathing the images of some dreadful gods. He should be deemed innocent, if nothing harmful (either physical or social) befalls him within fourteen days of such drinking.

In other smaller offences, a suspected person should be made to state the truth on oath, or to swear his innocence by touching a riding animal, a cow, a weapon, seeds, gold, consecrated temples and tanks, the image of a god, or the feet of his spiritual preceptor.

PARTITION OF PROPERTY.

A father, wishing a partition of his properties, should divide them either equally among his sons, or settle upon his eldest-born a greater portion thereof. Mothers (father's wives), not having received anything from their husband or father-in-law by way of their Stridhana, should have a share in the division, in the event of equal allotments being made to each of the sons. A little should be given to the man claiming under a woman having a share, and the division should be made afterwards. Unequal allotments made by a father should be deemed as binding. The sons should divide among themselves the liabilities of their own father, and the daughters should take upon themselves the debts incurred by their mother in her life-time, in the event of their having had no issues. The co-parceners of a person should not have any claim to the property acquired by him with his own independent exertion, without in any way destroying (selling) his ancestral estate, as well as to those given to him by his friends, out of love, or on the occasion of his marriage as dowry. The co-parceners of an estate should be entitled to accretions, or to properties newly acquired by one of them with the profits of the property held in common by them. The sons of different fathers, forming the members of a joint and undivided family, should take according to the shares of their respective fathers under whom they claim. Both a father and a son are entitled

in equal shares, to an estate acquired by his grand-father, or to a property assigned by him to a definite and particular object (Nirvandha). A son born unto a man by a wife of his own caste (Savarna), even after the division of his ancestral estate, should take a share, and a share should be allotted to him in the partition of the estate, if his advent in the world is reasonably anticipated on the occasion, and even after the adjustment of accounts. The coparceners of one's ancestral estate, should not be entitled to any property acquired by one's own skill and knowledge or ingenuity, nor to a lost property recovered by one, even if it be ancestral.

The property given to a man by his parents is his own, while his mother should be entitled to an equal share with the sons, in the event of the partition having been made by his grand-father.

The married brothers are bound to provide for the marriage-expenses of an unmarried daughter of their deceased father, and to give her a fourth part of a share. The sons of Brahmana father should be entitled to four, three, two and a single share respectively, according to the castes of their respective mothers, or in other words, a son by a Brahmana mother would take four, a son by a Kshatriya mother would take three, a son by a Vaishya mother would take two, while a son by a Shudra mother would take a single share only. Articles found to have been wrongfully taken possession of by another should be again taken to the hotch-pot, and equally distributed among the co-parceners, as such is the practice.

A son begotten by a sonless man on another man's wife under a Niyoga (authority to beget offspring), should inherit the properties of both his natural father and the husband of his mother, as such a son can offer oblations of obsequies to both of them. A son, begotten by a man on his own married and lawful wife, is known as an Aurasa, while a Putrika Suta (a daughter's son, who, by agreement, becomes a son of her father) should be deemed as ranking equally with a son of the former class. A son begotten on the wife of a man by one belonging to his own Gotra, or by any body else, is known as a Kshetraraja son, while a son clandestinely begotten in the paternal house of a woman is called a Gurha-Utpanna (born in secret). A son born in the womb of a

maiden girl is called a Kanina, and naturally belongs to the father of the girl (maternal grandfather). A son born of a woman in her girlhood is called a Kanina. A son of a married woman by another, whether she had menstruated or not, is known as a Paunarbhava. A son given in adoption by his natural parents, is called a Dattaka, while a son sold by his parents for value is known as a Krita son. A child filiated by a person is called a Kritrima (putative) son. A child voluntarily offering himself as a son to another, is called a Dattaman, while a son born in the womb at the time of his mother's marriage is called a Sahad'oja. A son deserted by one and filiated by another, becomes an Apavidhha son to the latter. The sons enumerated above are all competent to offer cakes of obsequies and libations of water to their fathers, whether natural or adopted, and to inherit the properties respectively left by them.

The rule, laid down above, shall apply to sons born of mothers belonging to the same castes as their husbands. A son, begotten by a Sudra, out of lust on a female slave, should be entitled to a share in the property left by his deceased father. On the decease of his father, his brothers should allot a half share to him; while such a person, in the absence of any brother or sister's son, should take the entirety of the property left by his deceased progenitor. The wife, daughter, parents, brothers, their sons, persons belonging to the same Gotra, Vandhus, disciples (in the case of a Brahmacharin), should be successively deemed as heirs to such a sonless man, and the each of these succeeding relations should inherit his property in the absence of one immediately preceding him in the order of enumeration. This rule shall hold good in the case of the sonless of all castes.

The preceptor, a good disciple, a person belonging to the same religious fraternity, or persons jointly visiting the same shrine or resorting to the same place of pilgrimage, should be successively deemed as heirs to a Yati, Vana-prastha, or a Brahmacharin. The co-parcener of a co-parcener, or the uterine brother of an uterine brother, should be deemed as an heir to such a co-parcener or an uterine brother, born but subsequently deceased. A brother living in commensality with a brother not born of the same womb, should inherit the property of the latter on his demise, while an uterine brother, even living separate,

should inherit the property of a brother born in the same womb, as his step-brothers or brothers by different mothers, are held as disabled to have any share therein.

A degraded son, as well as one born lame, blind, insane, idiotic, or suffering from an incurable disease, should be entitled to maintenance out of the ancestral estate, but not to any share therein. The sons of such disabled sons should be deemed as competent heirs to the ancestral property, if not otherwise labouring under any of the disqualifications enumerated above. The daughters of such disqualified sons should be entitled to maintenance until marriage. The wives of such disqualified sons should be maintained, if not anywise misbehaving themselves, or not having the path of virtue or going contrary to the wishes of their guardians by marriage, whereas they should be banished and cut off without any provision in the case of actual adultery or infidelity.

The estates given to a woman by her father, mother, husband, or brother, as well as those presented to her near the nuptial fire, or those which fall under the denomination of Adhibedanīkas, are the four classes of Stridhana (*lit.*, woman's property) recognised by law. The Vandhus of a woman dying without any issue, should inherit the estate (Stridhana) presented to her by her friends and relations, as well as those which are known as the Anvadhēyakam. The husbands of all castes, should inherit the Stridhana left by their respective wives dying without any issue, while their daughters should be deemed as the legal heirs to such properties in the event of their having any female child; otherwise the property would revert to the father of the deceased. A man by taking back a property, or an estate formally assigned and made over to his daughter, should be liable to punishment, whereas he is bound to defray the expenses incidental to her marriage and maintenance. The interest of such a daughter vests in her father on her demise, charged with expenses incurred under both the abovementioned heads. A husband is not bound to repay or restore to his wife an estate or a property forming her Stridhana, which he has appropriated in the time of famine, or sold for his medical treatment, or for the purposes of religious acts, or in the event of its being stolen by thieves. A husband, marrying a second wife (Adhivinna) in the life-time of the first

and without having assigned any separate property to her as her Stridhana, should settle on her a Stridhana, equal in value to what had been settled on his first wife, or a half thereof in the event of the first wife not having been similarly provided for. On a partition of one's ancestral property, made under a Deed of Partition, duly attested by one's cognates, Vandhus and relations, the ancestral house, the fields and the articles of dowry (Jautakas) should be fairly partitioned and distributed among the several co-parceners, entitled to them by law and right.

BOUNDARY DISPUTES.

A dispute regarding the boundaries of two contiguous fields, should be settled by referring to, and according to the decision of, the foresters, cow-herds and elders of a village, as well as to the ploughmen tilling the ground about that border-land. The boundaries should be laid down and demarcated by means of coal, husks, trees, ant-hills, culverts, stones, mounds, conical pillars, or by burying bones and skeletons under it. Eight or ten old men, either living in the same or different villages, should be elected arbitrators in a suit of boundary-dispute, and the surveyors, clad in red clothes and wearing garlands of red flowers, should be engaged to lay down the boundary line according to their instructions. Officers, wrongly adjudicating, doing any wilful injustice in, such a dispute, should be severally punished with a fine, either of the Madhyama or the Sahasha class. The king should himself demarcate the boundaries of fields in the absence of men, who might be acquainted with the land-marks of old. The same rule shall hold good in the case of orchards, temples, villages, wells, reservoirs of water, garden-lands, dwelling-houses, and channels of rain-water.

Persons, outstripping the boundary, or wrongfully encroaching on another man's field, or obliterating the boundary marks should be respectively liable to a fine of the first, second, or third class. A slight encroachment on another man's field for the purposes of a public bridge, or for a well yielding a copious quantity of water and occupying a considerably smaller area, should give rise to no cause of action. The owner of a plot of ground should be entitled to the use of a bridge built on his land without his knowledge, whereas the king should be entitled to such

an user in the absence of any rightful owner thereof. A man, who fails to cultivate a plot of ground, or to cause it to be tilled by others, should be dispossessed thereof, and his field of virgin soil, should be handed over to another for cultivation.

The owner of a she-buffalo trespassing on another man's field should be fined eight Mashas, that of a cow four Mashas, that of a she-goat two Mashas, while they should be liable to pay double the amount in cases where they would sit by and see the animals grazing in their presence. The owner of an ass or a camel should be fined the same amount as prescribed in the case of a she-buffalo let loose on another man's pasture ground. The owner of the field should have the right to be reimbursed of as much grain as had been destroyed by the straying cattle, and both the keeper and the master of the animal, should be liable to fines laid down above.

But the owner of an animal trespassing or grazing on a field lying along the roadside, or on the outskirts of a village, should not be punished as above. A man, by wilfully and wantonly creating mischief on another man's field, or pasturage, should be dealt with as an ordinary thief. The keeper of a herd, abounding in pregnant or newly delivered cows, or in animals let loose on the occasions of religious sacrifices, or accidentally hurt or injured, should not be liable to punishment by letting them enter or tread on another man's pasturage.

At evening, a cow-herd or a keeper of a flock of cattle should return the animals to their respective owners, consigned to his care in the morning. A paid keeper is bound to restore to its master the price of an animal lost or killed in his keeping.

A cow-herd or a keeper of a herd of cattle, should be liable to punishment, in the event of an animal being killed in the flock through his negligence or want of care. Under the circumstance, he should be compelled to restore a similar animal to the owner, and also to pay a fine of thirteen Panas to the king. The pasturage should be situated at a part of a village which its residents would consider most convenient to set apart, or a common, comprised within the area of a village, should be made use of for the purpose. A Bramhana is entitled to collect grass fuels, or flowers from any plot of ground, belonging to any man whomsoever, as his own birth-right. The other field, which usually

appertains to a village, should be made to include an area of one hundred Dhanus, while those appertaining to a hamlet or a town, should measure two hundred Dhanus respectively.

DEFECTIVE SALES.

A man should recover possession of an estate or a property belonging to him and sold by another, in the event of any flaw being detected in the purchaser; whereas a purchaser buying any estate from a party incompetent to sell the same, and for a manifestly inadequate consideration and without any definite description of boundaries, should be dealt with as a common thief. A man having found out a lost and stolen article belonging to him, should cause the stealer to be apprehended, whereas he should himself hand over the culprit to the proper authorities in the event of his coming across the miscreant in a distant country and at the expiry of a considerable time after the loss. The purchaser of a stolen article should be left off on his having named and exhibited the person from whom he had purchased the same, and the goods or the article should be in the custody of the king till the final hearing of the case. Such a purchaser should be entitled to a refund of the purchase money realised from the seller in the transaction. A reasonable allowance should be made for wear and tear in the course of natural use and enjoyment of an object, and a five-fold fine should be paid to the king in a case where the damage would exceed that limit. A man, by recovering or taking back a lost or stolen article from another, without giving an intimation to that effect to the king should be liable to a fine of ninety-six Panas. Any lost or stolen article recovered either by a local governor (Sthana Palaka) or a Customs Collector of the king, should be kept in the custody of the latter for a year, after which it should be made over to its rightful owner.

Four Panas should be deemed as the proper price of a mule, five as that of a slave, two as that of a buffalo, cow or a camel, and a quarter thereof as that of a goat. A man is at liberty to make gift of all his possessions except his dependants and relations, and if not objected to by any of them. A man without any issue is at liberty to make a gift of his whole fortune, or whatever else he has promised to give. The acceptance of a

gift should be made public, especially the gift of an immoveable property. A man is morally bound to ratify his promise as regards a gift, and should not take back a thing once given away. A man, assigning his wife to another for the purpose of begetting a son on her, should wait for ten, or five weeks, or for a month, or eighteen days at the least, for her return. Alloy in a bar of pure gold tested in fire, is allowed at the rate of two Palas for each hundred Pala weights, in the case of silver, lead, copper, and iron, or goods made of wool or cotton the same should be allowed at the rates of two, eight fifteen and ten Palas for each hundred Pala weight respectively. Increase in goods made of middling or extremely thin texture, is allowed at the rate of five Palas per hundred. In an embroidered (Karmika) drapery or cloth of wool, a thirtieth part of the original weight should be allowed for wastage, whereas no such allowance for natural wear and tear, should be made in the case of a garment made of silk (Kousheya) or of the bark of a tree. The experts should determine the allowance to be made for wastage through use in each particular, case, with due regard to the season, the climate of the land and the strength of the texture or the composing material of the article which forms the subject-matter of the dispute.

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NOTES ON THE SOUL.

(III).

The aphorisms of the yoga philosophy are *Dharana* or fixing *Chitta* on a place i.e. attention; *Dhyan* or contemplation; *Samadhi* means that *Chitta* is well fixed on or confined to one object; *Sanjama* contemplation, attention and meditation when they operate on one object, *Ekagrata* intenseness on a single point. This faculty knows past and future events, speeches of all living beings, class &c. experienced in the former births, penetration in the minds of other persons, concealing the former &c.

The aphorisms of *Baiseshika* are; the mind is a substance; sound is a quality of the ether and knowledge a quality of the soul; knowledge of truth is the beholding of the soul; denies the *Vedanta* doctrine as to absorption, as the divine and human are not like.

The *Satapatha Brahmin* (in the *Rigveda*) says: this (soul is free from desire and (yet) all the objects which desire for it desires nothing. The abode of *Brahma* is the pure eternal light, the highest sphere of *Vistu* who is regarded as the supreme *Brahma* and there resides the unselfish, the humble, those who are indifferent to pain and pleasure, those whose senses are under restraint and those who practise contemplation and fix their minds on the Deity. In most parts of the *Rigveda*, *Agni* etc. are considered as separate divinities. In some parts there are traces of identification and unity. There are proofs of pantheistic nature in one pervading principle being manifested in different ways. We have then the divine artizan—*Bishwakarma*. *Hiranyagarva* who was from the beginning the lord of all, creator of heaven and earth.

The *Svetasvatara Upanishad* says those who practise meditation and devout abstraction behold through meditation of their own soul, the mysterious nature with its qualities of energy (*sakti*)

of the supreme soul, which energy is called by *bidya*, *mayā* and other names. It manifests itself in a mysterious manner of three colours white, red and black, representing the qualities of purity, impurity and darkness, and it is through the infused power of *Brahma*, the origin of all causes and effects connected with him. For though there is but one substance devoid of difference and but one form still one multitudinous form is displayed by *mayā*. From meditation upon the supreme soul, from union with it and from a knowledge of its real essence is effected the cessation of that *mayā* which causes a belief in the existence of a multiform universe.

As in a diamond mirror " so written in the code of *Jajnavalkya*, "one can not see forms reflected, so a spirit with immature organs, cannot attain knowledge. As in a bitter gourd, if it is unripe, sweet juice can not be found within it, so is knowledge not found in the spirit of which the organs are immature".

The *Srimat Bhagbat* says the vulgar look for their gods in water, men of more extended knowledge in celestial bodies, the ignorant in wood, bricks and stones, but learned men in the immortal soul.

Manu says the vital spirit is accompanied by another internal spirit called *mohat* or the great soul or the reasonable soul. They are connected with the divine essence which pervades through all things high and low. The vital spirits are like sparks from fire (supreme spirit). After death the souls of those who have committed sins shall have a body for torment and as such receive the pains to be inflicted by *Jama*. When the period of correction is over the vital spirits approach the reasonable or intellectual soul or divine spirit. They then undergo an examination and according to their union with virtue and vice they acquire pleasure and pain in the present and future worlds. If the share of virtue be larger, the soul enjoys delight in the celestial above clothed with a body formed of pure elementary particles. If the share of vice be larger, it must have a coarse body of sensible nerves for receiving punishment from *Jama*. Where the taint is removed, the soul again reaches those five pure elements. When the man, who perceives in his own soul the supreme soul present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all and absorbs at last in the highest essence, even that of the Almighty Himself,

Manu says, after death another body composed of the five redemptory elements is immediately produced for wicked men that they may suffer the tortures of the infernal regions.

The *Bhagvat Gita* says at the time the spirit obtains a body it migrates taking with it those senses as the wind wafts along it the perfumes of the flowers.

The early Greek philosophers entertained similar notions of the subtle body which was susceptible from soul until the period of its final exemption from transmigration was over. From knowledge, the end of soul and existence, the real nature of knowledge, is attained.

The *Mahabharat* says spiritual state is free from death, fear, pain, anger, malice, what is agreeable and disagreeable also free from elements, senses, mind, understanding, desire, *abidya* or unreal knowledge, causation, knowledge and devoid of knowing, seeing, hearing, thinking, gladness, joy and sickness. When one sees all the creation distinct from himself, he sees God. He who sees in the soul four *vedas*, the ritual atmospheric and other essences, next world and matters relating thereto and realises God as distinct, unlimited, and full of wisdom, the gods serve him. When your senses instead of being engaged externally or internally rest on God, you shall then be able to see Him through your soul. When the lotus is plucked its connection with the earth ceases, so the soul ceases its connection with the body when developed by divine knowledge. The mind makes the soul prone to *joge*. When the soul is made so prone, the *jogee* makes the mind sink in the soul. The senses are higher than the other parts of the body. Mind is higher than the senses and the soul is higher than the mind. Nothing is higher than the soul. When a man is about to die, his soul entering a body free from suffering and enjoyment sees all the acts done by him. Those who perform good acts go after death to the moon or starry heaven; after the effects of the acts are over, they have to come down. The virtuous after going to those places and living there are reborn here. He, who while in flesh sees soul separate and distinct in its attributes and with it sees God separate and distinct in its attributes, has no pain at all. As long as the *jogees* do not attain the divine knowledge, they see light, sky, sun, air, *Indra*, *Prajapati* etc. in various ways but when

they obtain the divine knowledge they do not find any thing differently. Then in their heart God only appears.

The worship of the Aryas was of God in nature and not nature under the name of light and sky. In Muir's Sanskrit text is said *Yoge* effects the conjunction of the mind and soul, and that devotion is the chief requisite and knowledge subservient to it. All that is, is soul. He who perceives this, thinks this, knows this, delights in soul, sports with soul, consorts with soul takes pleasure in soul, he becomes self resplendent.

In the *Rig Veda* was written in the beginning there arose the golden child—He was the one born lord of all that is—He made the earth and the sky. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? He, who gives life, He who gives strength whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality whose shadow is death, who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?" He who through His power is the one King of the breathing and awakening world; he who governs all, man and beast; who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifices? He whose greatness these snowy mountains, whose greatness the sea proclaims with the distant river; He whose these regions are, as it were His two arms, who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm, He through whom the heaven was established—nay, the highest heaven, He who measures out the light in the air, who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by His will, look up, trembling inwardly, He over whom rising sun shines forth; who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? Wherever the mighty clouds went, where they placed the seed and let the fire, then arose He who is the sole life of the bright gods, who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice. He who by his might looked even over the clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice he who alone in God above are gods, who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? May he not destroy us; He the creator of the earth; or He the righteous who created the heaven He also created the right and the mighty waters; who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice.

The five progressive stages of *Joge* are :—1. *Prunayam* or self-trance state of reverie or abstraction; 2. *Pratyahar* or

self-trance in which sensibility and voluntary motions are suspended; 3. *Dharan*, self-trance in which sensibility and voluntary motions are suspended, the body able to retain any given posture and mind quiescent; 4. *Dhyan* in which the *Joge* has external flashes of light or electricity (*andanta*) *Joge* from the Universal Soul (*Paramatma*). In this state *Joge* is clairvoyant. What we call *Dhyan*, the *Vedantists* call *turiya*; and 5. *Samadhi*, the last stage of self-trance. *Samadhi* is of two kinds, *Sampragna* and *Asampragna*. *Pranayam Joge* or self-trance is brought on by breathing the same air more than once.

There are five *Yamas*, viz., 1. *ahinsa*, absence of violence of cruelty to lower creature; 2. *astya*, avoidance of theft; 3. *satya*, truth; 4. *Brahmachariya*, chastity and 5. *Akalkata* or disinterestedness.

Padmasana or *Siddhasana*; is required for the *Dhyan* and *Samadhi* stage. In *siddhasana*, place the left heels under the arms and the right heels in front of the genitals; and fixed the sight upon the space between the eye brows: meditate upon *Om*. In *Padmasana*, place the left foot upon the right thigh and right foot upon the left thigh hold with the right hand the right great toe and with the left hand the left great toe, the hands coming from behind the back and crossing each other, rest the chin in the clavicular space and fix the sight on the tip of the nose.

The *Yogi* should take rice, wheat, barley, milk, sugar, honey, ghee and butter. He should abstain from common salt. The desire of food depends on the respirations. Milk diet is suited to sedentary habits.

A *Yogi* is directed to pronounce inaudibly the *mantras*, *bom*, *tam*, 600 times. He then pronounces *bam*, *bham*, *mam*, *om*, *ram*, and *lam*, 6,000 times. He then pronounces *dum*, *dham*, *nam*, *pam* and *pham* 6,000 times. He then pronounces inaudibly *kam*, *kham*, *gam*, *gham*, *nam*, *cham*, *clham*, *jam*, *jham*, *nam*, *tam* and *tham*. He then pronounces inaudibly *am*, *am*, *im*, *im*, *um*, *um*, *rim*, *rim*, *lim*, *lim*, *em*, *ain*, *om*, *oum*, 6,000 times. This *jap* is done with the view to reduce his respiration and the waste of body. A *dandi* who repeats *om* 12,000 times a day in an inaudible voice generally lives on a small quantity of food.

For those who are not advanced in *Yoge*, some of the means recommended are confining attention to *om* truth; cultivation of

amiable habits; regulation of breath (expiration and inhalation); exciting the mind with objects of sense; placing the mind on the tip of the nose, tongue, forepart of the palate, needle or root of the tongue; dwelling on good examples and pondering on any thing external or internal to the exclusion of everything from his perception and consciousness.

We will now give the views of the Western *Savants*. The Greek philosophy comprised of three periods. 1st. from Thales to Socrates 600 to 400 B. C. 2nd. from Socrates to the union of Porch and Academy and 3rd. Cultivation of the Greek philosophy by the Jews and Romans and its declination.

Thales considered water the origin all things. Anakormanda considered soul immortal.

Anakemanes made a nearer conception of mind, soul or spirit, which did not exist in those early times.

Heradotus—the aridity or freedom from accreous particles is the excellence of the soul. By its relation with the divine reason, it perceives what is universal and true. By the exercise of the senses it perceives only what is variable and individual.

Lenappus—Soul is a mass of round atoms, whence runs heat motion and thought.

Democretus—soul consists of globular atoms of fire which impart movement to the body.

Empeocles—Soul to consist of four elements,—earth, water, air and fire.

Disgenes—Air is the intellectual energy.

Socrates—Soul a divine being, similiar to God, and therefore immortal.

Stoics—Soul is a fiery air being part of the soul of the world, but is corporal and perishable.

Epicurus says the soul comprises of feeling, sensation, sensualism, passion, thought, reason, materialism and intellect.

The doctrine of Epicurus and of the toics pervaded in Rome. The Jews had some light from Zoroaster and from Egypt some knowledge of the Greek philosophy. Platonic Father Nemescus and St. Angullia at first thought soul material and afterwards immaterial. Latter Greek philosophy may be divided :—

1st period—Down to the 11th century. Blind realism.

2nd period—From Rosellin to Alexander and Ha'ces or Alsius : beginning of the 13th century. Nominalism ultimately ending in Realism.

3rd period—From Alexander and Albert to 13th and 14th century. Realism had exclusive dominion.

There are two points in which the Hindu and Hellenic ideas agree. The gross and subtle bodies and the soul consisting of the conscious and rational elements. The Jains call the soul *jiva*, which is ever perfect by meditation, or liberated by observance of the precepts. Liberation consists in self-command or restraint of organs internal and external embracing all means of self-control and subjection of senses calming and subduing. The Buddhists maintain the soul or *atma* consists in intelligence or *chitta*. It is not eternal but merely succession of thoughts attended with individual consciousness abiding within body.

Aristotle says, the soul comprises of nutrition, reproduction, sensation, desire, locomotion, imagination, memory, reason and free will. Numerically, therefore, it (the soul) is one and the same part, but its mode of being is many and different. Vital principle and soul designate life but mind is the highest manifestation. Aristotle slightly touches on the faculties consisting the soul. He is more physiological than psychological.

Tertullian—Soul is a body. Theodilius—soul is a body, Methe dius and Vicarius—souls are intellectual bodies. Herakleitus says human soul is an effluence or outlying portion of the universal—the fire—the perpetual movement or life of things. Virtue as being knowledge is teachable. This was also inculcated by Plato.

Plutarch—The soul is not only His work, not a part of Him, it is not created by Him but from Him and out of Him.

Seneca.—Without God, there is no great man. It is He who inspires us with great ideas, and exalted designs. When you see a man superior to his passions, happy in adversity, calm amidst surrounding storms, can you forbear to confess that these are to be exalted to have their origin in the Little Individual whom they ornament—a God inhabits in every virtuous man and without God there is no virtue. There is not so disproportionate a mixture of soul and body in any creature as that in man. Right reason is the perfection of human nature and wisdom only the dictate of it. The Stoics maintained that the souls of men were portions of the divine essence. Some opined that they existed after death and others that they lived till after conflagration. Seneca was wavering.

Antonius thought that souls lived for sometimes in the air, then

to be changed, diffused, kindled and resumed into the productive intelligence of the universe. He says, the whole person of mine, whatever I may think of it, consists only of a body, the vital spirit, the rational soul or governing principle. The external objects themselves cannot react the mind but remain inoffensive and at a distance. It is our opinion of things that raises all the storms and tumults in our breasts. Pay the greatest reverence to that which in yourself is the most excellent, which is that faculty the most nearly allied to the Deity. For it is this which employs all your other faculties and regulates the conduct of your life. Death puts an end to the impressions on our senses, to the imputation of our passions and to the exercise of our understanding, and sets the mind free from her servile duty which she is forced to pay to the body. And even to the soul nothing can be really good or evil but her own operations and these are all in her power. All spiritual beings are soon reformed into the soul of the universe. A soul free from the tumults of passion is an impregnable fortress in which a man may take refuge, and defy all the powers on earth to enslave him.

Cicero in his Tuscular Questions speaks of the calling off the soul, "what is it that we then do other than to recall the soul to itself and to self-commission and to lead it in a great degree from the body? But to regulate the soul from the body, can it be anything else than a learning how to die?"

Cicero says that the soul is not the heart, blood or brain as these must die with the body. The soul, be it air or fire, is divine. It has the power of memory and understanding, foresees the future and comprehends the present. Socrates thought that there are two ways for the souls after death, one for those who are godly and another for the ungodly. Cicero thought that the soul is unmixed, uncomprehended and simple. When the mind acts without restraint and is purified (is free from admixture with the body) then it becomes most intellectual. Cicero in his Contempt of Death wrote,—But what I have said as to the heart, blood, brain, air or fire being the soul are common opinions. Aristoxenus said a certain straining like what is harmony in music to be the soul.—Xenocrates denied that the soul has any figure. Plato imagined a threefold soul, viz., reason in the head, anger and desire. Pherecydes the Syrian is the first who said that the souls of men are immortal. He learnt it from the secret books of

the Phœnicians. Pythagoras was his disciple. Descartes assigns the seat of soul in the pineal gland. Plato's method was to withdraw the soul from the contemplation of phenomena and its residence on the contemplation of pure essences.

Pythagoras says soul is a number and emanation from the central fire. He defined soul to be a monad (unit) which is self moved. The soul of man has three elements: reason, intelligence and passion the last two in common with the brutes. Socrates gave neither to general terms nor to definitions a distinct existence. Plato gave them a separate existence and called them *ideas*. The method of Socrates was investigation, that of Plato analysis and classification, that of Aristotle syllogistic. Aristotle reduced Plato's ideas to productions of reason.

Plato and Aristotle—soul different from matter, but connected with some kind of matter or other. Soul is an emanation from the Deity and that each individual soul is a portion of the Divine Essence. Algazya'is in his Revivification of the Sciences of Religion says, that our first state is pure sensation, the second that of understanding, the third that of reason and the fourth that of prophetism. Descartes—"Cogito ergo sum"—deductive method on consciousness. Spinoza agreed with him in a great measure. Hobbs—all our thoughts must be images not true. He and Gassender both thought that our ideas are derived from sensations. Locke thought that there are two sources, viz., sensation and reflection. Berkeley maintained that "the objects of knowledge are ideas,"—realism again. The idealistic assumes that knowledge is absolute not relative. Spinoza thought that there is one essence, *substance*. Berkeley *thought*. Hume—"Mind is a succession of impressions and ideas."

Bunsen in his Egypt says the Egyptians first taught the immortality of the soul and the doctrine of metempsychosis emanated from them. In the Book of the Dead mention is made of immortality and personal responsibility. The Egyptians believed in metempsychosis and thought that the happiness of the soul depended in the long preservation of the body, the destruction of which involved the destruction of the soul. The soul of man is superior to the physical powers and makes its way to its father the self created soul of the universe through them as soon as it is purified. In the 5th Vol. as translation of the Book of the Dead is to be found. It was believed that the soul visits the body. The deceased lives in the

Hades. The absorption of the soul into the Deity is also alluded to. The deceased goes in like a hawk and comes out as a phoenix and enters the great or celestial gate having passed through the souls of darks, (Vol. V, page 138—141). The soul, the book says, eats, drinks and performs the other functions of life.

Plato.—The soul recollects the ideas and principles on perceiving their copies with which the world is filled; and this process is in its case like the anterior state when it lived without being united to a body. Plato distinguished what is corporal from the soul. The corporal is that part which only contains an impression of ideas in its everchanging appearance, and which has a share in the universal. It has fire and earth as its fundamental elements, between which air and water occupy an intermediate rank. He considered the soul to be an eternal and self-acting energy; in it (soul) the divine idea is really united with the manifold into one substance, and hence the Divinity is revealed to it in a more elevated manner than in corporal things. Viewed as combined with the body, he distinguished it in two paths, the rational and the irrational or animal mutually connected by a sort of middle term. The animal part has its origin in the imprisonment of the soul in the body, the rational still retains a consciousness of the ideas, whereby it is capable of returning to the happy condition of spirits. In Plato we discover also a more complete discrimination of the faculties of cognition, sensation and volition; with admirable remarks on their operations and on the different species of representation, sensation and motives, determining the will as well as the relations between thought and speech. Plato had female disciples, Akeóthea of Phelus and Lashma of Mantineas.

He says soul has (1) knowledge of pure ideas (2) knowledge of mixed ideas, (3) knowledge of bodies and their properties and (4) knowledge of the images or shadows of bodies.

In the Phædo, Plato writes the soul reasons most effectually when none of the corporal senses harass it neither hearing, sight, pain, or pleasure of any kind, but it returns as much as possible within itself and aims at the knowledge of what is real, taking leave of the body and as far as it can, abstaining from any union or participation with it. Plato says soul and mind are one and indivisible. Plato says the three distinct faculties in the soul are (1) desire, the conceptacle faculty (2) spirit or indignation faculty and (3) reason or rational faculty just like three orders in the state. The

virtue of the first is temperance, that of the second is fortitude, that of the third is wisdom. The rational or intellectual soul in the head, the courageous and passionate between the neck and diaphragm, and the appetitive (abdominal) between diaphragm and the navel—all that belongs to passion and appetite belongs to the body. In the *Philibus*, Socrates affirms that desire and appetite belong to the body. The rational soul is immortal. The souls of the unphilosophic after death pass into the bodies of animals. The philosopher is alone relieved from all communion with body. Aristotle does not accept Plato's doctrine, but resolves it into induction. He inverts the Platonic *Realism* and makes universe consists in a predicate in or along with the particular. The first intellect of a natural organised body having life is potentiality, the second or higher (actual exercise of the faculties) is a constant or universal property. He does not admit that it is a separate entity. The lowest or sentiect or noetic or cogitant soul is capable of being separated from the body. Plato aimed at *realism*—the cogitable universal. Aristotle placed reality in the sensible particles making cogitable universe relative. Plato and Pythagoras distribute the soul into rational and irrational. Plato and Democritus place it in the whole head, others in different parts.

In Ferrier's *Greek Philosophy* is written, what is not only relatively but absolutely true and is for all intelligence proceeds from the universal faculty—soul. The Greek philosophers before Socrates were unsuccessful in the use of the universal faculty. Before the time of Anaxagoras nature had been held greater than mind. The mind is free when it thinks, it is passive when it feels. Socrates held that all rational knowledge is from within and cannot be imported from without, also that all virtue is knowledge and all vice ignorance. The seventh book of the *Republic* contains the conversion of the mind from the world of senses to the world of ideas. Plato held that a particular element is sensation or sensible thing—an idea is universal. Philo (neo-Platonist) says that soul of man is divine. Contemplation of the divine essence is the noblest exercise of man.

Stewart says the immortality of the soul was first taught by Disartes. Liebat calls the human soul the living mirror of the universe. Locke considered mind and spirit synonymous. The latter has been rejected by the English philosophers.

HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL.

The news will be a novelty to many that in an obscure village of the Hugli District lives a comparatively obscure family which claims the royal blood of Chitore. The freak of fortune, it says, drove it from heroic Mewar to peaceful Bengal. The house of Burdwan tracing its origin from Babu Rai Habu Rai who came into Bengal from the Puhjab for trade long after Sher Afgan had fallen a victim to Jahangir's lust for his wife Meherunnissa of matchless beauty, the house of Durbhanga which can boast of a long line of learned Sanskrit scholars and flourished in the days of Akbar, the house of Nudea which was in the days of Krishna Chandra the leader of the Brahman community of West Bengal, the house of Natore which owned half of Bengal in the days of Rani Bhavani, are all but pigmies of yesterday when compared with the royal house of Bappa Rao. The Sinha Raïs of Bandipore are proud of being an offshoot of that house through Rana Lakshman Sinha.

Lakshman was a minor when the death of his father bequeathed him the throne. His uncle, Bhim Sing acted as the regent. In the early years of his reign Alauddin, attracted more by the charms of Padmini than love of conquest, attacked Chitore. The heroic defence by the sturdy sons of Mewar, the truce, the view of Padmini through the medium of mirror, the treacherous capture of Bhim Sing, the wily release of the royal guardian by the bravest of the brave who went in covered litters as hand maids of his consort, the fierce running fight to cover the retreat of the royal couple, the prodigious feats of valour shown by Badal of twelve summers, the immense havock in the ranks of Ala which forced him to raise the siege—all these incidents, which the bards of Chitore have characterized as half a sack inasmuch as it was unsuccessful but cost the best lives of Mewar, happened while the Rana was young. He could not play an important part in it.

Some thirty years after Chitore was, again, besieged by her same implacable enemy, the proud and begottered Ala. Again, the sons of Mewar guarded up their loins for protection of their palladium.

But the old veterans like Gora had fallen in the first seige. Bhim Sing was gone. Lakshman was now a major. The burden of defence fell on him. He made the best arrangement with the small force at his disposal. The odds were immense. The ranks of the emperor were replenished and increased while those of the Rana had suffered in quality and quantity. The ratio was not even ten to one. Yet undaunted the hero stood and tried his best to keep up the honour of the capital of his ancestors. The bards relate a romantic tale. A mysterious voice *Main Bhukha Hun* (I am hungry) was heard constantly in the palace. The king and the ministers could not make it out. Puzzled by its constancy the Rana swore by the sword that he would satisfy the hunger of the invisible crier, if only the matter was explained. At midnight while the council of war sat, the form of a lady appeared. She was the Pallus Athene of Chitore and demanded a stringent term for her residence in the battlements. The twelve sons of the Rana should be installed one by one and each, after enjoying the royalty for three days, should sacrifice himself in war on the fourth day. Colonel Todd has not given the names of the two and ten sons of Lakshman. The bards of Mewar are always reluctant to unfold the sacred history of their country to foreigners. We have fortunately secured the names. They are (1) Ur Sinha, (2) Ajaya Sinha, (3) Anangadeva Sinha, (4) Ajita Sinha, (5) Suchita Sinha, (6) Hardayal Sinha, (7) Sambar Sinha, (8) Ajamat Sinha, (9) Kamala Sinha, (10) Siva Sinha, (11) Srirama Sinha and (12) Bharata Sinha. There was a keen contest among the chivalrous brothers for the honour of laying down life first for their country. Ur Sinha, the first born, was first crowned and had the lead of the army. For the first three days he fought under the cover of the ramparts. On the fourth he rushed with a brave band outside and sacrificed himself for Chitore. The bravery he showed is the theme of a century of bards. Even to this day the *charans* become enthusiastic when they recite his deeds of valour. Anagadeva, whom the Sinha Rais call their progenitor, was next crowned, the father out of love having restrained the second brother Ajaya Sinha from following Ur Sinha. Anangadeva was equal to the task. For three days and three nights he played a havock among the besiegers. When on the fourth day he fell upon them the carnage was terrible. The forlorn party perished to a man setting an example of heroism

unsurpassed even in the annals of Rajasthan. The bardic lays on his short career of honour are legion. The royal umbrella waved over the heads of the next nine brothers one by one and they reddened the field of battle with their heart-blood, vying each other in display of bravery. In this glorious contest of self-sacrifice the bards are unwilling to make an invidious distinction. But all of them are agreed that the fight was extremely fierce during the days of Ur Sinha, Anangadeva, Haradaya and Ajamat. Thus the eleven brothers having fallen, the turn for Ajaya Sinha which was repeatedly averted, came. Paternal affection and patriotism were at war in Rana's breast. The tender passion had the victory. The father was loath to sacrifice the remaining son, and at the same time afraid to disobey the mandate of the presiding goddess of his capital. He solved the problem by resolving to sacrifice himself and thus complete the number of twelve royal victims. A valliant band of defenders cut through the western lines of the enemy and placed at Kaliwara in the heart of the Aravali range, Ajaya Sing, his sons, Sujan and Ajim, and his nephews Hamir, etc. Thus having secured the perpetuation of his race the Rana prepared for the worst. His ranks were being thinned daily and had no supply. The enemy was drawing the cordon closer every day. The unparalleled heroism of the defenders, it was found, would not be able to cope long with the enormous number played against them. The fall of Chitore was inevitable. The defenders were resolved not to surrender as long as a spark of life remained in them. They were *Kshatriyas* and had not the least dread of death. But they were anxious for the honour of their mothers and sisters and wives, who were likely to fall into the hands of a foe whose lasciviousness was wellknown and, indeed, whose courage was sustained more by lust than by any noble passion. This difficulty was overcome by the gallant ladies of Chitore. They preferred the ruthless fire to vicious Ala. A huge funeral pyre was raised. The beauties of the city, including the queen and the widowed princesses, formed a long procession led by Padmini, the fame of whose charms was the root of all the evils. Fire was set to the pile of woods. The ladies reverentially circumambulated the sacred element thrice. With smiling faces they jumped into the huge fire singing songs of chastity and heroism. The god of flames consumed their transient frames but saved their eternal honour. As long as the

sentiment of honour will pulsate human breast, so long will the glory of the heroic wives of Chitore be sung. There was no incentive now for Rana and his men to live. They threw open the portals and fell like thunder-bolts on the Tartars. Nothing could bear the onset of such a heroic band. The front lines of the enemy were penetrated like sheets of paper. Human heads were strewn around like blackberries before a whirl wind. The swords of the assailants were blunted by mowing down the foes. Their spears were broken by constant thrust into the hostile columns. They themselves received series of gaping wounds. Their corporeal frames were enfeebled but their hearts were indomitable. Not a single man surrendered. With sword in hand the brave sons of Chitore fell for her under the weight of superior number. Thus fell in 1303 A. D. Chitore, the mother of Rajput glory, the cradle of Rajput civilisation, the sanctuary of Rajput piety and the repository Rajput arts. Her gallant sons could not save her, but the bravery and patriotism they displayed are scarcely to be found in the history of any other land.

Now the successful Ismalites rushed into the city. Their emperor was simply shocked when he entered. It was a dead capital which he found to have conquered. He thought his dream of life would be realised by the capture of Padmini. But where was she? She for whom his heart was burning for years, for whom he suffered so much in the first attempt and risked his very life, for whom after a preparation of more than a quarter of a century he, again, invested the den of the lions of Rajputana and took it after immense loss! The flames replied, as it were, that she, who was too sanily to be polluted by his touch, had taken shelter in their sacred lap. The cracking of the woods of the funeral pyre, and the hulloo of the wind through the vacant chambers of the big mansions, answered the shouts of the victorious army. Alauddin, unable to wreak vengeance on any living being, vented his spleen on the innocent works of art which civilisation of centuries had raised. The royal palace, the temples, the mansions of the nobility, the historic columns, the smiling gardens—all were levelled to the ground. Only the quarters of Padmini escaped the spoliation at the hands of the savage monarch burning with impotent rage.

With the fall of Chitore, Mewar was paralysed. The garrison of Delhi occupied her strongholds. Maladeva was appointed by Ala

as the governor of Chitore. The surviving prince, Ajaya Singh, who succeeded only to the title of Rana, hid his head in the wilds of Kaliwara, molested there by the tribal chiefs like Moonja, who now raked up their old hostilities against the Rana's house. The sons of Ajaya were too pusillanimous to undertake an expedition against Moonja. Hamir, the son of Ur Sing, was bold enough to launch in the enterprise though he was in his teens. He suddenly attacked Moonja, defeated his party, chopped off his head and placed it at the feet of his uncle. Ajaya Singh was glad. He found Hamir to be the proper man to hold the helm in the trubulous waters, and selected him as the successor in preference to his sons. One of them Ajim Singh died at Kaliwara. The other Sujan Sing was sent abroad to Decan and he became the progenitor of the line which produced Sivaji, the founder of the Marhatta power and destroyer of the Moghul empire.

Hamir succeeded to a royalty without kingdom. But he had the dash, the courage, the capacity to strike at the right moment—qualities which won kingdoms for Rajputs of those days. Maladeva, the governor of Chitore, thought him worthy to receive the hand of his daughter. Hamir was invited to Chitore. The nuptials were celebrated. The son-in-law planned to recover the ancient capital of his forefathers.

While Maladeva was away in quelling a frontier tribe and her daughter was at Chitore, the guards were bribed and Hamir with a few chosen followers captured by surprise the coveted seat of his ancestors. Again, the standard of the sun floated on the ramparts of Chitore and infused new life to Mewar. Hamir became now the Rana in its literal sense. But he had not a moment's respite. Mahmood, the successor of Alauddin, marched on Mewar with Maladeva to recover his lost possession. Energetic Hamir rushed forward, attacked him unexpectedly on the way and gave him a crushing defeat. The emperor was made a prisoner of war and was confined for three months in the citadel which had lain prostrate before his predecessor. The recognition of the independence of Mewar, the surrender of a large tract of land, and the payment of fifty lacs of rupees and a century of elephants, were the ransom of the occupant of the Delhi throne. Thus having humbled the pride of the moslem ruler and freed his land of foreign invasion, he turned his attention to recoup its resources. He was granted a long

life to achieve his mission. He was fortunate in his advisers like Manik Rao whose fame as politician has survived so many centuries. The long peace and repose had their inevitable effects. The ravages on Chitore were mostly repaired. Magnificent public works were completed. The treasury was replenished. The arts thrived. The crafts prospered. Mewar regained her ancient glory and power. The weak Ghilijis and Lodies and Soors who scrambled during two centuries for the throne of Delhi, became applicants for the favour of Hamir and his successors. Hamir died in 1365 A. D. having left a kingdom to his son, Khait Singh, as powerful as it was in the days of Samar Sing. With his installation at Chitore, his cousins like Manik Rao the son of Anangadeva, became pig nobles of royal blood and hereditary councillors of the king.

Khait Singh was a worthy son of a worthy father. He extended the dominion of Mewar, by capturing Ajimere and Jehajpur, and annexing Chuppun with Mandalgar and Dessore. He also had to measure his sword with the emperor of Delhi and signally defeated him at Bakrole. His life was unfortunately cut short in 1383 A. D. in a family feud with his vassal, the Hara Chief of Bunaoda. Manik Rao's son Pratap was a contemporary of Khait sing and Pratap's Son Birabala of the next Rana Lakha.

On the death of Khait Sing his son, Lakha ascended the throne and ruled for 14 years. His first expedition was against Merwarra which gave constant trouble to the frontiers of Mewar. He destroyed Biratgar, the stronghold of the enemy, erected there the fort of Bednore, and brought the hilly tract under subjugation. He also conquered Nagarchand at Ambar, and enhanced the prestige of Mewar by successfully encountering Mahammad Sah Lodi. His victories of peace were equally great. The yields of the tin and silver mines of Jawar in Chuppun enabled him not only to repair the mischief done on Chitore by Alauddin but to add magnificent temples and lakes and reservoirs to the capital. He found himself so secure that he planned to drive away the *Mlechchhas* (Musalmans) from the holy city of Gaya. The crusade was successful but cost the Rana's life.

The law of primogeniture was broken in the case of the next Rana under curious circumstances that reveal the Rajput character—its keen sensitiveness, its filial devotion, its faithfulness

to promise, and its self-abnegation. While Lakha was on the throne a proposal came from Rinmal, the king of Merwar, for the marriage of his daughter to Chanda, the heir-apparent of Mewar. The Rana courteously received the messengers of Hymen, and asked them to wait for Chanda who was then away. "I don't suppose," said he in a witty mood drawing his fingers over his old mustache, "you send such playthings to an old grey beard like me." It was a jest pure and simple. But the dutiful son, Chanda, felt delicacy in accepting a bride whom, even in a fit of humour, the father alluded to as his possible mate. The Rana asked him not to mind the jest and pressed him for accepting the coconut, the token of affiancement. But Chanda was firm in his purpose. The offer of Merwar could not be refused, for that would mean an insult. The Rana was in a fix. To overawe Chanda the Rana proposed that he himself would marry the bride on condition that Chanda would give up his claim to the throne in favour of a son, if any, born of that wedlock. Chanda claimed his descent from Rama who went to exile on the day fixed for his installation on throne for keeping up his father's promise wrung out of the old man unwarily by a wily young pet wife. With smile on his face the prince agreed to give up for ever his undoubted right to the throne of Bappa Rao. History of no other country can point out a parallel to this noble sacrifice.

The Rana married the princess of Marwar and the issue was the son, Mukul. On the eve of his expedition to Gaya, the old king wanted to instal Chanda as the heir. But Chanda entreated not to be compelled to break his word. Minor Mukul was installed. Chanda was the first to swear fealty to him. It was for such self-immolation that the Rana assigned to him and his sons the first place in the council. In token of such heroic self-abnegation that up to this day, the lance of Saloombra which is the home of Chanda's heirs, is superadded to the autograph of the Rana in all grants.

Chanda began to protect the *Raj* during Mukul's minority. His best intentions, however, were misunderstood by his step-mother. He was accused by her of having abjured his oath by ruling Mewar merely in the name of the step-brother. This was too much for honest Chanda to bear. He left Mewar with few adherents but not without fears for her safety. He bid adieu to his native land but with the resolve to serve her as soon as the occasion would arise. The queen-mother became the Rana's

regent. But she could not long exercise the power. Chanda's departure was a signal to her relations for working out their evil designs. They came to Chitore under the guise of friends and usurped all authorities. Rinmal, the maternal grandfather, sat in Bappa's throne with Mukul on his lap and ruled in his name. His son Joda became his lieutenant. All the important offices were given to his followers. His evil intentions were soon manifest even to his daughter. Her suspicions were confirmed by the secret murder of Chanda's next brother, Raghudeva. She now remembered Chanda and repented for her unjust behaviour towards him. Chanda's patriotism was too deep to forget his mother-country. He kept himself informed of the dangers that beset her. As soon as the messenger from the queen reached him he offered his services. He surprised the city and mercilessly slew the treacherous Rathores. The end of Rinmal was ludicrous. While his kinsmen and partisans were cut to pieces he was in the arms of a hand-maid of queen whose chastity he had violated by base allurements. The maid now took revenge and tied him with his turban to the bedstead. Opiates drowned his senses and he was not aware of the danger till the enemy appeared. He made a feeble attempt at defence. A shot from a matchlock and his corpse fell flat on the ground. His son Joda, however, escaped and ultimately founded Jodpur.

Mukul lived a few years after his minority was over. But he gave evidence of his courage and administrative ability. One of Timur's grandsons, who fled from the wrath of his grandfather, tried to penetrate through the passes of Mewar. Mukul mistook him for the king of Delhi, met him beyond Aravali and vanquished him. He captured the district of Sambar with the salt lake. Taking advantage of the weakness of Delhi through the invasion of Timur he extended his northern territory. He fell a victim to the knife of his natural uncles while in the camp at Maduria engaged in quelling the revolt of the mountaineers. The assassins tried to surprise Chitore but their attempt failed. Birbal's son, Sakta is said to have flourished with Mukul and Sakta's son Balavanta with Kumbha.

When Kumbha ascended the throne after his father Mukul in 1419 A. D., the Delhi empire was tottering. The Ghilgis were too weak to uphold its weight. Their governors and deputy

governors had shaken off their allegiance and established independent kingdoms. Thus Vijayapur and Golkunda rose in the Decan, and Malwa and Guzrat in the west. The two last principalities combined against Kumbha and invaded Mewar. Kumbha received them on the borders of Malwa and Mewar, and crushed the combined army. Mahmood, the king of Malwa, was made a captive. Like a chivalrous Kshatriya conqueror, Kumbha treated the fallen enemy with affection and courtesy and to soothe his wounded vanity honoured him with gifts and released him without ransom. This magnanimity had the effect of turning the bitter foe to a warm friend. In his war with the imperial troops at Jhoonjuno Malwa united her banner with Mewar's and Kumbha won a signal success and, as the bards say exultingly 'planted the standard of the son on the banks of Caggar' where Samar Sing with his heroic army fell at the treacherous night attack by Mahammad Ghorî. Had Kumbha followed up his victory, he could have wrenched the Delhi throne. His personality would have attracted all Rajputs as it did afterwards in the case of his grandson, Sanga. Nay the whole Hindu community of the upper gangetic valley would have followed him if he battered the weak gets of the capital of the moslem king. But he was a general, a chivalrous warrior, and not a wily politician. He lost the chance for ever of recovering the seat of Prithwiraj. He could not foresee the storm that was brewing on the sky of Fergana to break on the plains of Yamuna and sweep away the Pathan power. He applied himself to fortify Mewar and could not outgrow his insular policy. He erected at an enormous cost a column bespeaking his victories. But it would have been a more durable column if he could have possessed Delhi which some years after juvenile Baber did.

Kumbha was fortunate in his wife Mira Bai, who was a gifted lady of ardent devotion. Her songs and sayings soar above the world of weal and woe and carry us to a world of bliss, piety and love. Kumbha was also a pious poet. He wrote a sequel to *Gita Govinda* of Jayadeva. Thus having fortified his land, and enhancing her glory and leaving a name as a consummate general, a wise ruler and a poet of divine love, he fell a victim to the dagger of his own son, Oda, after a long rule of about half a century from 1419 A.D. to 1469 A.D.

The short rule of the parricide was damaging to the prestige

of Mewar. To purchase friendship abroad for compensating the loss of sympathy within, Oda, whom the bards do not name and call as *Hatiaro* (murderer), acknowledged the independence of the Doora prince in Abu and gave up Sambhar and Ajmir to the prince of Jodhpur. Soon the nobles combined against this weak royal criminal. Raimal, his brother, could easily defeat him. To take vengeance, the vicious murderer rushed to Delhi, prostrated himself before the titular emperor whose forefathers were eager to flatter his ancestors, and made even the ignominious proposal of bestowing a daughter of his on the Pathan ruler. Never did the occupant of the throne of Mewar so degrade himself. "Heaven," says the bards with a sigh of relief, "manifested its vengeance to prevent this additional inequity and preserve the house of Bappa Rawal from dishonour." As he came out of the imperial court after the base offer he was smitten by lightning and fell on the ground dead.

Raimal was crowned in 1474 A. D. The Sultan of Delhi with the sons of Oda rushed on him. The chiefs were faithful to the Rana who with his allies of Aboo and Girnar met the pretenders and their royal ally at Ghassa. Fierce was the battle that raged. The sons of the parricide, Sehesmal and Surajmal, fought like lions. But their patron was a coward. His troops wavered before the heroes of Mewar. The imperial army was utterly defeated. Raimal rewarded his allies, Surji the chief of Girnar and Jaimal the chief of Aboo by giving each a daughter in marriage. This signal victory over Delhi sovereign whetted the jealousy of Malwa. Raimal had to carry on a constant warfare with Ghiasuddin of Malwa but was invariably successful. His nephews, Sehesmal and Surajmal, whom he pardoned upon offering allegiance to him, displayed bravery in this campaign. Delhi and Malwa united together in many of the battles. In the last of them the success of the Mewar sword was so brilliant that the Ghilji emperor sought for peace. The Lodis who came in rapid succession and enjoyed a nominal sway were practically hangers-on of Mewar which rose to the height of glory. Raimal, like his father, lost the splendid opportunity of swooping down on Delhi and retrieving the lost throne of Prithwiraj.

The discord between his sons, Sanga, Prithwiraj and Jaimal, no doubt, was an obstacle to big projects of foreign invasion. His son Prithwiraj was marked for his vaulting ambition and rash courage.

Sanga tempered his bravery with discretion. Prithwiraj hated him, fell upon him suddenly, gave him several wounds and destroyed one of his eyes. Sanga fled from Mewar not so much out of fear as to save Mewar from the horrors of a civil war for her throne. The Rana, highly displeased with Prithwi, banished him. To show to his father that he had capacity to conquer and rule without resources, he suddenly in his exile attacked and brought under subjugation the turbulent tribes of Godwar which, having taken advantage of the quarrel in Rana's family, adopted an open defiant attitude. Meanwhile Jaimal died. The Rana recalled brave Prithwiraj as Sanga's whereabouts were not known. Now Surajmal, who was equally ambitious, began to intrigue for the throne. Indeed, he raised the standard of revolt. Prithwiraj took the field against the rebels, defeated them and pursued Surajmal from place to place with a wonderful rapidity. The bards are fond of relating the chivalrous meetings of the uncle and the nephew on the field of battle and in the friendly camp. Suraj at last went out of Mewar and snatched from the aboriginal tribes a large domain which was developed into the principality of Pratapgar which his sons are still enjoying under British protection.

Prithwiraj was soon after poisoned by his brother-in-law. He was fearless, full of energy, and capable of leading army to success. Had his rashness been a little polished and his ambition to rise on the throne which was not his birthright been checked, he could have been the best general that Mewar could have produced. If his father could have directed the energies of Prithwi, Sanga and Suraj against Delhi, the fall of the fated Pathans and the revival of Hindu glory would have been a matter of certainty. The Rana died brokenhearted after a reign of four and thirty years. He could maintain the prestige of his father, and proved a brave general and wise ruler though not a diplomat of foresight.

Sanga or Sangram Sing ascended the throne in 1509 A. D., and soon settled the family feuds. He had those qualities in eminence which Rajputs held in estimation, *viz.*, courage, strength, patriotism, chivalry, amiability, and above all commanding personality. His patriotism was not insular. He thought of building a Hindu empire on the ruins of the Pathans. But in early years of his reign he was not given an opportunity to realise his dream. Malwa, the enemy of his ancestors, did not give him a respite,

The weak sovereign of Delhi, out of fear for Sanga, combined with his coreligionist, the king of Malwa, whose ancestor was a viceroy of his house. Sanga defeated the combined forces of Delhi and Malwa for eight and ten times. In two of them at Bakrole and Ghatoli Ibrahim Lodi opposed him in person. At Ghatoli Sanga inflicted a crushing blow and got a prisoner of royal blood. The *Pilakhal* (yellow stream) near Biana became, as a result of the victory, the northern boundary of Mewar. Sanga's name spread far and wide in Rajputana for his valour and fervent love of the Hindu cause. He now got time to carry out his grand project of life, *viz.*, to hammer at the gates of Delhi. He could infuse his spirit in all the Rajputs. But before the Rajput States assembled under his banner forgetting their mutual jealousy, the wily exile from Fergana had worsted Ibrahim Lodi at Panipat, occupied the throne of Delhi, and infused new blood into the dejected followers of Islam. Sanga, says Babar in his memoirs, sent ambassadors to him at Kabul to arrange that he would march on Agra while Baber would batter on the gates of Delhi. Babar was surprised that Sanga did not move when he occupied Delhi and Agra. This dilatoriness on the part of Sanga is inexplicable.

He had risen to the pinnacle of his fame in 1526 when Baber defeated Ibrahim at Panipat. "Eighty thousand horse, seven Rajas of highest rank, nine Raos, and one hundred and four chieftains bearing the titles of Rawal and Rawat, with five hundred war elephants," says Colonel Told, "followed him into the field. The princes of Merwar and Ambar did him homage, and the Raos of Gwalior, Ajmeer, Sikri, Raesen, Kalpee, Chanderi, Boondi, Gaggrown, Rampura, and Aboo, served him as tributaries or held of him in chief." Babar did not know the strength of Sanga. To overawe him he took to the field on the second year of his occupation of Delhi. Sanga advanced with almost all the princess of Rajasthan. The Rana met the advanced guards of Babar at Kanua and destroyed them entirely. The disaster brought Babar to his senses. Instead of advancing he entrenched himself and guarded his small army with a cordon of artillery connected by chains. He was thus confined in his camp for about a month. The seriousness of his position would appear from his own memoirs. The consternation in his ranks was indescribable. All his exhortations were in vain. To

get time he opened overtures of negotiation through Sillaidi of the Tuar tribe who was the chief of Rayseen. Sanga, with all his intelligence, could not see through the wiliness of the Tartar. The chivalry and magnanimity of the Rajputs have been the causes of their discomfiture everywhere at the hands of their unscrupulous and wily enemies. Babar, on the pretence of the proposal of peace, sowed seeds of treason in his enemy's camp. He seduced the Chief of Rayseen. The traitor to his religion and country kept his heart so concealed that Sanga did not hesitate to give him the lead of the van. The negotiations of peace having fallen Sanga attacked the enemy's centre and right wing. The Tartars fought with the courage of despair, and the Rajputs with the devotion to a sacred cause. The odds were on this occasion doubtless, against the moslems. But they were armed with a park of artillery and the Rajputs in their spirit of conservatism depended upon their cold steel. The guns of Babar played havoc among the serried ranks of Sanga. Nothing daunted the Hindu heroes advanced and neared the trenches though the carnage in their rank was terrible. At this crisis of the battle the traitor, Sillaidi, who led the van went over to Babar. Sanga was obliged to retreat. Thus saved from the sure chance of destruction by treachery of a Rajput general, Babar also retired to Delhi. The battle told heavily upon the Rajputs who in their eagerness to show valour rushed without care and caution on the mouth of the enemy's guns. The flower of the army fell. The list of casualty showed that all clans lost all their chiefs of rank. Sanga himself received many wounds. With a heavy heart he retired towards Mewar but promised never to enter Chitore without victory. He might have redeemed his word. But fate which stood against the Hindus removed him from this world within a few months. On the frontier of Mewar he was poisoned and it casts a gloom of shame over the bright record of Mewar that the ministers were suspected to have instigated the foul deed. Aranykamal, the son of Balavanta, could not but have taken a part in this national struggle. His son, Hira was no idle spectator of the spirited reigns of Ratna, Bikramjit, Banbeer and Udaya Sing.

Ratna had the rash courage of his uncle Prithwiraj and died after a rule of five years in a feud of love with the Hara chief,

Unaided he repulsed Babar who invaded the territories of Mewar on the dissolution of the Hindu league after Sanga's death.

He was succeeded by his brother Bikramjit. The new Rana by his insolence alienated the sympathy of all his chiefs. The breach was widened by his innovation of organising mercenary *Paiks* or foot-soldiers and favouritism towards them. The discord between the prince and his *sardars* was fraught with dire consequences. The prince had not the administrative capacity. The officers refused to serve. The result was an utter anomaly. Bahadoor, the king of Guzerat, took advantage of this state of things and reinforced by the troops of Mandoo invaded Mewar. Bikramjit, with the courage natural to his house, proceeded to meet him. He could rely only upon his ill-organised infantry. The nobility did not help him. Bahadoor had a vast army manned with heavy guns. Bikram was defeated. The *Sirdars* hastened to protect Chitore and the infant son of Sanga. Bahadoor advanced towards the capital.

The name of Chitore had a magic influence. The news of her being attacked by the muslamans drew heroes from almost all parts of Rajputana. The bards relate exultingly how the son of Boondi with five hundred Haras, how Sonigurra and Deora, Raos of Jhalore and Aboo with their followers, how Bhagji, the son of Surajmal who had to quit the land of his birth, how volunteers from Merwar, Jodhpur, etc., came to shed their blood for the birth-place of the glory of their race. But the defenders did not number more than forty thousand. The enemy outnumbered them four to one. Moreover, they brought European artillery handled by Europeans. The annals call the engineer as 'Labri Khan of Frengan.' Colonel Todd suggests that they might have been the naval crew of Vascode Gama. The preparations of Bahadoor excelled those of Alauddin who had only battering rams. The siege-guns played incessantly by trained hands could effect breaches. A mine was, again, sprung at Beeka rock. The ramparts there were blown up with the bastion where the brave Haras stood. The heroic fall of their prince with his gallant train is sung with jubilation by Boondi bards even to this day. Breaches being thus made the storm began. Keen was the contest everywhere, the assailants rushing with all the fury of fanaticism and the defenders meeting them with all the fervour of patriotism. In the breach near Beka fell the Chandwat

princes, Sutoo and Doodoo, and Rao Doorga and others displaying Rajput valour. The places of those who fell were filled up with an alacrity and devotion, the parallel to which can, to some extent, be found among the sons of Nipon in their recent operations against Port Arthur. In absence of the Rana Bikramjit, the queen-mother, Jawahir Bae of Rathore race took the field. Clad in armour the heroic lady commanded a sally and fell with her devoted band of female followers. Though the spirit of the defenders was irrepressible yet they could see that the last day of Chitore was drawing nigh. They sent the infant Udaya Sing to a safe custody. There was then no Rana or his proxy to conduct the defence and sacrifice himself. Who was to court the honour of death? Many were the candidates. Bhagji, the son of Surajmal, was selected. It was the proudest moment of his life when amidst acclamations of the flower of Rajputana the *Changgi* floated over his head. The ladies now prepared for saving their honour. There was little time for the formal pyre. The short and the summary remedy lay in the powder. With a gallantry never dreamt of by females of other race, the wives of Chitore led by Karnavati, the mother of infant Udaya, stood on a powder magazine with smiles on face. Fire was set to the trail. A flash, and thirteen thousand mothers of heroes were blown out to pieces in a moment. The garrison then wore the saffron robe and led by the newly crowned Bhagji rushed upon the foe. The tumult can more be imagined than described. The field of battle in the words of the Sanskrit poet, became the dancing ground of grim death, and rivers of blood ran with human limbs forming their continents. The Rajputs perished to a man. The loss they inflicted was so enormous that like Pyrrhus, Bahadoor regarded his victory as worse than defeat. His army was shattered and almost decimated. This was the reason why the victor decamped after a short stay at Chitore as he heard that Humayoon was advancing at the chivalrous call of Rani Karnavati to help her infant son.

When Bahadoor attacked Mewar, Humayoon was away in Bengal for quelling the Pathans. He had chivalry and had accepted the *Rakhi* or bracelet of brotherhood from Sanga's widow, Karnavati. The ceremony, according to the code of Rajput chivalry, meant that the acceptor was selected by the weak female as her brother and he was bound to protect her at times danger. On the eve of the seige of Chitore, Karnavati sent messengers to her adopted

brother of chivalry resembling the *cavaliere servente*. Humayoon instantly responded to the call of affection. No doubt, if he could have advanced speedily, Chitore might have averted the catastrophe and more than fifty thousand heroic souls might have been saved. But that he came to succour those who stood as opponents to his father and who were not bound by any common tie of religion or language or sentiment, shows what a large heart he had. He drove the invaders from Mewar, took by force the capital of Mandoo who helped them and invested Bikramjit in the captured fort of his foe. Thus Chitore was restored now through the intervention of a magnanimous foreigner.

Bikramjit could not mend his ways even after such bitter experience. His insolence rather increased and he actually slapped in open court Karim Chand of Ajmeer who gave protection to his father Sanga in his dark days of struggle with Prithwiraj. The nobles could no longer tolerate such a king who asserted himself not only over all laws but even over decency. They dethroned him and set up Banbeer, the natural son of Prithwiraj.

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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A MODEL INDIAN CITY.

The city of Jaipur is famous for its architectural beauty, and lovely situation. Tourists from all parts flock to it, for the purpose of sight seeing. The climate is dry but salubrious, although during summer, the heat is excessive. The State of Jaipur is bounded on the north by Bikanir, Hissar, and Patiala. On the south, by Gwalior, Bundi, Tonk; and Udaipur. On the east by Ulwar, Bharatpur, and Kurauli, and on the west by Kishengarh, Jodhpur, Ajmer. It is about 150 miles in length and 140 miles in breadth with an area of 14,500 square miles. The city is one of the finest in India and was planned by a Bengali gentleman named Bidwadhur Bhattacharya.

It is surrounded by a massive lofty wall, resembling a stockade, and there are many smaller round turrets attached to the wall. It has six principal gateways of massive stone, and these gates are closed at 9-30 P. M. Pedestrians cannot go inside the town or come out of it without a pass, after the closing hour of the gates, at night. The streets are broad, well watered, and metalled. The principal thoroughfares are 40 yards in breadth, intersecting one another, and there is a market at each crossing. The buildings on the principal roads are similar in structure and red coloured. This symmetry in the buildings has enhanced the beauty of the town.

At the centre of the city, lies the palace, and it occupies one-fourth of the entire area of the town. The principal places of interest in the palace are the Dewniam and Dewanikhas or halls of public and private audience; they are built of stone and the pillars

are fluted, and made of Jaipur marble. Besides these, there are a grand observatory, Silakhana and Pothikhana which are worth seeing. The Silakhana is an armoury, and the Pothikhana is a library containing valuable manuscripts. The palace in which the Maharaja resides is seven storied. At the back of the palace there is a fine garden with hot houses and a lot of cypresses. There are on the ground innumerable fountains, which play on festive occasions. The famous temple of Gobindajee is situated in this garden. Pilgrims from all parts of India make it a point to visit the temple and pay their homage to the deity. At the back of this temple lies a little lake, which abounds with crocodiles. Tourists visit Jaipur, and write descriptions in various periodicals admiring the beauty of the town and the good administration of the State by the ruling chief.

Ramnivas garden is one of the handsomest parks in India. It is laid out in geometrical figures, and is the handiwork of a French gentleman, named Dr. DeFabeck. He was a born artist, and devoted his whole life for the improvement of the garden.

The garden owes its existence to the generosity of the late Maharaja Ram Singh, who with a view to alleviate the sufferings of his famine stricken people took it in hand and spent four lakhs for its completion. It contains a museum, and a well equipped hospital. The museum was built, to perpetuate the memory of the late Prince of Wales H. R. H. Prince Albert Victor in 1888 by the present Maharaja. It was designed by Sir Swinton Jacobk. K.C.I.E. It is built of Jaipur marble and the building is picturesque. It has four colonades of white marble with cupolas at each corner. The vestibule contains beautiful pictures of art.

GHAT.

In Jaipur there is a place called Ghat which is nothing but a terrace garden. It is surrounded by the Arabali range on three sides, and on the other side lies the city. The park is named after a Bengali gentlemen—Bidwadhur Bhaticharya. He planned and built the city as well as the garden.

The novelty of it is this:—It resembles a stair-case with seven steps. The height of the first step is nearly twenty feet, and decreases gradually until the last step, which is level to the ground. The intervening space of the steps, is half a *biga* or so. All sorts of

plants, shrubs and flower trees are planted here. There are two large masonry reservoirs for irrigation. Inside the garden there are two buildings, one for H. H. the Maharaja and the other for the Maharani. The front of the boundary wall is nicely ornamented. As it is situated at the foot of the hill, it is frequently honoured by the advent of Master Stripes.

A VISIT TO GALTÀ.

Sometime ago, in the afternoon, I climbed the Galtà hill, accompanied by two companions. One of them pointed out a little building to me, and said. "Let us take a few minutes, rest inside it." I acceded to his request, and then I took a bird's eye view of the city of Jaipur. The scenery was grand. We resumed the journey after a few minutes rest. First we went to see the sun's temple. The image is made of Astodhatu. At the foot of the hill, I saw Galab Muni's hermitage. It is just the place for devotional contemplation. Thence we come across a mountain pass, and after a pretty long walk, we reached our destination. The water-fall was surrounded by rugged hills, and in the midst, a beautiful tiny tank was formed and the water in it was pure and limpid, falling as it did, from a cow's head made of marble. A few yards off, I saw a masonry reservoir, its water was greenish and stagnant. Flocks of wild pigeons were drinking water from the clear pool of water, troops of monkeys were chattering, jumping and frisking about, and lots of peacocks were rambling about the hills. We then went to visit a temple of Sree Ram Chunder. We walked about a quarter of a mile, and reached a fine village. Little stone built houses of variegated colours were to be seen on the hills. In the temple there were five images. Among them Lord Sri Krishna's was most fascinating.

The Ruling Chief's of Jaipur are noted for their artistic taste and do not spare money to do works of public utility. The collections in the museum though small in number, are yet the choicest and costliest of their kind. The erection of the building cost nine lakhs. Located in the garden is a menagerie, as well as an aviary. Jaipur is surrounded by the Aravali range, and fortresses were built on the tops with a to defend the country from the hands of an invading army. These forts were built by Swai Jaising who was the founder of the modern city of Jaipur.

AMBER.

Amber is the old capital of Jaipur. It was in the heyday of its glory, during the reign of the Mogoul Emperors. Swai Jai Singh founded about 170 years ago the modern city of Jaipur, and it is named after him. Jaipur means a town of victory. The palace of Amber is situated on a high hill, at the foot of which there is a beautiful lake. It is a straggling city, and is getting depopulated. The palace though old, looks so fresh that one would be apt to think that it was built only recently. The buildings are three storied. The Dewaniam and the Dewaniamkhas, are two halls of public and private audience. One is made of white marble and supported by columns of the same material. The other was originally made of red stone, and had been transformed, by the order of the Maharaja, into a white colour by the application of some oily matter. At first sight, it looks like marble. The pillars are beautifully carved, and there is a sish Mahal or the palace of mirrors. The walls and the ceiling are made of looking glass. When a visitor enters this hall his body is reflected on these mirrors, and his shadow becomes unmerours. There are several mahals, and the structure of each mahal varies from the other. The architecture is of the Indo Saracenic style. The halls of one mahal are ornamented with coloured mica, resembling flower vase, and other designs. On the wall of another hall there are some repose work of flowers, insects etc. on marble. The Zennana Mahals, are not so nice as the Mahals of the Maharaja. For the convenience of the ladies, there are several bath rooms, and these are fitted up with shower baths, and taps of hot and cold water. The reservoirs of these rooms can easily be filled up at pleasure. Some of the rooms are called halls of anger, which are like prison cells. Maharanies when displeased with their lords, took shelter there. The custom of resorting to the "anger" hall is an old one, as we find in the Ramayana, Kaikaye the beautiful consort of Dasarath, lying on the ground in the anger hall. One small room is full of fresco painting, representing the holy places of Briudaban and Muttra. The view of the surrounding place from one of the Mahals is charming, the landscape and the perspective of the valley and the fort are grand vivid and impressive. The impression is strong and fades away from the mind slowly.

Visitors are strictly prohibited from visiting the fort, which lies at one corner of Ambar. The famous temple of Sila Devi better known as Jasswari in Bengal is a part and parcel of the Amber palace. The goddess was taken from Pratapawdita forcibly by the celebrated Maharaja Mansingha who founded the temple of Sila Devi at Ambar. Pilgrims from every nook and corner of India come to visit this holy place. European tourists make it a point to visit Amber whose palace, temple, fort, lake and surrounding scenes. beggar description.

SIVA NATH ROY.

INDIA'S DUTY TOWARDS HER CHILDREN.

India, small continent as it were in the East, is composed of different kingdoms, principalities or states (extending from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin allied, protected or subject to the British dominions, with the exception of Tibet, and the French and the Dutch possessions. It is peopled by numerous Communities varied in creed and colour. In such a country the sociological problem of the day would be, how to bring up the new generation? that shall guide the country safe through the progressive waves rolling round the land governed by a Viceroy of the Emperor enthroned in London. Let Loyalty be the "watchword" in every community, so that a political Federation may be got up where religious or social union was absurd and impossible.

A child being the father of man, the cardinal doctrine of every society is proper nurture of infants, and training of the children and young men, adapted to the surroundings of the country of their nativity. For the rearing of the children as well as for the preservation of a community sex-love chaste and well-controlled is absolutely needed, in order to induce which the rights of marriage, separation or divorce should be adjusted on equitable grounds. To preserve the infants and children of India, the British Government has been gracious to check many pernicious customs which had been rampant before its advent. Both the civil and criminal laws of the land is alert to protect the person and property of the children, in the hands of merciless and unscrupulous guardians. Big municipalities are encouraged to take up sanitary works for the special protection of infants and children—they also take up elementary education in the Presidencies.

To watch the growth of children, to help the unfoldment of the infant mind, and to import to them proper education, are the chief duties of their guardians, and of also the Rulers of the commune

Parents that neglect to educate their boys, act as enemies towards them. Healthy food and drink, and decent garments together with exercises in the form of sports should be provided for them by every community, to ensure its own preservation. As work develops the potential qualities of the mind, so does exercise strengthen and train the muscles of the body. A beautiful youth, even of high rank in life, if uneducated is like a flower without scent. Curiosities and emulation must be awakened in the breast of the child in respect of conduct and knowledge, by examples of his superiors and friends; and such curiosity should be always fed by truthful information, and good behaviour that require little study or art. The elementary class-books shall always be in the plain *vernaculars* of the child, with object or didactic lessons—Constant work begets habit, and frequent habit forms his character, void of which no man could be a worthy member of society.

Parents and guardians should be very careful in their behaviour towards the children, who ape them the most in their blissful innocence. Frivolous thoughts like hasty deeds seldom prove well. Good many young minds mistake their desires as promptings of genius, and they are led astray. For those can alone reach the goal, who work with labour and perseverance to attain the eminence. There is little ground to think that a condition of brain for specific knowledge could be handed down by organic continuity. To develop the acquired virtues of parents, suitable education and environments are in constant requisitions. A reputation void of worth is like painted clay—any adverse accident may destroy the artful paint.

Teach the child to read attentively that the young mind digest the lessons quickly. Exercise with temperance secures to the child health, which eventually develops both mind and soul. By habit alone he shall take up his task with alacrity. Experienced and honest teachers must be supplied by the community or the Government, who must impress upon the pupil by his own example that truth is the highest beauty in the world. In all intellectual exercise they must discourage procrastination or precipitancy; both of which are injurious to the study of the young mind. But at the same time the temperament of certain shy pupils may be observed so that they may be educated in their own peculiar fashion. It is often observed that children are better trained by affection than

by the rod. It is the duty of teachers to educate his innocent fold (who dreams no evil) with pure mind and polite manners,—in short the tutor must be in affectionate touch with his pupils. In exercises and sports) the monitor in the field would select them according to the different habit and mood of the team. These same remarks hold good in regard to both the sexes. But to offer girls the facilities for higher education, the marriage-laws of several communities need be reformed. In nursing the sick, as also in many other domestic virtues, the female aptitude is better than their sterner brethren. To preserve the well-being of the society, the female should form a complementary section of it, but not an independant class. Eve was created to help Adam, and she was a part of his body. Next the occupation of youths of the several communities must be an important concern with them and the Government, because the *drones* become a real burden on the society. The effect of private charity is not unfrequently calamitous to the receiver, and the commune itself. The Indian reformers with the approval of the Ruling Powers should organise the Industries in the land in such a method, that the greatest number of the people of the country shall have occupation for bread, or to improve the possibilities of the motherland. To simplify the work, it must be compulsory upon the youths to complete education after a course of apprenticeship in some remunerative business, so that the country may hold out hopes for futures livelihood or useful occupation. Agriculture, Manufactures, and Mining could be so much developed in the country as to provide plenty work for the young that would not be tied up in Public service. In the learned professions the field of medicine and Engineering have vast potentialities in the land; but it requires master mind to work out the end. It is folly to shut up foreign discoveries; a reformer should embrace them with open mind, and endeavour to adapt such to the surroundings of the country. The Government should recognise the Indian methods of practise of medicine to grapple succesfully with tropical maladies. The standard of no learned profession must be lowered to encourage sloth and dishonesty. Rainforetelling (like the turf of the west) in a country of famines consequent on draughts, having economic features, may be encouraged as a practical art attainable by observations. But the Jail workhouses unfortunately in many a district, may interfere with honest labour. The society must

guard the rights of person and property of its members, but when there is a conflict, the right of person shall have preference.

If the Indian youths could be tempted to flock round legitimate trades and callings by the co-operative arrangement of the society and the Government, the traffic of demagogues would be done away with, and the regeneration of the people would be near at hand, by setting them free from the cruel clutches of secret confederacies working in the cloack of swadeshi. To stop famine by adequate development of the resources of the country, and to drive plague or pestilence by all means, should be the anxious concern of whole India, guided by an efficient and sympathetic Viceroy of His Majesty the Emperor in the helm. Great men are the faithful servants of the reformed ideals of the time, and they point out those reforms which may be fitly inangurated at the place of action, with all its surroundings, and the Body Politic moves in their wake with fresh Statute Book in hand.

A. K. GHOSE.

AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.

(I)

CHAPTER I.

A Glimpse into Antiquity.

Our hero could be proud not only of his scholarship but of high birth. He was a Brahman of Brahmins, and was thus the product of culture of ages. We can trace back his line at any rate to the 10th century, because Brahmins of noble birth in Bengal, who have retained their pedigree and are called *Nikasha-Kulins*, enjoy heraldic honours like the nobility of the West. Their births and marriages are recorded by a class of people called *Ghataks*, who resemble in some respect the heralds of mediæval Europe. There are regular rolls and books in prose and metre that have religiously preserved the line of descent of the *Kulins* of Bengal for more than nine centuries. These works give us a glimpse into the ancient history of Bengal, besides furnishing us with the noble lineage of Ganguli. We find from them that in the 10th century Bengal was ruled by a king named Adisura. He was the first of the Sena kings, and flourished after the downfall of the *Kamboja* dynasty. He was a religious reformer. The credit or discredit of expelling the cult of Buddha which had spread its sway in Bengal was his. He tried hard to revive the Brahmanical faith. But he found that Bengal was then in want of Brahmins who had knowledge of the Vedas. To test the efficacy of Vedic rites, he wished, like King Dasaratha of old, to perform the *Putreshti* sacrifice which was believed as capable of giving a son to the sacrificer. In Bengal he could not get a single Braman that could perform the sacrifice. The Bengali Brahmins of those days were distributed into seven hundred families. A reference to these 700 branches

occurs even in the Mahabharata which shows their antiquity. No doubt, their forefathers in the time of Vyasa were learned men. But gradually through the influence of Buddhism and a hundred other causes, they dwindled down to a class of agriculturists ignorant of Sanskrit. This spectacle weighed heavily on Adisura. Upper India was then the home of learned Brahmins versed in Vedas. So he requested his friend, the king of Kanyakubja (modern Kanauj), to send him some learned Brahmins capable of performing the sacrifice that would give him a son. His request was complied with. Five Brahmins of different clans, skilled in Vedas, were sent in 999 Sambat (943 A. D.) with their relatives and retinue from Kanauj to Gaur in Malda where Adisura had his capital. They were (1) Sri Harsha of the *Bharadvaja*, (2) Bhatta Narayana of the *Sandilya*, (3) Vedagarbha of the *Sabarna*, (4) Daksha of the *Kasyapa*, and (5) Cchandoda of the *Basta* race. Five chieftains of their retinue are the forefathers of the five *Kayastha* clans of Bengal, viz., the Ghoses, the Boses, the Mitras, the Guhas and the Dattas. The first two of the five learned Brahmins, viz., Sri Harsha and Bhatta Narayana have left their permanent marks on the Sanskrit literature. Sri Harsha is the author of the classical poem *Naishadha Charita*, and Bhatta Narayana of the Classical drama *Beni Samhara*. We do not find any such work of the other three. But there cannot be the least doubt as to their profound scholarship. Vedagarbha, for instance, is characterised as Vedas personified. These experts in Vedas, it is said, came on bullock carts with shoes on. When this report reached Adisura, he felt contempt for them and did not meet them on the pretext of illness. They could by their occult power read the royal heart. To give an evidence of their *Yoga* puissance, they threw the chaplet of flowers with which they wished to bless the king on a dead tree. The dead stump, so the chronicles say, at once put forth blossoms and leaves. The king heard the miracle and hastened to receive his guests whose merits he could then understand.

The sacrifice, for which they were invited, was then performed. Adisura was highly pleased and honoured the learned Brahmins with rich gifts. He pressed them to settle in Bengal and they acceded to his request. Some chronicles say that they were first

reluctant to settle in the new land which was then deemed to be the abode of degraded Brahmans. They returned home. But as they were ostracised by their kith and kin at Kanyakubja owing to their having gone into a unclean land they came back to Bengal with their families. The chronicles are unanimous that Adisura gave them at first five *Gramas* or villages, *viz.*, Panchakoti, Harikoti, Kamakoti, Batagrama and Kankagrama by name. It is difficult to identify these places. Some identify Panchakoti with the Panchkot Perganna of the District of Manbhum. The other places cannot be easily traced. But it is certain that all of them were in West Bengal, because they were in the region known as *Rara* which means the part of Lower Bengal to the west of the river Hughli.

Bhatta Narayana got sixteen sons, Daksha also got sixteen, Vedagarbha twelve, Sri Harsha four, and Cchandoda eight. Each of the 56 sons of the five Brahmans got from the ruler a village, and thus there arose 56 families which came to be called after the villages they inhabited. Dealing only with the progeny of Vedagarbha, the ancestor of our hero, we find that one of his sons, Hala lived in a place called Ganguli and hence his descendants got the appellation of Ganguli. It is difficult to trace out the village Ganguli, which has given the name to such an influential section of *Kulin* Brahmans. But there is no doubt that it was in the West Bengal.

As the descendants of the five learned Brahmans multiplied, their places of settlement began to grow in number. By two centuries the multiplication was so rapid that some of the branches had to seek home on the eastern banks of the Ganges in the tract known as *Barendra Bhumi*. The settlers on the east became in time estranged from their brothers on the west, and thus arose the broad gulf between the principal sections of Brahmans in Bengal called *Raris* and *Barendras*. We see signs of bitterness and hostility between the two. The *Raris* are distributed into six and fifty and the *Barendras* into a century of sects, all named after the different villages they chose to live in. Even now the distinction between the two sections is so marked that intermarriage between them is not in vogue. It is curious to note how Sir W. W. Hunter has unconsciously maligned the *Barendras* in his "Annals of Rural Bengal," perhaps, on the

malicious information of a *Rari Pandit* by characterising them as the sons of the concubines of the five Brahmins imported by Adisura.

While the gulf between the different branches of imported Brahmans was widening, the sceptre of Bengal was descending from sire to son in the Sena family. Adisura who brought the Brahmans in 943 A. D. lived for 10 years more. His son, Bhusura, who was the product of the sacrifice for which the five Brahmans were imported, predeceased his father and could not ascend the throne. The daughter Lakshmi Debi, whom Adisura treated as his son, succeeded him and reigned from 953 A. D. to 970 A. D. This shews the freedom the Hindus had from the prejudices of the *Purda* system before the appearance of the Mahomedans in Bengal. The spectacle of a Queen in ancient Bengal may come as a surprise to many. We have very little information of the rule of this Queen, but it is certain that there was no turbulence from outside or inside of any huge dimension. She peacefully took the charge and laid it down in peace. She had a son, Asoka by name, who ruled for 11 years from 970 A. D. to 981 A. D. His son, Sura Sena occupied the throne from 981 to 994 A.D. He was succeeded in his turn by his son, Bira Sena, whose reign extended from 994 to 1012 A. D. Samanta Sena came after his father Bira Sena and wielded the royal sceptre from 1012 to 1030 A. D. Next came his son, Hemanta Sena, who ruled for 18 years. His successor was Bijaya Sena, alias Biswak Sena, whose reign lasted from 1048 to 1066 A. D. His adopted son was the famous Ballala Sena, whose impress the Brahman and Kayastha societies of Bengal still bear. He was a great social reformer. The chronicles of the *Ghataks* are replete with his anecdotes. He was a patron of letters. Such learned Sanskrit works as *Dana Sagara* are attributed to him. He achieved a name in the field of battle too. He removed his capital to Bikrampur in Dacca District to check the inroads of the *Mags* into his eastern territories. The *Mags* were a tribe akin to the Burmese who dwelt between Eastern Bengal and Burma. They frequently molested Bengal by land and water. The eastern Districts of Dacca, Chittagong, etc., suffered heavily. The cries of the subject took the king to East Bengal, and he established himself in Rampal to the west of

modern Munshigunj. It was a strategic point. He could watch the incursions of the *Mags* by water which were more frequent than those by land, specially as the Tipperah Raj stood like a bulwark against the irruptions of strangers by land. The frequent wars which Tipperah had to wage against the turbulent tribes of Arakan etc., resemble the border wars of Scotland and England in ancient times. Ballala's removal to Bikrampur is evidenced by such names of villages as Paikpara. The ruins of his fort are still extant in Munshigunj and now form the residential quarters of the Sub-Divisional officer of the place. Soon he checked the intruders and gave peace to the kingdom.

His social reform consisted of classification of the different branches of the five Brahmans according to educational and religious qualifications. One hundred and twenty-four years intervened between him and Adisura. The descendants of Sri Harsha and his four compatriots deteriorated much in education and faith. Many of them were found to be illiterate. The king thought of imparting a stimulus to education amongst them by honouring only the educated. The test prescribed by him for the receipt of honours at his hands, was the following nine qualities of head and heart, *viz.*, *Achara* (purity of conduct), *Binaya* (modesty), *Vidya* (learning), *Pratishtha* (fame), *Tirthadarsana* (pilgrimage), *Nishtha* (faith), *Britti* (noble profession), *Tapas* (penances) and *Dana* (gift of daughter in marriage to a noble family). All the *Rari* and *Barendra* Brahmans were invited together with the different families of the Kayasthas. He distributed the *Rari* Brahmans into three classes, 1. *Kulins*, 2. *Srotriyas* and 3. *Bansajas*. Of their fifty six families, only nine persons who had the nine qualities were made *Kulins*, and thirtyfour persons, who were found to have the first eight qualities and could not show that their daughters were married to noble families, were made *Srotriyas*. The heads of the remaining 13 families, who were deficient in even the eight qualities, were lowered down as *Bansajas*. The hundred *Barendra* families of Brahmans were similarly distributed into three heads, 1. *Kulins*, 2. *Srotriyas*, and 3. *Kafs* or *Bansajas*. The Kayasthas were divided into two classes, 1. *Kulins* and 2. *Mauliks*, according to similar educational and religious test. *Mauliks* resemble *Bansajas*. That such classifications were founded on good basis cannot be denied. Their existence for centuries inspite of the invasions of

Pathans and Moguls, Marhattas and Europeans, proves their stability and elasticity. That *Kulinism* has now-a-days been confined to birth and was, a generation ago, deemed a passport for polygamy, is due to no fault of Ballala. It is rather ascribable to the absence of a Hindu chieftain capable of enforcing his standard.

During this social classification Sisu Ganguli, eighth in descent from Vedagarbha, was one of the nine recipients of *Kulin* honours. Similarly Utsaha, thirteenth in descent from Sri Harsha, was the first *Kulin* among the Mukherjees. The chronicles give the following genealogical table from Vedagarbha to Sisu:—1. Vedagarbha, 2. Bira Raghaba *alias* Hala who was a learned professor of Sanskrit, 3. Sobhana, 4. Sauri, 5. Pitambara, 6. Damodara, 7. Kulapati and 8. Sisu. Kulapati is eulogised by the *Ghataks* for his high scholarly attainments. He had his home at a village known as Amate. This was, as we find in the heraldic work called Goshtikatha, to the north of the confluence of the rivers, Ajaya and Ganga. Modern Katwa (old Kantakadwipa) in the Burdwan District stands on the confluence. Three or four miles to its north, there is a village named Amte where still some Gangulis reside. It is the same as Amate where the Gangulis lived for generations.

Sisu too was a learned scholar of high character. He seems to have lived long and received honours not only from Ballala but from his great-grandson, Lakshmana Sena II. After Ballala, who ruled for 42 years from 1065 A. D. to 1101 A. D., his son Lakshmana Sena I reigned from 1101 A.D. to 1122 A. D. and was succeeded by his son, Madhava Sena. Both Madhava and his son, Kesava were short-lived. They occupied the throne for only two years. Then came Kesava's son, Lakshmana Sena II or Lakshmaneya. His rule extended for 80 years from 1123 to 1203 A. D. It was the period of renaissance in Bengal. It witnessed a galaxy of literateurs, poets and lawgivers. Jayadeva, the prince of lyrical poets, Halayudha, the great lawyer, Gobardhana, the foremost of the authors of *Koshakavyas* i.e. poems consisting of disconnected verses on various subjects arranged alphabetically, and such minor poets as Umapati and Dhoyi graced his court. The sweet notes, which Jayadeva's lyre has struck, will reverberate to eternity in the musical bower of Bengal. They have been the source of inspiration for centuries of Vaishnava poets of love. In Lakshma-

neya's reign, a social reform of importance was accomplished, and that was *Samikarana* or equalisation of the status of *Kulins*. The name of Sisu figures among the persons who were the subjects of *Samikarana*. This shows that Sisu, who flourished in the reign of Ballala, lived down to the times of Lakshmana Sena II. It was not improbable, for only 22 years intervened between the two sovereigns.

The brightest day conceals the darkest night in its bosom. The prosperity of Lakshmana's reign was a precursor of the direst adversity. While Bengal was dozing lulled by the sweet notes of her poets, a sturdy race was stealing a march upon her. The followers of Islam had from the beginning an eye over India and after a continuous struggle for three centuries got a footing on the western banks of the Indus. Mahmud of Ghazni swooped down on the plains a dozen times and carried war against Hindu shrines. His success emboldened Sahebuddin Ghori to plan a regular invasion for conquest. How Prithwiraj met his first fury, annihilated his whole army and out of chivalry allowed him to return on a solemn pledge of never breaking in India again, how Jayachand of Kanauj, to his eternal shame and to the misfortune of India, joined hands with the sworn enemy of his religion and race simply to wreak his impotent vengeance on Prithwiraj, how the valiant monarch of Indraprastha with his brave allies of Chitore yet received the united bands of Sahebuddin and Jayachand, how worsted and intercepted from his main column by Rana Samar Sing and a river, Sahebuddin sought on the second day of battle for a truce, how the chivalrous Rana granted his application, how after having recouped his position the faithless invader broke the truce and at the depth of night attacked the sleeping sons of Mewar, how the scions of Bappa reddened with their blood the field of Oaggar, how Prithwiraj fell next day a victim to treachery and guile, what a bold front he made before the wily conqueror are matters of history. Having reduced the hero of the Chauhans in such an unfair way, Ghori then throttled Jayachand and planted the crescent securely on the throne of Delhi. His dashing lieutenant made a bold plan of capturing Bengal and suddenly appeared at the gates of the capital in 1203 B. S. Old Lakshmana Sena fled leaving Bengal to her fate and the sceptre passed for ever from the hands of the Hindus.

Sisu had a son named Ayu who had five sons, Haladhara, Lambodara, Mahidhara, Prithwidhara, and Sama. Haladhara's son was Gadadhara who had four sons, Rama, Ayu, Kula and Murari. Ayu's son, Vinayaka *alias* Bala had seven sons. The eldest of them was Siva who is extolled by the *Ghataks* as a learned professor of Sanskrit. They compare him to Vyasa himself. He had four and ten sons. One of them Parameswara got three sons, *viz.*, Bhairava, Sauri and Nityananda. Bhairava's sons were Sridhar, Raghava etc. Sridhara had a son named Nilakantha whose sound scholarship forms the theme of several heraldic songs. During his days at the beginning of the 15th century, a third social reform took place. It was brought about not by the sovereign because Bengal had then no Hindu sovereign, but by a *Ghatak* of influence named Devibara. He found many scions of those who received *Kulin* honours, degraded into illiterate cultivators. With the help of the entire *Ghatak* community, he reclassified the *Kulins* into 36 sects known as *Mels*, guided by considerations of education and high connection. In this classification the descendants of some of the original *Kulins* were lowered down because of having lost the educational eminence of their forefathers. Of the 36 *Mels* established by Devibara, the two, *viz.*, *Fulia* and *Kharda*, are universally acknowledged as the foremost. Both are named after the places where the *Kulins* of those two sects lived. Thus, *Fulia* was a village in the Nadia District which is now called Fule-Belgade. Kirtivasa, the immortal poet of Bengali Ramayana, describes it as a place of importance which was washed by Ganga on the south and the west. *Kharda* is the name of a village still extant which is a few miles to the west of Calcutta. Nilakanta became the first *Kulin* of the *Kharda Mel* in the Ganguli family, and so Jogeswara Pandit, the twenty-first in descent from Sriharsha, was the first *Kulin* of the same *Mel* among the Mukherjees. Similarly Manohar was the first *Kulin* of the *Fulia Mel* among the Mukherjees. Nilakanta had a son named Sripati who left two sons, Ramanatha and Janakinatha. The first gave birth to Raghava.

Let us pause to take a survey of the history of the country during the 13 generations from Sisu to Ramanatha. Sisu and his son had, no doubt, their being in free Bengal. His grandson also very likely breathed the free air in which he was born but saw the catastrophe of 1203 A. D. The line took 350 years or so to descend from Sisu to Ramanatha. It saw the Slave Kings, the Khiljis, the Toghlaqs, the

Saiyads and the Lodis ascend the throne of Delhi one after the other. It also witnessed the adventurous Baber exiled from his land of birth win an empire at Paniput, his son Humayun lose it in struggle with Sher Shah and recover it at Sirbind in 1555 A.D., and his grandson Akbar consolidate it and extend it from Cape Comorin to Himalaya. During these three centuries and a half the revolution in Bengal was equally marked. Bakthir established himself in Gaud and died in 1205-6 A.D. after reducing Behar and West Bengal. Giasuddin made his power felt in Assam and Orissa, declared independence and was reduced and slain by Sultan Altamash in 1227 A.D. Gaud was besieged during the days of Togan Khan by Narasinha Deva of Orissa. Tugral Khan attacked Orissa out of vengeance but failed and was made a captive in war with the Assamese in 1257 A.D. Tugral, the favourite of Emperor Bulban, got the viceroyalty in 1277 A.D., but proved faithless to the master and paid the penalty with his life in 1281 A.D. in a battle with the imperial army. Nasiruddin exhibited a rare example of discipline by accepting viceroyalty under his haughty and incompetent son Kaikabad. East and West Bengal became different seats of government with Gaud and Suvarnagram as capitals in 1299 A. D., Nasiruddin being appointed the governor of the West and Bahadur Khan of the East Bengal by Alauddin. Upon the death of the governor Bairam in 1338 the Pathan officers of Bengal asserted their independence taking advantage of the weakness of the Delhi throne during the days of Mahammad Tughlak whose wild projects of the invasion of Central Asia brought bankruptcy. His successor Firoz Tughlak had to admit in 1356 A. D. the independence of Samsuddin Iliyas Khan who removed the capital to Pandua. Sekander, the successor of Samsuddin, is known for the mosque of Pandua called *Adina Masjid*. The Pathan line ended with his son Gyasuddin, who successfully revolted against the father. The throne of Bengal then passed in 1385 A. D. to the hands of Ganesh, the Hindu king of Dinajpur, whose rule for 7 years was characterised by impartial justice between Hindus and Musalmans. His son Yadu embraced Islam and peacefully reigned for 18 years at Gaud under the Mahomedan name of Jelaluddin Mahmmad Sha. His son Ahmad wielded the rod with much credit upto 1460 A. D. He having died issueless, Nasir Shah, a descendant of Giasuddin, seized the throne and occupied it down to 1475 A. D. Then came the Abyssian

slave Hapse whose short regime was a chaos. His minister, Hosen Sha got hold of the realm by intrigue in 1486 A. D. and ruled upto 1528 A. D. He was a great patron of Bengali literature. He was followed by his sons, Nasrat who fell a prey to assassin's knife, and Mamud Sha who was dethroned in 1563 A. D. by Sher Sha. Sher wretched even the throne of Delhi from Humayun and revived the Pathan power. The line of the Gangulis probably saw also Soleman Dayud Khan rule Bengal. Gaur, which had been the capital of Bengal from time immemorial, was ruined in 1575 A. D. by plague under the eyes of Raghava Ganguli.

ASIATICUS.

*SCHOPENHAUER—THE BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHER
OF GERMANY.*

“Read the *Times*, my boy, from that paper one can learn everything.” Such was the admonition given by a merchant of Danzig, to his since famous son, Arthur Schopenhauer, when a boy. The father, Heinrich, loved the English language, English books, English furniture, English gardening, and English ways. The son grew up with similar tastes, and it was with pride and satisfaction that he saw his philosophy recommended to the attention of English thinkers and readers in the *West-minster Review*, in 1853.

When Danzig became a Prussian city in 1793, Heinrich Schopenhauer quitted it never to return. The business, however, was still carried on, and that so successfully, that on his father's death, in 1804, Arthur found himself his own master, and independent, at the age of seventeen. The family then resided in Hamburg. His mother and sister went to Weimar, the centre of intellectual culture and activity in Germany, whilst Arthur made a tour of Europe.

Johanna Schopenhauer, his mother, was volatile, fond of pleasure; a writer of romances, and one who took a pleasant view of life. The future philosopher loved solitude, indulged in gloomy views, and disapproved of his mother's vivacity and volatility. So they lived apart. There was little sympathy between them. She disliked his philosophical ideas—perhaps she did not understand them—and he despised the romantic tales by which she obtained an ephemeral reputation. When his first philosophical work was published, in 1813, a treatise for which he received the diploma of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Sena, he visited Weimar, and presented a copy of it to his mother. The title was not attractive. It was “On the Four-fold Root of the Doctrine of Adequate Causes.” “The Four-fold Root,” said his mother, looking at it, “I suppose it's a book for apothecaries.”

"It will be read, mother, when even the lumber-room will not contain a copy of your works," was his answer.

"Yes," she retorted, "I understand. The whole edition of yours will still be on hand."

Such remarks were not likely to diminish the estrangement between them. Arthur was afraid his mother's extravagance would end in debt and ruin. Yet, in after years, when he had reason to fear that the mercantile house in which their fortune was embarked was likely to fail, he urged her to withdraw her portion, as he did his. She did not comply with his request, and the consequence was that her fortune, and that of his sister, was seriously impaired. Then he came forward to lend them a helping hand, and that generously, so that, although he strongly disapproved of her life and manners, he did not fail in his duty as a son when necessity demanded its active exercise.

Goethe and others, men of distinction in literature, science, and art, saw that the young man was destined to greatness. "Schopenhauer's magnificent head," was spoken of by Goethe with admiration. Yet his mother could not, or would not, see any evidences of genius about him, although she honoured Goethe and others who discerned this genius at a glance. Strange blindness, too the merits of his own son in a woman of active intellect imagination, and versatility! For Goethe the young man had boundless reverence. "He educated me anew," said Schopenhauer, "his influence and Schiller's were supreme over me." It was flattering to the young man to find himself singled out by Goethe as the favoured student to whom should be confided his beloved theory of colours. Goethe sent him his own optical apparatus and instruments, in order that Schopenhauer might test the matter for himself at leisure. Schopenhauer spared no pains. He entered upon the study with all the ardour of youth and genius. But he was not a man to be long held in leading strings. His mind was too original to follow the dictates of any other without investigating for himself, and his pamphlet on the subject had so much in it that was new and peculiar to himself, that Goethe was not pleased with it. It was not, however, in the theory of colours only that they differed, Goethe's views of life were bright, joyous, hopeful. He was an optimist. Schopenhauer's were gloomy,

dark, and discouraging—the views of a pessimist, as taught by Goutama Buddha, six hundred years before the Christian era.

The society of Weimar was too distracting for the young philosopher. He wanted time to study and to think. He removed to Dresden. Having a very high opinion of his own powers, he wished to cultivate them. "It must be lonely on the heights," said he, meaning that he was not as other men, and that the higher a man climbs in speculative philosophy, the lower will other men appear to him. With such ideas amiability was impossible. He did not esteem other men sufficiently to conciliate them or to cultivate their society. He was penetrated with the conviction that he had been placed in a world peopled with beings morally and intellectually contemptible, from whom it was wisdom on his part to keep apart, seeking out the few better ones to honour and value, and making it his duty to instruct others, and to endeavour to raise them from their debased condition.

The philosophy of Schopenhauer is, in fact, a phase of Pantheism. He does not deny the freedom of the individual will, but he sees man so bound by constitutional character, by influences surrounding him, and by intelligence acting in subordination to those influences; that little field is left for the display of originality. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand are what hereditary disposition, education, and society have made them.

His moral system is, of course, founded upon his philosophy. As long as the individual's actions are directly controlled by the desire to possess, to enjoy, to perpetuate or embellish existence, so long is he corrupt, and the imaginations of his heart only evil continually. This is precisely the Buddhistic idea. All wrong doing is resolvable into pursuit of one's own advantage. Between deeds of the grossest violence and those of the most refined egotism, the difference is but one in degree. The denial of self abnegation, is the root of all good. Our separate beings are mere transitory phenomena, and the recognition of this great truth will destroy all selfishness, and with it all injustice in the world. With selfishness and injustice misery will be banished.

Optimism represents the world as the best possible, the most excellent, and as conducive to happiness. Pessimism represents the world as bad, conducive to misery. Goutama Buddha and Arthur Schopenhauer were pessimists. The very life after death—the heaven

sighed for by the weary—is it not a proof of man's misery? they argue. Happiness is supposed to be impossible here, and, therefore, sought elsewhere.

The development theory of Darwin was taught by Schopenhauer in substance, and, as a consequence, he inculcated tenderness to all forms of animal nature, without running into the extremes of Buddhism. But, throughout all his teaching, the great fault is the slight stress laid upon right action. Hartmann, his most celebrated successor, in his "Philosophy of the Unconscious," lays particular stress upon the iron yoke, casuality, under which mankind drags heavily. We cannot escape this iron yoke. Cause and effect act independently of us and of our wills. Surely, then, the true philosophy will teach us to take up the burden of life cheerfully, and make the best of it. By so doing, we become masters of our fates, not whining slaves. We are the offspring of heat and light. They may diminish in the course of ages, and man may disappear, but the inheritance of thought is ours, and, in that inheritance, the recognition of the universal and unchangeable reign of law in everything that happens, is the most precious achievement of modern thought, founded on experience, and own by it.

As to optimism and pessimism they are but results of temperament. He who is of a lively, gay, and sanguine disposition, cannot be a pessimist, and he who is of a gloomy and melancholy disposition, cannot be an optimist.

"Suffering," said he, "is a condition of the efficacy of genius. Do you believe that Shakespeare and Goethe would have written, or Plato and Kant philosophised, if they had found satisfaction and contentment in the actual world around them—if they had left thoroughly at home in it—had fulfilled their desires?"

The beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of Dresden was a great attraction to Schopenhauer. He loved Nature, and found support and inspiration from communion with her. His walks were long and solitary, and he walked with a quick, energetic step, and, as he often paused to note down a thought, his figure with "that mighty head," was familiar to the saunterers on the banks of the Elbe. He was also fond of the conservatory, and it is recorded that on one occasion he was soliloquising as he gazed on the plant asking himself whence they had their varied shapes and colours, and

what was the inner subjective will, manifested in the leaves and flowers. One of the gardeners watched him, evidently thinking he had a lunatic, or at least a very eccentric man, to deal with. When Schopenhauer was leaving the conservatory that day, the gardener came up to him, asking who and what he was. "Who and what I am?" repeated the philosopher, "yes, if you could tell me that, I should be greatly indebted to you," and so saying, he left the gardener in bewilderment, doubtful still whether the visitor was really insane, or only an eccentric.

It was not only in his manner of study that he was peculiar. He never kept any money accounts in German, lest they should be read by inquisitive domestics. His business affairs were written in Latin, and his money accounts in English, a language with which he was quite familiar. His valuables were hidden in the strangest places, and labelled with the strangest names. He would never trust himself to the razor of a barber, and he carried a little leathern drinking-cup with him, if he dined in public places, to secure himself against contagion.

He remained four years at Dresden, and there he completed his great work on the "Will." In 1818, the manuscript was sent to the publishers at Leipzig; but like his, "Fourfold Root," it excited little attention at the time. He took a tour through Italy, tried philosophical lecturing at Berlin, and failed; and finally settled at Frankfort. It was not till the publication of the second volume, and the re-publication of the first revised in 1843, that fame began to dawn upon the philosopher, and even then slowly and fitfully. His later works, published in 1857, were more popular, and consisted of Essays and Criticisms, which did much to bring his larger, and more philosophical, treatise into notice. His disciples crowded round him between 1850 and 1860 regarding him with enthusiasm and admiration, rather as a prophet than a philosopher. One of them gravely proposed that a fund should be established to secure, in all future republications of his works, that no word written by the great master should be altered. These ten years were the happiest of his existence. He was proud of the estimation in which he was held as a philosopher, proud of the admiration of his disciples and proud of the influence his works were exerting upon the intellect of his age.

He died in September, 1860, leaving his property of the society founded to support the Prussian soldiers disabled in the revolution of 1848, and the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in their country's service.

He did not wish his biography to be written. He identified his life with his writings. They were his monument, and all that he wished to remain of him.

"I praised the dead, which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive. Yes, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun," so saith the Preacher (iv. 2, 3,) and his words might have been taken as the motto for Schopenhauer's philosophy. The world, according to him, was about as bad as it could be, consistent with its preservation. Religion was the dream of imagination, craving for a future to redress the evils of this life—a future never to be realised. True wisdom, therefore, he argued, consists in a preception on the nothingness of all things, and in a desire to become nothing.

Schopenhauer's claim was to be regarded as the immediate successor of Kant, but philosophically, he was really a representative of India thought in the systems of the West. His conclusions are those of Gotama Buddha. Until desire is subdued by the will—desires of any and every kind—there can be no peace, no happiness. When desire has thus been subdued, and the will brought into harmony with conscience, calm reigns, the disturbing elements of thought are removed, and the philosopher approaches *Nirvana*, the unknown, that condition in which the spirit is delivered from personally, and becomes a part of the universal will. The universe itself is one enormous will, constantly rushing into life; will therefore, is the condition of all existence, sentient and insentient. Others asserted the freedom of the will. Schopenhauer thought that he had proved its omnipotence. Intelligence thus becomes simply a phenomenon of the will, not its attribute. Intelligence must, therefore, be dethroned to make place for will. Will is the substance of the man, and intelligence the accident. In the smallest insect the will is entire. It wills what it wills as completely as man.

"The theory of the sexual emotion, put forth by Schopenhauer, and elaborately illustrated by his disciple Hartman, raises it out

of the category of ordinary events. According to them, it is no effect of natural causes, but a direct interference with the order of phenomenal Nature, and the mysterious revelation of a supernatural principle. The mental experience of falling in love appears to them to resemble the kind of mental transformation known amongst certain religious sects as sudden conversion, a deep-rooted instinct outside of our own consciousness, exercising on it something like a coercive influence.

JAMES DUHAN, P. H. D.

NOTES ON THE SOUL.

(IV)

Cabarius allied Kant's views and he recognised the soul distinct from the physical constitution.

Leibnitz—Understanding is thinking the soul. He says God is the monad (*manas*). Every real essence is fulguration from Him. Monads are spiritual powers or faculties which are constantly laboring to change their conditions. Some monads possess souls, some possess inferior consciousness, some possess rational souls.

Fichte—The perception of the absoluteness of the ego is the cognition of reason and the basis of all science. The ego is absolute activity—it is subject, object. Fichte was for subjective idealism, a principle of reason higher than reason partaking of divine nature and rising looses full participation hereafter. He based idealism upon consciousness—it is ego which creates non ego.

Schelling—Intellectual intuition—Immediate knowledge of the absolute. Philosophy of nature and philosophy of spirit have their root in the absolute. Schelling adopted the principle of identity of object and subject in knowledge. He regarded self as the objective, the infinite and the eternal mind. The absolute is neither infinite nor finite, neither *ese* nor cognition, neither subject nor object, but wherein all oppositions of subject and object, knowledge and existence, spirit and nature, ideal and real together with all differences and distinctions are absorbed and disappeared, leaving an indissoluble and equal union of cognition and *ese*.

Hegel—Absolute realism. Pure *ese* is pure conception in itself. He says the idea of God constitutes the general foundation of people. Whatever is the form of religion the same is the form of a state or constitution. He denies both subject and object and says that there are relations of the two. After all the enquiries and discussions, modern philosophy has one problem—have we any idea independent of experience? The different systems of philosophy are:—irrationalism, idealism, scepticism, mysticism and eclecticism.

Descartes—Idealism but objective, soul purely immaterial consisting in thought. Descartes was more of the infinite or absolute and less of the finite self or finite realism.

Spinoza—In the lively knowledge of the Deity consists our greatest happiness. He says knowledge properly so called rises when we group by abstract reason, The process of abstraction goes on in its generalization to infinity. The mental world is a modification of the infinite thought. Soul is the link between the modifications of material and mental worlds.

Spinoza absorbed all finite existence in the infinite and every substance is a modification thereof. Leibnitz demonstrated that all substances are active. Spinoza—absolute is substance, Fichte subject, Schelling infinite mind, Hegel perpetual process eternal thinking.

Blackwood Magazine for May 1850 contains Dr. Gregory's article on German Popular Prophecies. Ecstasy is from the liberation of the mind from its finite consciousness. This is from the higher faculty according to Plotinus to get beneath the finite superficial assertions of our nature, according to Schelling it is the identity of the subject and object the the thinker thinks divine thought, and according to Coleridge, he loses himself the particular in the universal reason. Proclus says God is apprehended by negation. Hugo of St. Victor says in such moments the soul is transplanted beyond sense and reason to a state similar to that enjoyed by angelic nature. Richard of St. Victor erects six stages of contemplation, the first two fall within imagination, the next two belong to reason the two highest to intelligence. The state of ecstasy is the spiritual state. According to St. Theresa there are four degrees of prayers (1) simple mental prayer,—fervent, inward, self withdrawn not exclusive of some words nor unaided by what the mystics called discursive acts *i.e.*, the consideration of facts and doctrines prompting devotion; (2) the prayer of quiet called also pure contemplation—the will, is absorbed; (3) prayer of union or perfect contemplation, the will understanding and memory are swollen up in God and (4) the prayer of rapture or ecstasy. Lewis in this Biographical History wrote, have we any ideas independent of experience? The answer ends in a negation.

Bulter in his Analogy notices the spiritual constitution of man as being fitted for perfection and immortality hereafter.

Kant—Pure reason by which we rise from the finite experience to ideas which link us to the infinite and eternal. The purely rational ideas of substance of the soul and of God are but personifications of our mode of ideas and cannot be shown scientifically to have anything like reality. "But although all our knowledge begins with experience it by no means follows that all arises out of experience." He believed neither in idealism nor realism but in their union in producing perception. Lord Shaftesbury admits that we have absolute conceptions from our nature and reason. Wollaston was almost of the same opinion.

Victor Cousin—Phenomenal mysticism and substantial mysticism. Cousin says unity, perfection, substance eternity, and absolute space appear to us as the affirmative, the positive, the superior and anterior idea, diversity, of which the finite, the imperfect are but negation. Cousin makes out that by reason you learn the absolute. He makes out that the elements of thought are the finite the infinite and their relations. Cousin's idea is the one or the infinite, the many or the finite and the connection of the infinite and finite.

Schubert—The spirit tends to the purely rational, the lofty, the divine.

Sir William Hamilton—Absolute is altogether inconceivable but exists subjectively within our consciousness as a regulative process. It can be gazed upon by a higher faculty. Hamilton says whatever we know, we know only in relation to our faculties. Schelling and others are for absolute truth.

Eckart—In search of the absolute. "What is this abyss of being into which I have plunged? What is the absolute for the sake of which I am to suffer self annihilation?" He said God is the very reverse of nothing as well as nothing. **Fowler**—Abyss of being must be an abyss of love.

Bacon—"And this spirit whereof we speak is not from virtue or energy or act or a trifle, but plainly a body rare and invisible notwithstanding circumscribed by place, and time."

Andworth—Even here in this life, our body as it were two-fold interior and exterior, we having besides the grossly tangible bulk of our outward body another interior spiritual body.

Festens—He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,

Coleridge in his *Aids to Reflection* writes, God transferred into man a higher gift, a living (that is, self-subsisting) soul—a soul having its life in itself and man became a living soul.

In Ferrier's *Philosophical Sermons* soul is defined as thought disengaged from sensation. It says the Socratic method of education is the one by which the mind is made to evolve truth by itself and not by which truth is communicated by another person (page 257).

In Porter's *Human Intellect* is written to know to feel and to choose are the distinguishable states of the soul. There are instances of reciting passages in a foreign language, correcting remarkable compositions and delivering eloquent speeches during sleep, discovery of diseases and prophesying future events. The somnambulist sees by the back of his head and epigastrium. He does not see through the organ of senses.

The soul is not divided into separate parts or organs. Porter opines that the infinite is knowable.

Hamilton's divisions are knowledge, feeling and cognition *i.e.*, desire and will. Hamilton thus distinguishes mind from the soul. The word mind is of a more limited significance than the word soul. Sir William Hamilton writes the infinite is out of relation, cannot be conceived by thought, since thought involves relation. We can have a negative notion. In the Greek philosophy the term soul comprehends besides the sensitive and rational principles in man the principle of organic life both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms and in Christian theology it is likewise used in contrast to spirit in a vague and more extensive signification.

Colebrooke writes on the *Vedas* thus:—

Abstraction procures immortality, because affections are relative to the soul, which should therefore be contemplated and considered in all objects, since everything is soul; for all general and particular notions are ultimately resolvable into one, whence all proceed and in which all merge, and that is identified with the supreme Soul, through the knowledge of which beatitude may be attained. Seek the knowledge by devout meditation, *Brahma* is profound meditation. But the supreme science is that, by which this imperishable (nature) is apprehended, invisible (or imperceptible as is that nature) not to be seized, not to be deduced, devoid of color, destitute of eyes and ears, without hands or feet, yet ever variously

pervading all, minute, unalterable and contemplated by the wise as the source of beings.

Condellac says mind is the aggregate of our mutual states faculties &c. Abercrombie in his *Intellectual Powers* writes in dreams long forgotten important facts are revived and events to happen are shown. In somnambulism the bodily organs are more under the control of the agent. During delirium, intoxication and insanity mind in some has been found more healthy. Wonderful activity of mind as regard to old impressions and renewal of recollections entirely lost of are effected.

J. D. Morel in his *Elements of Psychology* writes the existence of the soul is developed in the four stages of consciousness *viz.*, sensation, institution or perception, representation and understanding. Human knowledge, he says, though not absolute is illimitable.

Dendy in his *Philosophy of Mystery* writes nothing to notice very particular—except nature of soul and mind.

James F. Ferreir in his *Institute of Metaphysics* writes objective and subjective must make up the unit of cognition. We can have no knowledge of the particular prior to our knowledge of the universal. Ego can be known only as the common or universal element in every cognition.

Mill in his *Logic* writes mind is a certain thread of consciousness, a series of feelings, emotions and volitions more or less complicated—we have no knowledge of the being (myself) further than the series of its states of consciousness. The second volume contains a few thoughts on the *Logic of moral science*.

Rev. L. J. A. Alexander Stern in his *Spiritualism illustrated by Psychology* writes the tendency of the soul after death is not towards the external but towards the internal.

John Tyndall in his *Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science* writes for every fact of consciousness whether in the domain of sense, of thought or of emotion a certain definite molecular condition is set up in the brain. The territory of physics is wide, but it has its limits from which we look with vacant eye into the region beyond.

Townshend in his *Facts in Mesmerisms* writes, a sleep waker described to me what her family in a distant house were doing at a particular hour. I enquired subsequently into this and found that she has been correct in every point. Again a sleep waker tells me

my brother who has been to the Havannah and of whom we have not heard for some time, is returned and is at this moment anchored off Fushing. He is just coming from Watch and on such a day he will be here. This is verified to the letter.

Dr. A. L. Wigan in his *Duality of the Mind* writes :—

(1) Mind is the aggregate of the mental powers and faculties exercised by one brain or two.

(2) Soul is the immortal and immaterial principle connected with the material world by our physical organization.

(3) The mind remains entire.

(4) There is gradual extinction of faculties by pressure on the brain and retraction on removing it.

In the appendix the conjectures on the nature of the mental operations worth referring to.

Calderwood's theory is man realises a positive notion of the Infinite—not by logic but as a fact of consciousness—capable of enlargement but not of perfection.

W. Whitewell writes in the *History of Scientific Ideas*, the idea of a final cause is not deduced, nor are the ideas as to time or space derived from experience.

The *Contemporary Review* for December 1870 contains an article "on the Theory of the Human Soul." Dr. Carpenter's *Physiology of the Will* appeared in May 1871. "The infinitely greater part of our spiritual treasures lies always beyond the sphere of our consciousness, hid in the obscure recesses of the mind. The highest exercise of the will is infusing the attention on the divine ideal." Dr. Tyndall's *Science* appeared in June 1871. "It was found that the mind of man has the power of penetrating far beyond the boundaries of his five senses that the things which are seen in the material world depend for their action upon things unseen; in short, that besides the phenomena which address the senses, there are laws and principles and processes which do not address the senses at all, but which must be and can be spiritually discerned. Absolute can be known by reason and consciousness." In Vol. 16 is written "thought and will are the functions of an agent distinct from the material brain. It is neither thought nor will but possesses both.

In Andrew Jackson Davi's *Great Harmonia*, New York, Vol. III seven mental states are noticed, *viz.*, rudimental, psychological,

sympathetic, transition, somnambulistic, clairvoyant and spiritual. Each state shows the proportionate liberation of the soul. In Vol. V, 1865 are shown the following arguments in favor of immortality:—

1. Resurrection of Jesus Christ.
2. All nations believe in a future.
3. Based on hope.
4. Affirmed by instruction.
5. We have ideas and forethought.
6. Needs and supplies are equal.
7. Supported by analogy.
8. Mind a permanent unit.
9. All sins testify of the future.
10. Clairavayance—independent of the brain.
11. Facts of spiritual intercourse.
12. Existence of a superior Being.

And against immortality—

1. Insufficient evidence.
2. Errors &c. great as universal.
3. Hope not always fulfilled.
4. Death is welcome as a fixed sleep.
5. Animals also reason and foresee.
6. Desires selfish and educational.
7. Analogy unsound.
8. Disproved by phrenology.
9. Invalidated by imposition and hallucination.
10. Not endorsed by general experience.
11. Conflicting.
12. God absorbs the soul.

Planchette says, among those nations of primitive antiquity the doctrine of immortality of the soul was not a mere probable hypothesis; it was a lively certainty, like the feeling of one's own being. The outward life ceases, the somnambulist lives within himself, completely isolated from the exterior world, this isolation is specially complete for the two senses of sight and hearing. The eyes of the majority of somnambulists are so insensible to light, that the lashes have been turned without their testifying the least impression; if the lids are raised and the fingers passed rapidly in front of the eye and the immobility remains complete. And yet

they are conscious of the objects which surround them, they avoid with the greatest address obstacles in their path. "The mind" Bocon tells us "abstracted or collected in itself and not diffused in the organs of the body, has, from the natural power of its own essence, some foreknowledge of future things; and this appears chiefly in sleep, estacies and the near approach of death." Leibnitz says there is no such thing as death, if that word be understood with rigorous and metaphysical accuracy. The soul never quits completely the body with which it is united, nor does it pass from one body into another with which it had no connection before, a metamorphosis takes place; but there is no death.

Previous to Kant all intellectual activity was one faculty, that of the sense. Leibnitz said "yes nothing but the intellect." Kant maintained the aprior character of our intuitions of time and space but denied us the power of transcending the finite. The string of philosophic thought rolled on from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries into two beds,—the idealistic marked by the names of Malbrunde (1638-1715) Spinoza (1632-1677), and Leibnitz (1646-1716) and the sensualistic marked by the names of Locke (1632-1704) David Hume (1711-1776) and Candellac (1715-1780) till the two arms were united in Kant (1724-1781) and the full stream was carried on by Schelling (1775-1859) and Hegel (1770-1831) and ended in positive philosophy.

Muir says knowledge is a characteristic of goodness. From goodness springs knowledge—but in the condition of *prodhan*. Devotion is first, knowledge subservient to it.

John Braid of Manchester could induce artificial sleep upon susceptible patients by fixing the attention of the eye upon a bright object without the instrumentality of passes.

In Carter's Epictetus is written, the Stoics maintained that the souls of men were portions of the divine essence. Some opined that they existed after death and others that they lived till the conflagration.

In Enfield's History of Philosophy is written the Egyptians believed that the soul lived after death and was received in the Amenths and Hades and stayed there longer or shorter as they performed acts. Then it was reborn in other bodies.

Arabians says souls remain in an intermediate state and on the day of resurrection their bodies will be raised for rewards or punishments.

George Moore in his *Power of the Soul over the Body* says mind is the active manifestation of the embodied soul in and through feeling thought and will as modified by the conditions of the body and the experience of those conditions by the soul.

Sir Henry Maine says a supermaterial presidency is supposed to consecrate and keep together all the cardinal institutions of those early times the state, the race and family.

Plotenus says all the truth is within us. By reducing the soul to its more abstract simplicity, we subtilise it so that it expands into the infinite. In such a state we transcend our finite selves and are one with the infinite, this is the privileged condition of us.

Raysbrock says—God dwells in the highest part of the soul. He who ascends this highest has all things under his feet.

Speaking of the *Vedanta*, Col. Vans Kennedy says, it cannot but excite surprise that man at that remote period should have been capable of entering into such abstruse speculations and forming conceptions to the sublimity of which no philosopher of Europe has ever attained. Sir William Jones called it “ a system wholly built on purest devotion.”

P. C. MITTRA.

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56	60	60	50	40	30	36	30	26	20	20	20	10	10	...	16	16	26	30	36	36	40
68½	60	60	50	40	30	46	46	40	40	40	40	30	16	16	...	10	10	20	30	30	40
78½	60	60	50	40	30	46	46	40	40	40	40	30	16	16	10	...	10	20	20	20	26
78	60	60	50	40	30	46	46	40	40	40	40	36	26	26	10	10	10	16	16	16	20
81½	66	66	56	46	36	46	46	40	40	40	40	36	30	30	20	16	...	10	10	16	20
83½	70	70	66	56	46	56	50	46	46	46	46	40	36	36	30	20	16	...	10	16	20
85½	70	70	66	56	46	56	50	46	46	46	46	40	36	36	30	20	16	10	...	10	16
88½	76	76	70	60	56	60	56	50	50	50	50	46	40	40	40	26	20	20	16	10	...
93½	80	80	76	70	60	66	60	56	56	56	56	50	46	46	40	30	26	26	20	16	10
97½	86	86	80	80	70	70	66	60	60	60	60	56	50	50	50	36	30	30	26	20	16

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AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.

(II)

CHAPTER II.

Migrations of the Gangulis.

Thus we have traced the line down to Raghava, who was twenty first in descent from Vedagarbha. Upto his father Ramanatha the Gangulis lived at Amate in West Bengal. But Raghava married the daughter of a Batabyala of Bege at Bikrampur in the District of Dacca. The nuptial connection took him to East Bengal. Almost all his cousins had lost their *Kulin* honours by marrying into degraded families. He found it difficult to mix with them, and sought a new home for him at Bege. His father-in-law seems to have had some influence. He was a *Srotriya* and was glad to have such a high-caste *Kulin* as his son-in-law. Since then to dissociate himself from his relations who lost their pedigree, he gave up the old appellation, *viz.*, Gangulis of Amate, by which his degraded relatives came to be characterised, and became the founder of the family known as *Beger Ganguli* or Gangulis of Bege. This removal from West to East Bengal happened at the end of the 16th century.

Raghava got four sons, Ramachandra, Raghunatha, Srikrishna and Ramakrishna. These are well-known names amongst the *Kulins*. Even upto now their descendants, who go by the name of the Gangulis of Bege, are regarded as the foremost

of *Kulins*. The four brothers towered high in the society of Bikrampur which had become the home of the best Brahmans from the time that Ballala Sena removed his capital there. Ramachandra, the eldest, had two sons, Ramanarayana and Harirama. The latter is the founder of a branch of Gangulis which has produced many lawyers such as the late Babu Apurva Chandra Ganguli, Solicitor of the Calcutta High Court, and judicial officers such as Babu Nabin Chandra Ganguli deceased. The well-known Gangulis of Bara Bazar and Bag Bazar at Calcutta belong to this branch. The younger brother, Ramakrishna has similarly become founder of a branch which can boast of many scholars. He had three sons, Kamadeva, Sukadeva and Ramagovinda. Jagajivana, a son of Kamadeva, had a son Krishnarama who begat seven sons, Gokul, Mrityunjaya etc. They were born in the days of Alivardi Khan and also saw the foundation of the British Empire.

During the two centuries that the six generations of the Gangulis settled at Bage, Akbar built a splendid empire extending from Kandahar to Assam and Himalaya to Cape Comorin more by his tact than by the sword, Jehangir reduced Mewar which successfully defied his all-powerfull father and at last fell a captive to the charms of Nur Jehan, Sajehan added magnificence to the Grand Mogul by *Takt Taus* (Peacock-throne) and the wonderful *Taj*, Aurangzeb undermined by repression and distrust the foundation of the empire which his great grand-father had laid down by means of trust and conciliation, his weak successors became puppets at the hands of the Marhattas who rose like a rocket on the ruins of the Moguls, and lastly a handful of British merchants tried to evolve, out of the chaos and scramble for power between Hindus and Mahomedans, an empire which the ancient world had not seen. During these two centuries Bengal had as governors Todarmal, Man Sing, Osman Khan, Kutab Khan, Islam Khan, Kasim Khan, Ibrahim Khan, Sajehan, Sultan Suja, Mir Jumla, Sayesta Khan, Ajim Osman, Mursidkuli Khan, Suja Uddin, Alivardi Khan and the unfortunate Sirajuddaula.

During the days of Jehangir Bikrampur Perganna played a part in the history of Bengal. It was one of the twelve principalities into which Bengal was distributed in the Mahomedan

days and was all along the seat of a Hindu chief. The musalman sovereigns were not fond of centralisation of power. They were content with only nominal sway and did not snatch away all vestiges of power from their vassals. They did not interfere with the internal administration of the tributary chiefs of Bengal and even allowed them to retain armies. They demanded only an annual fee as acknowledgment of their supremacy, and thus kept a loophole for the chieftains' combination and declaration of independence at times. It would have been next to impossibility for Pratapaditya of Jessore to assert himself during the days of Akbar but for the opportunities afforded by the Moguls. The lesson taught by Pratapaditya seems to have been lost on Jehangir. Even after the stupendous difficulties he had to undergo for reducing the lion of Jessore, he allowed Kedar Rai of Bikrampur to grow. Kedar drilled a most efficient army out of the men of Bikrampur and collected a strong navy and then declared his independence. What a bold front the people of Bikrampur presented is known to the students of history. General after general came from Delhi to quell the king of Bikrampur but they were all defeated. At last Selim sent Man Sing, the commander-in-chief, himself with a vast army and navy. Nothing daunted the sons of East Bengal met that veteran of hundred fields on land and water and achieved success. Treachery in the camp of Kedar did what Mogul arms could not. Kedar was treacherously killed and then only Man Sing could reduce Bikrampur. Though Bikrampur thus fell, yet the credit is hers that in the palmy days of the Mogul empire she took the torch of liberty from Jessore and kept it blazing for years in Bengal. What part the Gangulis took in the national struggle is unknown. But it is certain that they were the leaders of the Brahman society of Bikrampur and carried on the noble profession of teachers of Shastras.

So high was the position of the Gangulis of *Bege* among the *Kulins* that invitation for marriage went across Padma to the sons of Krishnaram from Janai in West Bengal. Gokul married the sister of Jagamohan Mukherji a leading *Kulin* of Janai in the middle of the 18th century. His progeny settled at Janai. Thus the nuptial connection which had taken the Gangulis to East Bengal in the 16th century brought them back to West Bengal in the early days of the British Empire.

CHAPTER III.

The New Settlement.

Janai, the new settlement of the Gangulis, is a fine market-town in the District of Hughli in West Bengal. It is about 16 miles to the north-west of Calcutta. Situate on high land and washed on the north and east by the streamlet Saraswati, it is immune from malaria, the scourge of rural Bengal. The silting up of the brook, however, is deteriorating its health. Such is the freak of nature that the river, which the Portuguese merchantmen cruised about three centuries ago, has been narrowed down to a channel and even to a drain at places. Many smiling villages on its banks have, in consequence, been deserted. The ancient port of Saptagram at its source has become a dismal haunt of animals. There is still time for the Government to open up this important stream which, issuing from the Ganges at Triveni, falls on the same river at Jujuty after traversing a distance of more than fifty miles through the populous quarters of a populous District. Fifty years hence, the trace of the river will be wiped out in many places and hundreds of hamlets will be hot-beds of epidemics. It is due to the wretched condition of the river that cholera breaks out at Janai and its neighbourhood every year and levies its tithe.

A metalled way, branching out of the Old Benares Road at Chanditala near the shrine of Chandī which, according to tradition, was established by Srimanta Sadagar, leads, after a course of nearly two miles along the river Saraswati, to the eastern outskirts of the village. Here are the imposing buildings of the Janai Training School on the south and a splendid garden-house on the north of the road. The tiny neat Janai Station of the Howrah-Seakhala Light Railway has recently been built here. Running then westward upto the market-place where a temple of Mother Kali stands, the path takes a bend to the north, and running amid a range of buildings through *Kansaripara* and *Simlipara* meets the unmetalled road to Adan. Turning to the west, again, and passing through the grand houses of Kaliprasad and Jaggannath Mukherjees and the sweet-meat shops that have contributed largely to the fame of Janai, it leads to the palacial mansion of Ramnarayan Mukherjee. The spacious tank and the garden in front have lent a charming view to the house which, reflected on the placid sheet of water, looks from the street like a ducal palace on canvas. Then

cutting through the western suburbs that are guarded, as it were, by the big house of Binodaram Mukherjee now in a bad condition, the street meets at Krishnarampore the Old Benares Road which is a monument of charity of the great Ahalya Bai of Indore. The populous quarters lie to the east and west of the road. There is no municipality or even Union at Janai and yet the roads are all metalled and regularly repaired. The secret is that each family of position maintains the path in front of its house. Ramnarayan and his nephews used to repair the main road from Chanditala to Janai. It is only a few years ago that the District Board of Hughli took its charge. The house of Jagamohan still maintains the lane in its front.

The rural seat can be studied with advantage by the student of village communities of ancient India. It retains the ancient characteristics to a great extent. It shows that a populous village can, without the costly machinery of a municipal corporation, undertake the sanitary arrangements and keep up its health. It is complete in itself. It has its labourers and capitalists. It has its peasantry to cultivate, blacksmiths to forge the implements of agriculture, brasiers to cast the utensils of daily use, potters to mould the earthen wares, carpenters to make the furniture, goldsmiths to shape ornaments for the fashionable, and other artisans to supply the necessities as well as the delicacies of life. It has its trading clan (the Benes) to carry on the trade, its priests to do the religious rites, and the intellectual class to teach. It has a higher class English school and a vernacular institution and indigenous *Pathshalas*. It has turned out lawyers, doctors and engineers. The mediocre intellect of the place has supplied clerks to the Government and mercantile offices. The intelligent sons of Janai can be found in every important town throughout India engaged either in trade or service. Its Mahomedan population is enterprising. Golam-Haidar & Sons of Shillong to which the capital of the Government of East Bengal owes its means of communication with Gauhati in the shape of a big motor service, was established by an adventurous son of Janai, Golam Haidar and is now ably managed by his son Kasimuddi. The success of the Howrah-Seakhala Light Railway is due to the sturdy sons of Janai. Ganguli thus went on to describe his village in his unfinished auto-biography, "I call it a village but considering its population and other incidents it

corresponds to what is known in England as a market-town. There were, at the time of my birth, not less than two hundred and fifty separate houses of Brahmans with double the number of houses owned by other castes, chiefly consisting of Sudras and Mahomedans. The chief divisions of the little town were 1. Brahmanpara, 2. Kaivarttapara, 3. Dulepara, 4. Musalmanpara. The three last *paras* (or parishes) consisted of thatched houses with mud walls. The Barhmanpara alone owned good brick-built tenements, more or less commodious or roomy. Three or more houses amongst them might be called palacial mansions. One of these (the house of Ramnarayan) was seen by the Law Member of the Governor-General's Council, the Hon'ble J. E. D. Bethune who was a philanthropist and took keen interest in the cause of education in this country. It deserves to be recorded here that Mr. Bethune, on one occasion, actually waded through an exceedingly muddy road for nearly two miles to visit a little English school established under his patronage." Unfortunately the description breaks here and the intended biography ends.

The *Brahmanpara* has several subdivisions, viz., *Mukherjee-para*, *Simlipara*, *Munshipara*, and *Chakravarttipara*. The smaller parishes of braziers, goldsmiths, traders etc, are conveniently distributed. To the west of *Brahmanpara* lies *Kaivarttapara* (quarter of Kaivarttas who are chiefly agriculturists) and to its west is *Dulepara* (quarters of *Dules* who are fishermen and palanquin-bearers). Further west is *Musalmanpara* (parish of the Musalmans). There are two big fields for cultivation, one to the south and the other to the west of the village. The total population will be about 5000, the Brahmans being about 2000. One of the happiest features of the place is the cordial relation between Hindus and Mahomedans living under Brahman landlords of catholic but not heterodox views. Dr. Sambhu Chandra Mukherjee rightly characterised it as "a Brahman-governed village." It is a seat of wealth and education. The Mukherjees of Janai are known throughout the province as big landlords. One of their families owned more than four and twenty Collectorate *Mahals* (estates), and had a nett income of about a hundred thousand rupees in its best days. Though protracted litigation among themselves has crippled their resources yet they have not lost aristocratic honours. Janai pro-

duced English scholars at the dawn of the British empire. It has been cultivating Sanskrit learning for about three centuries. It gave birth to famous Sanskrit scholars whose descendants are still imparting Sanskrit education free. It is a stronghold of *Kulinism*. The high caste *Kulins* of Janai, specially the sons of Bhadreswar, have connection with every good *Kulin* Brahman family of Bengal. The only want of the village in early times was the absence of skilled practitioners of Hindu system of medicine. The neighbouring village, Begumpur, achieved the desideratum. The *Vaidyas* (practioners of Hindu medicine) of Begumpur acquired a name in those day which their sons are still enjoying. Kaviraj Raj Chandra of Begumpur could be compared with Kamal Kanthabharan of Burdwan. Kaviraj Durgadas, an octogenarian, is a match for such veterans of Calcutta as the late lamented Dwarkanath Sen. Purna Chandra, who is dead, was not inferior in scholarship and skill to Ganga Prasad Sen deceased of Calcutta. Kaviraj Abhaya Charan, who is also conversant with western therapeutics, is superior to many practitioners of the metropolis. The poverty of the *Vaidyas* of Begumpur speaks of their ardent devotion to their science and their spurn of mammon-worship. They are not advertising chemists and druggists but are true followers of Charaka and Susruta. With such neighbouring villages as Begumpur, Adan, Baksa and Chanditala, Janai forms an important centre not only of the District of Hughli but of the entire Burdwan Division from trade point of view as well. It exports thousands of bales of jute to the Dundee market where Chanditala jute is wellknown. The fields of Adan supply betel-leaves not only to Calcutta but even to the distant Punjab. The looms of Begumpur are the chief feeders of the cloth-mart at Howrah.

The history of Janai can be traced back to three centuries. Before that it seems to have been an obscure Mahomedan village. The very names, Janai, Baksa, Begumpur, etc., which are Persian in origian, show that they formed a group of Musalman hamlets. The theory gets support from the fact that the contiguous places, *vis.*, Nawabpur, Tajpur etc., are still prosperous seats of Islamites of comparative affluence and position. The tradition of Janai becoming a Hindu seat is interesting. There were in Bagnapara and Khalsini, two ancient villages in the Hughli District, two learn-

ed professors of Sanskrit, named Kavi Dindima and Abilambana. They were the progenitors of two learned races of Sanskrit scholars. The heirs of Kavi Dindima are maintaining the reputation of their place of birth. Basudeva Sarvabhuama, an erudite scion of Abilambana, had to leave his paternal house along with his sons and daughters. He established himself at Srivara, a village near the river Rupnarain on the borders of the Midnapore District. He had four sons, Bamadeva Nyayalankar who for his occult powers was called *Yogi* (ascetic), Krishnadeva Bhattacharyya, Rameswara Vachaspati who achieved ascetic success and was known as *Siddha* Rameswar, and Ramapati Tarkasiddhanta. The learning and piety of the four brothers spread the fame of Srivara which owes its eminence to the race of these scholarly newcomers. Bamadeva and Krishnadeva removed to Janai, attracted by the sanctity of the holy river Saraswati and the climate and other conditions of the village. Janai was then thinly populated. The Mukherjees, who have contributed much to its splendour, were not born. The other Brahman families, which now thrive, have not chosen it as their home. Among the Brahmans, there were then only the Munshis. The higher sub-castes of Sudras too were absent. This quiet place with sacred Saraswati babbling by was suited to the quiet temperament of *Yogi* (ascetic) Bamadeva. He built a modest house near the river, enjoyed ablutions in the limpid stream which had peculiar charms in his eyes, chanted Vedic hymns on her banks, performed religious rites and carried on the peaceful avocations of a modest scholar. His fame attracted students and even new settlers. The village began to grow in importance. He left a scholarly son, Mukundarama Tarkalankara, whose son, Dulala Panchanana, was also a Professor of Sanskrit. Dulala had three sons, Santosha, Harirama and Bishnurama and three daughters. The families of these three brothers can boast of a number of pious Sanskrit scholars. The most famous of them was Jagadisha Vidyaratna who, over and above his Sanskrit erudition, learnt English to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. After the manner of his forefathers he kept a *tol* (academy) where education with food and raiment was given free. His fame spread far and wide. His son Yadunatha Sarvabhuama is deep read in *Smriti* (law) and belles lettres. There is none to back him and his ambition of opening a big *tol* remains unfulfilled,

One of Jadadisha's cousin, Chandra Kanta Bhattacharyya was also a scholar characterised by piety and simplicity. Sarada Bhattacharyya, another member of this family, was a votary of Sanskrit.

While the learned colony from Srivara was illumining the face of Janai with the lustre of its scholarship, the contiguous village of Baksa was prosperous. Rajaram Chaudhuri, a *Dewan* or manager of the Burdwan Raj, had adopted it as his home. The Mittras, who were the ancient inhabitants, were also influential. The twelve shrines of Siva and the rich provision for *Deb-seba* (worship of gods) bear witness to the piety and affluence of Dewan Bhavani Charan Mittra. Rajaram Chaudhuri added to the importance of the village. His brother's grandson, Rupnarayan Chaudhuri, also became a *Dewan* of the Maharaja of Burdwan. He has been characterised by Burke in his speeches on the impeachment of Warren Hastings as "astute," an epithet which speaks of his *Kayastha* intelligence. His independence and sense of justice can be inferred from the fact that he figured as a defence witness in the trial of Nund Coomar. He was a powerful landlord and freed his domain from the terror of the *Bargis* (Marhatta freebooters) by decapitating the chieftain of the gang that infested the Districts of Hughli and Burdwan. The Chaudhuris of Baksa have a high place in the society of the *Kayasthas* of West Bengal. They are an intelligent race and has produced doctors, lawyers, and judicial officers. Jogendranath Chaudhuri, a scion of this family, is a leader of the Allahabad High Court Bar. Shyamapada Chaudhuri was a Deputy Magistrate. Rai Suryya Kumar Chaudhuri Bahadur attained to a high position in the Financial Department of the Government of India. Dhananjaya Chaudhuri was a flower of the Calcutta Medical College.

During the palmy days of Rupnarayan, a Brahman boy, newly invested with sacred thread, took shelter along with his mother at Baksa. Hospitable Rupnarayan received them warmly. The boy was Bhadreswar Mukherjee, sixth in descent from Kamadeva, who along with his brother Jageswara became prominent *Kulins* of *Khorda Mel* at the time of Devibar. He was a contemporary to Ramakrishna Ganguli. His mother fled with him from Khorda, his paternal seat, because overture of his marriage came from the house of Maharaja Krishna Chandra of Nadia. The Raja belonged to a sect known as *Kesarkuni* which is still regarded

in Bengal as inferior to other sects of *Kulin* Brahmans. Bhadreswar's mother, with all her poverty, spurned connection with a Maharaja. This will open the eyes of Englishmen who know very little of the Hindu society and are easily imposed upon by busy bodies that dance attendance in their ante-chambers and proclaim themselves as leaders of the society. Rupnarayan not only gave shelter to Bhadreswar but soon established a marital connection between him and the eldest daughter of Dulala Panchanana of the colony of *Kashyaps* that came from Srivara.

Bhadreswar settled in Janai. He had many sons Ramsaran, Santoshnarayan etc. The well-known leader of the Burdwan Bar, Tara Prasanna Mukherjee, is a descendant of Ramsaran. Santosh had four sons, Dayaram, Ramram, Raghuram and Sriram. Dayaram became rich by trade with British merchants and had to learn English in the days of the John Company. He built a good house for himself and his cousins which is called *Puratan Bati* (old house). He left two sons Ganganarayan and Jayanarayan. Ganganarayan had four sons, Rajachandra, Jagamohan, Radhamohan and Abhayacharan. Jagamohan was the best of the lot. He acquired a sound knowledge of English a few years after the battle of Plassey, went out to Behar for service and soon became a settlement officer in the days of Warren Hastings at Champaran. The whole province of Behar was settled by him and his settlement was declared in 1793 as permanent. He amassed a large fortune and became a farmer to use his modest expression but in reality a big landlord in Behar. The very cream of Behar was rented out to his relations. Thus Lot Sangrampur, which forms the corpus of the Bettia Raj, was earned by him. His yearly income was not less than thirty thousand pounds. He was in intimacy with all local Collectors and Commissioners and such high officials as Sir John Shore. He had several Europeans in his employ as managers and lived like a prince. The stupendous house he built at Janai which is called *Nutanbati* (new house) cost him ten thousand pounds in those days. He was very charitable, loved to feed the poor and performed *Pujas* with pomp. He retained a number of teachers in Janai and Chupra to teach English and Sanskrit free. Ayurvedic medicines and diet were distributed *gratis* to the sick from his houses. He metalled the roads of his village, dug out large

tanks in his estate for good drinking water, met the expenses of marriage of hundreds of girls, and admitted the claims of all to his purse. There are several anecdotes of his liberality. One day he promised to a poor agnate of his who went to him at Chupra for help that he would pay him the income of the day. It happened that he got thirty thousand rupees for the settlement of a large estate and he paid the whole amount to the relation. A witty stranger approached him and asked if he could recognise him. Jagamohan had never seen him and could not recognise. Thereupon the stranger said that he was his first cousin, in as-much as he was the son of the goddess of adversity while Jagamohan was the son of her sister, the goddess of prosperity. This witty application secured him what he wanted. Jagamohan had orders upon the priests of Gaya to perform the *Shradhs* (obsequies) for all poor pilgrims and draw bills against him for the costs. He was for this princely liberality which cost him Rs. 50,000 a year, was nicknamed Gayasura. He was a patron of letters and fine arts. His love of music won him the friendship of Ramnidhi Gupta, better known as Nidhu Babu, the warm balladist of love, who may be compared with the burning Sapho of Greece. Jagamohan was such a fine connoisseur of music that no musical entertainment was, in his days, regarded as successful which was not graced by him and Nidhu Babu with their presence. The able reports and decisions in English regarding the settlement of Behar which are still in the archives of the Collectorate of Saran and the Revenue Board testify to his knowledge of English. As a sample of the style the Indians educated in English during the days of Warren Hastings, had, we quote a statement of a case from the pen of Jagamohan.

"I most humbly beg leave to represent the detailed accounts of my obtaining the *Taluk* of *Mauzah* Sangrampoor of Champaran in the district of Subah Behar.

"That the said *Mauzah* was reduced into great necessity and (became) non-productive of revenue, for which Baboo Ubodoot Sing and Jugul Kishore, the *Zemindars* of the said *Sircar* Champaran, in sometime of the *Fosoly* year 1178 granted made *Sunund* in the name of my *Gomastah* Dataram and forwarded me with fixed settlement in confidence according to the mode of

the said Subah preventing further alteration or change thereto for future in any other term. In dependancy of such *Sununds* for fixed rent I brought the said *Mauzah* in improvement under great expenses to cultivate it and enabling the *Ryotts* assisting them with loan without interest and therupon having so improved the *Mauzah* paid and discharged the revenue to the Government and possessed the same upto the Fosoly year 1191 in the name of the said Dataram.

"That in the Fosoly year 1192 I obtained renewal of *Sununds* from Mr. Groeme, the Collector of the Sircar Champaran, in the names of my brothers, son and nephew, namely, Radhamohan Mookerjee, Obhoychurn Mookerjee, Anand Chunder Mookerjee and Govinda Chunder Mookerjee without any alteration of substances and purport of the former *Sununds*.

I beg leave to refer hereafter an accurate list of several *Sununds* I obtained from several other mangers as well as Groeme for the perusal of your honour.

"That at last in the Fosoly year 1193 I obtained renewal of *Sununds* from Mr. Montgomerie, the late Collector of the said *Sircar* who having examined the *Sununds* and circumstances confirmed it. Although I possessed the said *Mauzah* about 18 years continuing to that period I behaved myself with integrity being always punctual to pay my revenue etc. etc. etc."

Jagamohan had three sons Govinda, Iswar and Mahesh and two daughters, Barada and Sundari. The daughters were married to Mohan Banerjee. Their sons, Karunamaya and Annada, were brought up in the maternal grand father's house and stepped into their shoes. Karunamaya's heirs have, to use a Bengali adage, kept the lamp burning in the homestead. Radhamohan died unmarried. Abhayacharan's male line is extinct. We will speak of Rajchandra's line afterwards.

During his affluence Jagamohan thought of importing the best of *Kulins* for marrying his sister, Jagadiswari. So the choice fell on a Ganguli of Bege. A funny anecdote will show how the Gangulis of Bege were in demand in the marital market. While Mrityunjaya Ganguli, who had elephantiasis, was being married, somebody taunted him for the deformity. The young *Bangal* (East Bengal man of dogged pertinacity) was enraged and declared that he wont marry unless his elephantiasis was covered with silver

coins. He actually stood on a basket and silver coins were poured knee-deep till his swollen part was out of sight. He and his brothers, Gokul etc., came to West Bengal on "a marriage-expedition" as Kisori used to humorously say. They did not settle in West Bengal. Their sons being sons of *Kulins*, were brought up in the houses of their maternal uncles and settled there. Gokul was married to Jagadiswari, a sister of Jagamohan in the sixties of the eighteenth century when Clive was founding the British empire. His son, Siva Prasad, was nursed up in Jagamohan's house at Janai.

Now to the other families of Janai to complete the description of the place and make the early life of Kisorimohan intelligible. Ramram, a grandson of Bhadreswar Mukherjee, had four sons, Hridayaram, Kesavram, Binodaram and Debiram. To avoid unnecessary congestion the first three brothers built separate houses for them and left paternal house to their youngest brother. This shows their anxiety for sanitation which Europeans think the Indians had no idea of. Hridayaram married the daughter of Raghunath Raya of Chupī, famous for his pious songs. The Rayas of Chupī were hereditary *Dewans* or managers of the Burdwan Raj. After his father Brajakishore, Raghunath succeeded to the honourable post and acquired an influence over Maharaja Tilakchandra by his ability and honesty. After Tilak he became all in all with Maharaja Tejaschandra who used to call him uncle. The charities of Tilakchandra and Tejaschandra are proverbial. "There is not a single Brahman of noble lineage in the Burdwan Division", to quote Ganguli, "who does not enjoy the rent-free grants of Tilak and Tej". In the Districts of Hughli and Burdwan alone about two hundred thousand acres of land were given by the father and the son free of rent. Hridayaram could secure, through his father-in-law, more than 500 bighas of rent-free land from the Raj. He also obtained the *Ijara* or temporary lease of the whole Balia Pergana. So intimate was Hridayaram's relation with Maharaja Tejaschandra that as one day he entered the court with a large religious mark made of earth on his forehead, the Maharaja cut the joke with him, "Hallow, Mukherjee, your mark on the forehead is scarcely visible." "Where shall I get earth for making the mark?" retorted the witty Brahman. The Maharaja granted him for this happy wit thirty acres of rent-free land. Those days of wit and

liberality are gone. Western culture has made the imaginative East prosaic. Western luxuries have made the orientals look to their pennies twice before they give. Hridayaram had a princely heart. He did not take his food without having enquired if all his tenants of Janai had got their meal. If it was found that some families were fasting he sent them food from his inexhaustible granry. His stock of rice, pulses, molasses, mustard seeds looked like so many hillocks. Money was then scarce but plenty cheered every home. In recognition of such paternal care and charity he was characterised as the *Kartta* or leader of the village. His house is still, out of veneration for him, called *Karttar-Bati* (leader's house). He had seven sons, Parvaticharan, Bhavanicharan, Harinarayan, Naranarayan, Atmaram, Krishnakingkar and Chandrasekhara. The eldest Parvaticharan got the *Dewani* (managership) of the Burdwan Raj after his maternal uncle. His brilliant career was cut short by death. He predeceased his father, leaving an only son, Vijayagovinda, who begat in his first wife Champa Devi, two sons, Haranath and Srinath, and in the second wife Bhavatarini, two sons, Bholanath and Prankrishna. Srinath's daughter, Durga Devi was Kisori's mother. After Parbaticharan his brother Bhavani became the Dewan at Burdwan. How obedient the sons in those days were will appear from an anecdote of Bhavani. Upon making money he thought of building some rooms for him in the house, but could not do so without the permission of the father. Old Hridayaram gave him the permission after he had built three shrines and a hall for the accommodation of guests. Of the other five brothers, Atmaram could keep up the position of the family. He acquired the permanent lease of the Janai Taluk (estate) and ungrudgingly distributed it among his brothers and nephews. Even the son-in-law of a predeceased brother was given a share. Atmaram had five sons. The third Nandkishore was a *Moktear* (Revenue Agent) in the Midnapore Collectorate and purchased an interest in the estate of Midnapore. He had a large heart. He earned and his brothers enjoyed at home. His eldest son, Rajkrishna, is now the leader of the house and the village and has been declared a landlord capable of contesting for a seat in the Legislative Council under the Regulations of the Reform Scheme. One of his cousins Nakurkrishna, a retired overseer, is a well known name among the contractors of the Public Works Department and another cousin

Panchcowri was an overseer under the District Board and unfortunately died early. The family of Harinarayan has produced three graduates of law, Hemchandra Mukherjee, M.A., B.L., of the Calcutta Small Causes Court, his nephew Surendra nath, M.A., B.L., cut in his prime of life, and Jogendranath Mukherjee, B.A., B.L., LL.B. a rising Vakil of the Allahabad High Court. Gokulchandra, a scion of this family, is a retired Accountant of fame of the P. W. Department. Another member of the family, Ashutosh Mukherjee was a big contractor and a man of position in Allahabad well-known to the officials and the people. He received the warm thanks of the Government of N. W. Provinces for his saving the city during the last Yamuna flood by pluckily raising a dam within a few hours. Chandrasekhara's son, Bholanath had an eye for the improvement of the house and lived a good old age of eighty years. Krishnakingkar had two sons, Ramtaran and Kalidas. Ramtaran's daughter's son, Amulyacharan Banerjee, M.A., is a professor of the Education Department of Bengal and is known to the students as annotator of college books like the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Kalidas was a character as Ganguli used to say, He was a bit of Sanskrit scholar, lawyer, physician, musician and what not. He had pretensions of being a stylist in Bengali and wrote many papers for a local association. But his idea of good style was that it should be so rich in figures of speech and bombastic expressions that the reader might not understand it easily without consulting the lexicons. He condemned Bankim Chandra Chatterjee and his school for their easy and chatty style intelligible to the street-boy. Sometimes thoughts, he used to say, rushed so hurriedly in a serried phalanx in his head when he sat to write short-lived papers for the short-lived association that he got headache. His idiosyncrasis barring, he was a good jovial man of culture. It was he who suggested the names of Kisori Mohan and his brother, Rajmohan and loved them.

ASIATICUS.

SHUKADEVA.—HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

The life of Shukadeva, the illustrious son of Vyasa, is one of great importance and profit to those who care to know something about liberation. The following episode will therefore, as described in the Mahabharata, undoubtedly interest our readers very much.

Once on a time, on the summit of Meru adorned with Karnikara flowers, Mahadeva sported, in company of his followers, the terrible spirits. The daughter of the king of mountains, *viz.*, the goddess Parvati, was also there. There near that summit, the Island-born (Vyasa) practised extra-ordinary austerities. O best of the Kurus, given to the practices of Yoga, the great ascetic, withdrawing himself by Yoga into his own Soul, and engaged in concentration, practised many austerities for the sake of a son. The prayer he offered to the great God was,—O powerful one, let me have a son that will have the might of Fire and Earth and Water and Wind and Ether. Engaged in the austere of penances, the Island-born Rishi begged of that great God, who cannot be approached by persons of impure souls, by his Yoga. The powerful Vyasa remained there for a hundred years, living on air alone, engaged in worshipping many-formed Mahadeva, the lord of Uma. There were all the twice-born Rishis and royal sages and the Regents of the world and the Sadhyas along with the Vasus, and the Adityas, the Rudras, and the Sun and the Moon, and the Maruts, and the Oceans, and the Rivers, and the Aswins, the Deities, the Gandharvas, and Narada, and Parvata, and the Gandharva Vishwavasus, and the Siddhas and the Apsaras. There Mahadeva, called also Rudra, sat, adorned with an excellent garland of Karnikara flowers, and effulgent like the moon with the rays. In those delightful and celestial forests populous with gods and heavenly Rishis, the great Rishi remained, engaged in high Yoga-contemplation, for getting a son. His strength suffered no decrease, nor did he feel any pain. Thereat the three worlds were much surprised. While the Rishi, gifted with immeasurable energy, sat in Yoga, his matted locks,

on account of his energy, were seen to blaze like flames of fire. I heard of this from the illustrious Markandeya. He used always to recite to me the acts of the gods. It is for this that the matted locks of the great Vyasa, thus emblazed by his energy on that occasion, seem to this day to be gifted with the hue of fire. Pleased with such penances and such devotion of the Rishi, O Bharata, the great God resolved to grant him his wish. Smiling with pleasure the three-eyed god addressed him and said, O Island-born one, you will have a son after your heart. Endued with greatness, he shall be as pure as Fire, as wind, as Earth, as Water, and as Space. He will be conscious of his being Brahma's self; his understanding and soul shall be devoted to Brahma, and he shall completely depend upon Brahma so as to be at one with it.

Having got this high boon from the great God, the son of Satyavati was one day engaged in rubbing his sticks for making a fire. While thus engaged, the illustrious Rishi, saw the Apsara Ghritachi, who on account of her energy, was then possessed of great beauty. Seeing the Apsara in those woods, the illustrious Rishi Vyasa, O Yudhisthira, became suddenly possessed by desire. The Apsara, seeing the Rishi's heart smitten with desire, changed herself into a she-parrot and came to that spot. Although he saw the Apsara disguised in another form, the desire that had arisen in the Rishi's heart spread itself over every part of his body. Inviting all his patience, the ascetic tried to suppress that desire. With all his efforts, however, Vyasa could not control his agitated mind. On account of the inevitability of what was to take place, the Rishi's heart was drawn by Ghritachi's beauty. He tried his best for making a fire for suppressing his emotion, but despite all his efforts his vital seed came out. That best of twice-born ones, however, O king, continued to rub his stick without feeling any scruples for what had taken place. From the seed that fell, was born a son to him called Shuka. On account of this incident about his birth he came to be called by the name of Shuka. Indeed, it was thus that the great ascetic, that foremost of Rishis and highest of Yogins, was born from the two sticks. As in a sacrifice, a blazing fire spreads its effulgence all around when libations of clarified butter are poured upon it, similarly was Shuka born

blazing with effulgence on account of his energy. Assuming the excellent form and hue of his father, Shuka, O son of Kuru, of purified Soul, shone like smokeless fire. O king, coming to the breast of Meru, in her own embodied form, the foremost of rivers, *Viz.*, Ganga bathed Shuka with her waters. There fell from the sky, O son of Kuru, an ascetic's stick and a dark deer-skin for the use, O king, of the great Shuka. The Gandharvas sang repeatedly and the various clans of Apsaras danced; and celestial kettle drums of loud sound began to beat. The Gandharvas Vishwawasu, and Tumvuru, and Narada, and those other Gandharvas called by the names of Haha and Huhu, eulogised the birth of Shuka. There the regents of the world headed by Indra, as also the gods and the celestials and the regenerate Rishis. The Wind-god poured their showers of celestial flowers. The entire universe, mobile and immobile, became filled with joy. The great and the highly effulgent Mahadeva, accompanied by the Goddess and moved by affection, came there, and soon after the birth of the Muni's son invested him with the sacred thread. Shakra, the king of the gods, gave him, from affection, a celestial pitcher of excellent form, and some celestial dresses. Thousands of Swans and Shatapatras and cranes, and many parrots and Chasas, O Bharata, wheeled over his head. Highly effulgent and intelligent Shuka, having obtained his birth from the two sticks, continued to live there, practising many vows and fasts. As soon as Shuka was born, the Vedas, with all mysteries and all their abstracts, came for living in him, O king, even as they live in his father. For all that, Shuka, selected Vrihaspati, who was a master of all the Vedas together with their branches and commentaries, for his preceptor remembering the universal practice. Having read all the Vedas together with all their mysteries and abstracts, as also all the histories and the science of polity, O powerful king, the great ascetic returned home, after giving his preceptor the tuition-fee. Adopting the vow of celibacy, he then began to practise the austere penances, concentrating all his attention thereon. Even in his childhood he became an object of reverence with the gods and Rishis for his knowledge and penances. The mind of the great ascetic, O king, found pleasure in the three modes of life keeping in view, as he did, the Religion of Liberation.

"Thinking of Liberation, Shuka approached his father, and possessed as he was of humility and desirous of acquiring his highest good, he saluted his great preceptor and said—You are well-versed in the Religion of Liberation. Do you, O illustrious one, describe it to me, so that I may enjoy supreme tranquillity of mind, O powerful one. Hearing these words of his son, the great Rishi said to him.—Do you study, O son, the Religion of Liberation and all the various duties of life. At the command of his father, Shuka, that foremost of all righteous men, mastered all the books on Yoga, O Bharata, as also the Science of Kapila. When Vyasa saw his son to be endued with the resplendence of the Vedas, and the energy of Brahma, and fully conversant with the Religion of Liberation, he addressed him, saying,—Go you to Janaka, the king of Mithila. The king of Mithila will tell you everything for your Liberation. Bearing the command of his father, O king, Shuka proceeded to Mithila for enquiring of its king about the truth of duties and the Refuge of Liberation. Before he started, his father further told him,—Do you go there by that path which ordinary human beings follow. Do not have recourse to your Yoga-power for proceeding through the skies—At this Shuka was not at all surprised. He was further told that he should proceed there with simplicity and not from desire of pleasure,—Along your way do not seek for friends and wives, since friends and wives are causes of attachment to the world. Although the king of Mithila is one in whose sacrifices we officiate, still you should not indulge in any feeling of superiority while living with him. You should live under his direction and in obedience to him. He will remove your doubts. That king is well-versed in all duties and well-acquainted with the Scriptures on Liberation. He is one for whom I officiate in sacrifices. You should, unhesitatingly do what he orders. Thus instructed, the pious Shuka proceeded to Mithila on foot although he was able to go through the skies over the whole Earth with her seas. Crossing many hills and mountains, many rivers, many waters and lakes, and many woods and forests full of beasts of prey and other animals, crossing the two insular continents of Meru and Hari successively and next the continent of Himavat, he came at last to the continent known by the name of Bharata. Having seen many countries inhabited by Chins and Huns, the great

ascetic at last reached Aryavarta. In obedience to the commands of his father and bearing them constantly in his mind, he gradually passed along his way on the Earth like a bird passing through the air. Passing through many charming towns and populous cities, he saw various kinds of wealth without waiting to observe them. On his way he passed through many charming gardens and planes and many sacred waters. Before much time had passed he reached the country of the Videhas that was protected by the virtuous and great Janaka. There he saw many fields abounding with paddy and barley and other grain, and many lakes and waters inhabited by swans and cranes and adorned with beautiful lotuses. Passing through the Videha country full of rich people, he arrived at the delightful gardens of Mithila rich with many sorts of trees. Abounding with elephants and horses and cars, and peopled by men and women, he passed through them without caring to see the things that were presented to his eye. Bearing that caution in his mind and continually thinking of it, Shuka of cheerful soul and taking delight in internal survey only, reached Mithila at last. Arrived at the gate, he sent word through the guards. Gifted with tranquillity of mind, devoted to contemplation and Yoga, he entered the city, having obtained permission. Proceeding along the principal street abounding with rich men, he reached the king's palace and entered it without any hesitation. The gate-keepers prevented him with harsh words. Thereat, Shuka, without any anger, stopped and waited. Neither the sun nor the long distance he had walked had tired him in the least. Neither hunger, nor thirst, nor the exertion he had made, had weakened him. The heat of the Sun had not scorched or pained or distressed him in any way. Among those porters there was one who felt mercy for him, seeing him staying there like the mid-day Sun in his effulgence. Adoring him properly, with joined hands he conducted him to the first Chamber of the palace. Seated there, Shuka, O son, began to think of Liberation only. Gifted with equality he considered impartially a shaded spot and one exposed to the Sun's rays. Soon after, the king's minister, coming to that place with joined hands, conducted him to the second chamber of the palace. That chamber led to a spacious garden which formed a part of the inner apartments of the palace. It looked like a second Chaitraratha. Beautiful pools of

water were here and there at regular intervals. Delightful trees, all of which were in their flowering season, were in that garden. Bevy of damsels, of celestial beauty, were in attendance. The minister led Shuka from the second chamber to that charming spot. Commanding those ladies to give the ascetic a seat, the minister left him. Those well-dressed damsels were of beautiful features, possessed of excellent hips, young in years, clad in red dresses of fine texture, and decked with many ornaments of burnished gold. They were well-skilled in sweet conversation and maddening revelry, and consummate mistresses of the arts of dancing and singing. Always opening their lips with smiles, they were like the very Apsaras in beauty. Well-skilled in all the acts of dalliance capable of reading the thoughts of men upon whom they wait, endued with every accomplishment, fifty damsels of a very high order and of easy virtue, surrounded the ascetic. Presenting him with water for washing his feet, and adoring him respectfully with the offer of usual articles, they pleased him with excellent viands agreeable to the season. After he had eaten, those damsels then, one after another, singly conducted him through the grounds, showing him every object of interest, O Bharata. Sporting and laughing and singing, those ladies conversant with the thoughts of all men, entertained that ascetic of noble soul. The pure-souled ascetic born in the fire-sticks, performing all his duties unhesitatingly, having all his senses under complete control, and a thorough master of his anger was neither pleased nor angry at all this. Then those foremost of beautiful women offered him an excellent seat. Washing his feet and other limbs. Shuka said his evening prayers, sat on that excellent seat, and began to think of the object for which he had come there. In the first part of the night, he gave himself to Yoga. The powerful ascetic passed the middle part of the night in sleep. Very soon waking up from his sleep, he performed the necessary rites of cleansing his body, and though surrounded by those beautiful ladies, he once again devoted himself to Yoga. It was in this way, O Bharata, that the son of the Island-born Rishi passed the latter part of the day and the whole of that night in the mansion of king Janaka.

"The next morning king Janaka, O Bharata, accompanied by his minister and the whole household, came to Shuka, preceded by

his priest. Bringing with him rich seats and various sorts of jewels and gems, and bearing the ingredients of the Arghya on his own head, the king approached the son of his reverend preceptor. The king, taking with his own hands, from the hands of his priest, that seat adorned with many gems, covered with an excellent sheet, beautiful in all its parts and dearly costly, presented it with great respect to his preceptor's son Sukha. After the son of the Rishi had taken his seat on it, the king adored him according to prescribed rites. At first offering him water to wash his feet, he then presented him the Arghya and kine. The ascetic accepted that worship offered with due rites and Mantras. That foremost of twice-born ones, having thus accepted the worship offered by the king, and taking the kine also that were presented to him, then saluted the king, gifted with great energy, he next enquired after the king's welfare and prosperity. Indeed, O king, Shuka asked about the welfare of the king's followers and officers also. Receiving Shuka's permission, Janaka sat down with all his followers. Having a high soul and possessed of high birth, the king with joined hands, sat down on the bare ground and enquired after the well-being and unabated prosperity of Vyasa's son. The king then asked his guest the object of his visit. Blessed be you, my father told me that his client, the king of the Videhas, known all over the world by the name of Janaka, is well-versed in the Religion of Liberation. He ordered me to come to him forthwith, if I had any doubts to be removed in the Religion of either action or renunciation. He gave me to understand that the king of Mithila would remove all my doubts. I have, therefore, come here at the command of my father, for the purpose of receiving instructions from you. You should, O foremost of all righteous persons, instruct me. What are the duties of a Brahmana, and what is the essence of those duties that have Liberation for their object? How, also, is Liberation to be acquired? Is it to be acquired by the help of knowledge or by that of penances?

Janaka said —

"Hear what the Duties are of a Brahmana from the time of his birth. After his investiture, O son, with the sacred thread, he should give his attention to the study of the Vedas. By practising penances and dutifully serving his preceptor and observing the

duties of Brahmacharyya, O powerful one, he should satisfy the debt he owes to the gods, and the Pitris and renounce all malice. Having read the Vedas with close attention, and controlled his senses, and having given his preceptor the tuition-fee, he should, with the order of his preceptor, return home. Coming back home, he should follow the domestic mode of life and marry a wife, confine himself to her, and live freeing himself from every sort of malice, and having established his domestic fire. Living as a house-holder, he should procreate sons and grandsons. After that he should retire to the forest, and continue to adore the same fire and entertain 'guests with cordial hospitality. Living virtuously in the forest, he should, at last, establish his fire in his soul, and freed from all pairs of opposites, and renouncing all attachments, he should pass his days in the anchorite mode of life, which is otherwise called the mode of Brahma."

Shuka said :—

If one acquires an understanding cleansed by study of the scriptures and true conception of all things, and if the heart succeeds in freeing itself permanently from the effects of all pairs of opposites, is it still necessary for such a person to follow one after another, the three modes of life, called Brahmacharyya, Garhastya and Vanaprastha? This is what I ask you. You should tell me. Indeed, O king, do tell me this according to the true meaning of the Vedas.

Janaka said :—

It is impossible to acquire Liberation without the help of an understanding purified by the study of the scriptures and without that true conception of all things which is known by the name of Vijnana, again without that cleansed understanding, one cannot get a Preceptor. The Preceptor is the helmsman, and Knowledge the Boat. After having got that Boat, one becomes successful. Indeed, having crossed the Ocean, one may renounce both. For preventing the destruction of all the worlds, and for preventing the destruction of deeds, the duties belonging to the four modes of life were practised by the wise of old. By renouncing acts, good and bad, according to this order of acts, one succeeds in course of many births, in acquiring Liberation. That man who through penances, practised in many births succeeds in acquiring purified mind and understanding and soul, certainly becomes able to acquire Libera-

tion in even the very first mode. When, having acquired a cleansed understanding, Liberation becomes his and on account thereof he becomes possessed of knowledge of all visible things, what desirable object is there to attain by following the three other modes of life? One should always renounce faults produced by the qualities of Rajas and Tamas. Following the path of Sattwa, one should see Self by Self. Seeing one's Self in all creatures and all creatures in one's Self one should live like aquatic animals living in water without being drenched by it. He, who succeeds in getting over all pairs of opposites and resisting their influence, succeeds in renouncing all attachments, and acquires infinite happiness in the next world, going there like a bird soaring into the sky from below. Regarding it, there is a saying sung of old by king Yayati, and remembered, O sire, by all persons conversant with the Scriptures dealing with Liberation. The effulgent ray exists in one's soul and not anywhere else. It exists equally in all creatures. One can see it himself if his heart be given to Yoga. When a person lives in such a way that another is not filled with fear on seeing him and when a person is not himself filled with fear on seeing others, when a person ceases to cherish desire and malice, he is then said to attain to Brahma. When a person ceases to cherish a sinful attitude towards all creatures in thought, word, and deed he is then said to attain to Brahma. By controlling the mind and the soul, by renouncing malice that stupefies the mind, and by throwing off desire and stupefaction, one is said to attain to Brahma. When a person assumes an equality of attitude about all objects of hearing and vision, as also about all living creatures, and get over all pairs of opposites, he is then said to attain to Bhahma.

When a person regards impartially praise and dispraise, gold and iron, happiness and misery, heat and cold, good and evil, the agreeable and the disagreeable, life and death, he is then said to attain to Brahma. One following the duties of the mendicant order, should restrain his senses and the mind like a tortoise withdrawing its outstretched limbs. As a house, covered with darkness, is capable of being seen with the help of a lighted lamp, similarly can the soul be seen with the help of the lamp of the understanding. O foremost of intelligent persons, I see that all this knowledge that I am imparting to you, lives in you. Whatever else should be known by one desirous of learning the Religion of Liberation, is

already known to you. O regenerate Rishi, I am convinced that through the mercy of your preceptor and through the instructions you have received, you have already transcended all objects of the senses. O great ascetic, through the grace of your father, I have acquired omniscience, and hence I have succeeded in knowing you. Your knowledge is much greater than what you think it to be. Your perceptions, also that which results from intuition, are much greater than what you think them to be. Your power also is much greater than you are conscious of. Whether in consequence of your tender age, or of the doubts you have not been able to remove, or of the fear that is due to the unattainment of Liberation, you are not conscious of that knowledge due to Intuition, although it has originated in your mind. After one's doubts have been removed by persons like us, one succeeds in opening the knots of one's heart, and, then, by a righteous endeavour, one acquires, and becomes conscious of, that knowledge. As regards yourself, you are one that has already acquired knowledge. Your intelligence is steady and tranquil. You are free from covetousness. For all that, O Brahmana, one never succeeds, without endeavour, in attaining to Brahma, which is the highest object of acquisition. You see no difference between happiness and misery. You are not covetous. You have no desire for dancing and song. You have no attachments. You have no attachment to friends. You have no fear in things which fill us with fear. O blessed one, I see that you consider with equality a lump of gold and a clod of Earth. Myself and other persons endued with wisdom, see you established in the highest and indestructible path of peace. O Brahmanā, you discharge the duties of a Brahmana and enjoy the fruit which should be his, and which is at one with the essence of the object represented by Liberation. What else have you to enquire of me?"

K. L. BONNERJEE, B. L.

AHALYA BAI.

(Translated.)

CHAPTER V.

Daulatrao was the younger brother of Ranoji Palkar. Possessing about his person a remarkable resemblance to his brother, Daulatrao was so profound in the ways of the world, that, but for his years he could hardly be taken for the younger of the two. Though the fond and venial vanity of a devoted wife and the equally venial predilection of friends divested the ebony darkness of his complexion of a shade, yet, if the truth must be told, he was black as a raven. It was scarcely possible to draw the line between the colour of his mustache, promiscuous and lavishly grown and the dark hue of his countenance. The uncouthness of his person stood enhanced the more by the large and unwieldy dimensions of his body the capacious and protruding belly and the elongated beak of a nose, which never failed to excite the mirth of those who came across his grotesque figure. Most resourceful and unswerving in his support to his brother in all his machinations, the two helped themselves on to coveted posts in the service of the Holkar, and bore an unenviable name for wickedness in the latter's dominions. As yet they were not suspected of any evil design against their sovereign.

The wounds inflicted by the bull—the veritable form which Death seemed to wear for Ranoji—proved fatal to him and he died on the way. The bereaved party of Kamala Bai, Daulatrao and their dependants with the corpse in the litter borne behind, arrived at Indore at about 9 o'clock in the morning. Here the party broke up. Kamala Bai was conducted home under the escort of Dundirao. The corpse was conveyed directly to the burial-ground, where Daulatrao was soon after joined by his kinsmen and relatives to whom was communicated the intelligence of the sad occurrence, and the last rites due to the deceased were duly gone through by Daulatrao the surviving male member of the family. Pity more

than grief seemed to dwell upon the countenances of the relations who gathered around to witness the mortal remains of Ranoji consumed by the sacred fire. To them the death of Ranoji was but an inevitable phenomenon and it did not appeal as forcibly as the consequences which that event brought upon Kamala. It was but a temporary gloom, that, cast by Ranoji's death and it paled before, nay, was shattered into mere nothingness by the dire issues it was fraught with, relative to the little girl he called his wife. It was Kamala's fate that engrossed all their mournful interest in all its acutest form. The less cool and philosophic of the mourners could not refrain from giving expression, albeit in a subdued tone, to the profound commiseration they felt for the unfortunate girl.

"Really men should not marry in their advanced age," said one.

"Who can conquer destiny?" returned another

'Bah! 'tis cruel that such a young girl, full of life and beauty should be doomed to widowhood even within a month after her marriage" remarked a third.

"Ay! sir! 'tis to this end that Providence designed her marriage" added a fourth.

These varied comments uttered with the most poignant grief were received by the rest of the company with a mute acquiescence and after the initiative rites being observed for the day, the mourners departed.

As Kamala reached home, she was met at the threshold by Durga Bai, Daulatrao's wife who, falling on her neck with a loud hysteric cry, wept most passionately. "Not barely for a month," said she in the most ineffable misery, "not barely for a month could we have lived together as sisters, Oh! dearest Kamala, hardly hast thou tasted the joys of life, hardly realised the felicitous charm of wifehood, of a life of youth and beauty. Scarcely a month since thou art married and art thou come to this, my darling? Am I destined to see thee for the first time in this woeful heart-rending state? Devoutly, most devoutly had I hoped that we would live together from the moment thou settest foot in the house; never could I dream of what was in store for me."

The woe-begone Kamala was unperturbed. She betrayed no indication of the mental anguish with which her bosom convulsed stirred up by the lamentations of her sister-in-law. She was reticent-intently so; and chose not to give expression to all that she

felt, as though she had nothing to feel. Could her heart have turned to stone?

Two days after the obsequies had been commenced, Daulatrao called on Dundirao for an interview to gather some information regarding Kamala Bai.

"I say, Dundi," exclaimed Daulatrao addressing his parasite, "do you see what calamity has befallen my family. I feel as if my right hand had been cut off. Of what use is my survival?"

"Yes," returned Dundirao with a sullen philosophic nod, "it has been so decreed by heaven; what avails our sorrow? Great as the blow is to you," he added in a tone full of affected commiseration, "it is not so much for you that I am grieved as for your sister-in-law who is but in her teens yet."

"Aha!" ejaculated Daulatrao as the recollection of Kamala's prime and beauty forced itself upon him, "how beautiful she is. God is very wicked to her. I have never come across beauty such as hers. He must indeed be a fortunate man who makes her his wife."

Dundirao paused and reflected and at once understood the drift of his friend's conversation.

He hesitated to speak.

"What is to become of her," he put in after a while, "whither can she go? 'tis to you now she looks for her stay; it is therefore your concern to see to her happiness."

"Whither indeed?" echoed Daulatrao complacently. But he could not believe his own ears, nor trust his own mind—the hope seemed to him too good to be true; and he interrogated "Does she really live under my roof? I am afraid she would seek her mother's. But then," he demanded, in an abrupt manner, as though all the issues hung upon the answer to that one question. "But then did my brother really marry her?"

"I was not present myself at the wedding," responded Dundirao with an unimpeachable veracity of expression "but your brother distinctly told me that he married her. He expressed himself to that effect when interrogated by some people on the way. There is very little to be doubted on that head, I should think."

"Married!" gasped forth Daulatrao, "I thought, it was otherwise. Well then," he added, calmly, but with a sigh fraught with disappointment "there is nothing more.....to be sorry for."

"What have you to be sorry for at all?" asked his pal, "now, my friend, tell me what have you in your mind, no secret from me. Come, out with it. If it serves our purpose to say 'nay' with regard to this marriage, nothing shall prevent us."

"My friend" exclaimed Daulatrao, enraptured at the proffered help of his comrade, "if you promise to back me up in this little affair, I will give it out that my brother never married Kamala; for, between ourselves, my friend, if you do not judge me ill, I wish to marry her myself."

"Nothing can be more gratifying to me," assured his ubiquitous companion in the blandest manner possible, "nothing is more gratifying to me than to do you a good turn. Leave it to me. By fair means or foul, I shall get her married to you. Meanwhile be patient and seal your tongue till the lapse of these ten days in obsequies."

While they were thus engaged *tete-a-tete*, Durga Bai came from within and representing to her husband the condition of Kamala, besought him to send for her mother and brother. For some unaccountable reason, the very name of Durga Bai used to inspire awe into the heart of Dundirao which made him shrink from her presence, whenever chance had thrown him in her way. As she approached to intercede with her husband on behalf of Kamala, Dundirao stole away from the place without losing a moment in thought or hesitation. Daulatrao nodded assent to his wife's request and thought of availing himself of the opportunity to unburden to his wife, his heart's desire, but a sense of the audacity of the proposal got the better of him and choked for the nonce, all expression. Durga Bai came of high descent and of a noble stock, and was very remarkable for her noble and virtuous qualities. Little wonder therefore, that her husband who was as wicked as she was virtuous should ever stand in awe of her. Amenable generally as Daulatrao was to the righteous influence of his wife, yet his true self would now and then assert itself; and nothing daunted, he would fain confide in her his sinister thoughts and would tamely bear her reprimands in response. It was one of those moments now when Daulatrao had overcome all scruples from whatever source they might have been conjured up, and was determined to address his wife on his present design.

"Is n't life," he asked, "a sheer waste and unrelieved burden

for those who have no children to bless themselves with? It is because of the childless state of my brother that I have had to perform his obsequies; nor am I better off. Methinks the Palkar family is doomed to get extinct with me."

A thrill of excitement passed through the entire frame of Durga Bai, as she listened to her husband's harangue, and caught the most desponding note pervading it and she felt reproached. The consciousness that it was perhaps no fault of her's however, rose in her mind and her cheeks flushed with crimson and her eyes quivered.

She hung down her head and blushed.

"Why not adopt one?" She ventured to suggest at last.

"Seldom has adoption proved the blessing it is deemed to be," he replied. "Far better it would be to risk taking a second wife. If you don't mean to say 'nay' I am prepared to do so."

"Never mind my nay," she put in straightly "but who is going to wed you at your age?"

"Who will? to be sure?" exclaimed Daulatrao drily and with perfect contempt for what he took to be the taunt levelled against him by his wife. But he soon regained his self-possession the occasion demanded and in a complaisant tone assured his wife "The girl is at hand, if you have mercy——."

"Who? who is the girl? where?" hastily interrupted Durga Bai, pale and trembling with confusion, and her eyes wandering vacantly over her husband's. Daulatrao rose and clasping her hands in his in a suppliant mood said "Pray listen to me, my dear, nay, don't fret; I implore you make Kamala my wife and——"

He was not suffered to say more. Enough was said to make the amiable woman start from her place with the ire of a serpent whose tail was trodden upon.

"Fie! for shame, sir," she broke out.

"A more heartless and iniquitous man than you this earth has not been defiled by. The pyre on which your brother was flung to flames is still smouldering: scarce has his bereaved wife risen out from the depths of sorrow within which she was cast. And how dare you talk of marrying her instead of offering consolation in her miserable and forlorn condition? Away sir! You have no scruple for a widow; you have no respect for a brother's wife. Perdition seizes the man who encounters your face."

"If really she is married," murmured Daulatrao half audibly, slowly raising his head bowed down by the eloquent tirade hurled by his wife "if really she is a married woman, I plead guilty to thy charge: but the fact is my brother had not married her, I am told."

"Who told you" demanded Durga without pausing for breath, "Ha! I see it; it is that accursed villian Dundirao. Even Death itself has forsaken him. Why! it is the same scape-grace of a friend of my husband that is breathing infection and is a pest to me. Ha! Ha! what will the folk say if they came to hear this preposterous and brazen-faced proposal? Has widowhood a fascination for her if she is not married?"

"Nay, be not so angry, my dearest," rejoined her husband imploringly, "yes I can quite understand you—you are in dread of a sister-wife, but you have nothing to fear on that account. I beseech you to do me this favour."

"Forbear, my husband, speak no more of it to me, no, leave me I must go."

With this injunction she wrenched her hands from her husband's clasp and sought her rooms straight.

Either jealous of a userper in her province as mistress of the house and of the affections of her husband in case he took a second wife, or apprehensive of the odium which would be heaped upon her family, should the contemplated unnatural alliance of her spouse with a widow be effected, Durga was fired with resentment and grief and she forthwith sought Kamala and rehearsing the whole conversation with all its annoying details she had had with her husband, forewarned the girl against its consummation, promising on her own behalf all the help that her resources could supply. Not satisfied with this, Durga ran up to her neighbour Rohini Bai, wife of Rathakantarao, and made to her a clean breast of the impending peril to Kamala's safety, urging her to enlist her husband's sympathies and intervention if necessary, she returned home. On hearing from Durga of the new misfortune which was brewing over her head, Kamala felt as one saved from the jaws of the wolf to become a prey to the tiger. The next day Rathakantarao got wind of the matter from his wife and resolved to shield the helpless girl from any outrage to her person. He wanted to ascertain of Kamala, full particulars of her situation and with this end, sent his wife Rohini to her. Rohini and Durga brought into

play all their dialectic faculties and in fact exhausted all the resources which their conjoined genius could supply to glean from that girl as much information as they could, relative to her marriage with Ranoji, and other connections she might have had. Kamala, however, studiously avoided meeting their questions straight and where she did, she but gave evasive replies.

"I must bow to destiny," she said in accents of keenest despondency, "Perhaps a watery grave, or perhaps, death by flinging myself into flames is writ large in the book of my fate, and I must yield. But I entreat you, help me against any outrage. Beyond this I ask nothing of you." The interpretation which these words conveyed led the two elderly ladies to gauge unmistakably the full measure of attachment Kamala had for her husband, and to infer that she would not survive him long in her lorn condition. So keeping Durga a spy on the movements of Kamala that the latter might not make any attempt on her life, and, emphasising on the necessity of her being sent down to her house, if the situation proved threatening, Rohini left the place for her home. On the same evening Rathakantarao encountered Daulatrao and representing to him the extent of his meditated iniquity, tried his utmost to dissuade him from the perpetration of the unheard of scandal. This was gall and wormwood to Daulatrao who resented old Rathakanta's interference and hurled the most slanderous vituperation on his grey head. The old man shook his head and made no reply but he made up his mind to risk his all in the matter. Daulatrao vowed to wed her at any hazard. Kamala determined to die rather than to yield.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the many aristocratic houses that flourished in the Kingdom of Maharashtra, the house of the Holker commanded the utmost esteem and renown. Mulharrao Holkar was the founder of the Holker family. Born in the year 1783 A. D., he joined the forces of the Peshwas as a sepoy; and while in that service made himself conspicuous by the display of his extra-ordinary physical strength which soon commended itself to his chiefs. As a mark of recognition Peshwa Balajirao conferred on him some jahagirs in the dominions of Malwa and made him a tributary chief. Mulharrao Holkar afterwards acquired more country, and making Indore his capital

ruled his territory practically with a free hand, although now and then such demonstrations of his dependence as could be made by lip and occasional presents of a not very substantial character to Balajirao were rendered by him. Despicable in origin and born in a shepherd class, he rose into the ranks of his contemporary chiefs by his sturdy frame and keen intellect, and prosperity of all kinds recognised and greeted him. But he was not suffered to enjoy it long, for in the premature demise of his promising young son Khanderao, a blow was dealt at the root of all his happiness. Khanderao left behind him an aged father with one foot in the grave, an infant son of the name of Malirao, his virtuous and cultured wife Ahalya Bai, and his beloved daughter Muktha Bai. Old Mulharao, to whom the affliction at his advanced age came as a shock, tried to chase his sorrow in the growing affection for his grandson and grand-daughter. The example of a life of meek resignation to her fate exhibited by his daughter-in-law who, as becoming a virtuous woman, devoted her life to charity and beneficence, imposing upon herself rigid renunciation of the world, denying to herself more than one meal a day and seeking rest on the uncovered floor, yielded a melancholy satisfaction to the old man, which helped him to overcome his grief and nerved him to bear the burden of kingdom for some time. But he did not survive his deceased son longer than a few days; and, at the instance of his ministers, his grandson Malirao was installed on the throne. Nor was Malirao destined to live. His end drew near, and before many days elapsed he was summoned to the side of his father and grandfather, and with his death the sun of the Holkar family set, not a male scion having been left. The sweeping havoc death played in depriving her of husband, father-in-law and son in rapid succession, the heirless state of the Holkar house and the widowed condition of the kingdom like herself had so completely prostrated Ahalya that she was driven to the depths of sorrow, never to rise again and would fain relinquish the possession and title, for which an irony of fate evidently designed her. But her love for her subjects, and her aversion to see the country a prey to anarchy, subdued the woman in her; and she felt she owed as much to herself as to her subjects to see that the affairs of the state should not go unguided and she therefore assumed charge of the Government. This however was not looked upon with favour by many of her ministers. Ahalya

Bai was loathe in the extreme to see the country split up by intestine quarrels which anarchy is sure to breed and thus rendering the country the spoil of alien invaders. She had that winning and pardonable audacity that enabled her to subordinate to the grave interests at stake the passing feeling conceived in some quarters against her sway.

On the fourth day after the death of Ranoji Palkar, Syam Sunder Dutt left Mahu and arrived at Rathakantaroo's house and told him of his interview with Rishi and the death of Ranoji and the help he rendered to him. Rathakantaroo was a particular friend of Syam Sunder Dutt's father, Paramaswar Dutt and in virtue of this friendship Rathakantaroo conceived an affection for his friend's young son whom he wanted to aid for a successful career in life. Under the kind patronage of Rathakanta, Syam Sunder got appointed to a small post fetching a monthly remuneration of Rs. 30; and having no relations of his own at the place, was offered to partake of the hospitality of his patron. Rathakantaroo's influence was so great at the court that people not only used to speak of him as the 'heart' and 'life' of the dead Mulharao Holkar, but held him in high respect and obeyed him in all his wishes. Rathakanta was past seventy, but his bodily vigour was little impaired. He was as staunch and unswerving in his allegiance to Ahalya Bai as he was to Mulharao and his successor Malirao; his reverence for his sovereign was none the less for the fact that a woman occupied the throne, and if a proof thereof were needed, he would not hesitate to sacrifice his life, if need be, at the altar of his loyalty to the queen. Even so was Syam Sunder towards Rathakantaroo and even more so, if possible, towards the queen.

On the night of Syam Sunder Dutt's arrival, Rathakantaroo accompanied by the young man repaired to the palace of the queen, and reaching it he despatched a servitor to announce him to the queen. The messenger returned very soon saying that the royal lady was pleased to ask them in, conducted them into an apartment in the interior of the palace. In this apartment behind the white purdah which looked like a net of pearls, were seated on chairs two women one behind the other at some distance. The one before was of a slender build and of an olive complexion and the other behind was a girl in her prime. Rathakantaroo and Syam Sunder Dutt approached the curtain and after saluting the lady in front with

great deference, took the seats intended for them. The woman with the dark tinge in her complexion, devoid of particular marks of beauty, clad no better than an ordinary woman, and totally unbedecked and looking wan, did not impress on the mind of Syam Sunder as his sovereign in as much as he had never seen the queen before. He was therefore, expecting with some impatience the arrival of the queen whom he pictured to himself as a lady ever moving amidst all the royal paraphernalia. Thus after the two visitors had taken their seats, Muktha Bai seeing a stranger in the person of Syam Sunder, retreated into an inner room. The curtain was then drawn aside. The queen fixing her gaze on Rathakantarao and on Syam Sunder, enquired of the former.

"Was it of this boy you spoke to us?"

"Yes, my Sovereign Lady, may it please your Majesty to have the same regard for this boy as you have for me." Observed Rathakantarao in response.

Hardly were the last words of the above response from Rathakantarao, uttered, when the queen allowed two big drops to fall from the ends of her two eyes. They reflected for some time on what might have occasioned such sudden outburst of grief on the part of the queen, when Rathakantarao addressed her thus—

"What means this, my lady, it behoves your Majesty to summon courage notwithstanding the fact that your Majesty suffered a deal of affliction."

"Such resemblance has this boy's face to his!" the queen wailed bitterly and broke into sobs, "Ha! Malirao, my darling son! is n't because of your death that I have to bow to these faithless brutes of ministers; Ha! my child! hast thou left me all alone?"

Muktha Bai who was in the next room caught her mother's wailing and began to cry aloud. Rathakanta was so affected by the scene that he could not forbear shedding tears but, remembering that it was his part not to be carried away by the feeling but to console the afflicted woman, said wiping away his tears;

"If your Majesty thinks fit to weep in this manner, who dare offer consolation. Malirao, by his death, has made your condition most heart-rending. It is not possible to forget or efface the memory of the sad event. You can take heart or sorrow over it just as you list, but we, your subjects," he added in a firm and unfaltering voice, "are your children; as your children we survived Malirao."

"Yes, as you say," said Ahalya Bai after a pause, comforted by the assurance of the old man, "yes, as you say I have confided in my people as in my children, and been regarding them as such, but they are ungrateful and some of them are ranging themselves as foes of the country."

"Who may these traitors and doomed wretches be" ejaculated Rathakantarao in surprise.

"I have reposed my confidence entirely in you and Gangadhar Jaswant Rao of all men," exclaimed the queen, "but my—"

"Why entertain a doubt regarding me?" rejoined Rathakanta interrupting the queen, while his whole body quivered in agitation. "Here I swear by your feet," he averred with a flush in his countenance, "I am ready to lay down my life for you. Surely your Majesty can not doubt my fidelity."

"No, I do not speak of you," assured the queen at once regaining her tranquil manner, "it is of Gangadhar Jaswant Rao that I speak," she iterated in chagrin "He was here yesterday and remonstrated with me in diverse ways that I should adopt, declaring that the people are dead against my rule. Being the spiritual as well as the temporal guide of our family, he would, I thought, befriend me; but that he was otherwise inclined, I was not aware."

These words uttered in reference to Gangadhar Jaswant Rao smote the ears of Muktha Bai and perturbed her mind greatly. She inwardly prayed to God that no hostility might exist between her mother and Jaswant and that good feeling might be restored in both. Rathakantarao had from the beginning considerable misgivings of Jaswant Rao and the queen's revelations only confirmed them now. To Dutt the queen's words were an enigma, for to him Jaswant Rao always appeared as the very fountain of righteousness. That he was capable of being otherwise was matter for reflection to Syam Sunder.

"Any more news?" asked the queen, not inclined to dwell on the unpleasant topic further than was necessary; then suddenly recollecting, she said "so that poor man Ranoji is dead? It is a great blow to Doulatrao!"

"Not only to him," responded Rathakanta in a morbid tone, "it is as well to a young girl whom he married little suspecting that his end was so nigh. It is barely a month; the poor girl is here. She is very handsome."

"I hear the miscreant Daulatrao is causing her a deal of annoyance." Observed Syam Sunder.

"What!" exclaimed the queen fired with indignation "should my sway begin with suffering chastity to be violated with impunity? no! that shall not be. Let him resent my interference if he choose, I will chastise him, and protect the innocent girl,"

"Tell me the nature of her suffering." She demanded.

"He would marry his sister-in-law" rejoined Rathakantarao, "and if people like me, protest he says she is not married. But she is ready to enter into widowhood. I do not however, like you should interfere in the matter. He is strong and will be a positive source of harm to us if he joins our enemies."

"No, I will not be deterred," vociferated the queen "let him swell the ranks of my enemies and let my kingdom go, I can not, shall not tolerate such iniquity. My kingdom is not worth to me a straw if it can not shelter the pure and the innocent.

"Aha!" thought Syam Sunder within himself, "what commendable sense of justice she possesses! Really she is the very incarnation of justice. May God spare her long!"

"Who, then, my lady, have joined the cause of Jaswant Rao," queried Rathakantarao, "what attitude shall we assume."

"Why?" replied the queen, "Daulatrao is one, and who next I know not. If you are zealously devoted to me" added the queen in a tone full of sweetness in which entreaty and command due to a spirit of confidence were artfully blended, "I can count upon victory. Believe me." She said rising to her full height and with an emphasis which unmistakably showed the significance of her words. "Believe me I am a Maharatha woman with "Revenge" for the badge of our tribe."

"August lady!" Rathakantarao swore, "by your feet and by the holy God Visvaswar, I declare that I shall, by faith allied, be yours till death shall take me away. Now my boy," he said turning towards Syam Sunder "make a vow on your our behalf."

"Here, as the Angels bear me witness, I vow that I shall cast my life for you."

Ahalya Bai felt relieved nay joyed at these assurances and bade them adieu for the night.

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NEW SERIES.

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JEMS OF THOUGHT.

WISDOM OF BUDDHA : FROM SACRED WRITINGS.

LEAD others, not by violence, but by law and equity.

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its colour or scent, so let a sage dwell in the village.

Better than living a hundred years, not seeing the highest religion, is one day in the life of a man who sees the highest religion.

Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish who do not know the true religion.

An evil deed is better left undone, for a man will repent of it afterwards; a good deed is better done, for having done it one will not repent.

Let a wise man blow off the impurities of his self, as a smith blows off the impurities of silver, one by one, little by little, and from time to time.

If a man, by causing pain to others, wishes to obtain pleasure for himself, he, entangled in the bonds of selfishness, will never be free from hatred.

As the lily will grow full of sweet perfume and delight upon a heap of rubbish, thus the disciple of the truly enlightened Buddha shines forth by his wisdom among those who are like rubbish, among the people that walk in darkness.

It is the habit of fools, be they laymen or members of the clergy, to think, "This is done by me. May others be subject to me. In

this or that transaction a prominent part should be played by me.' Fools do not care for the duty to be performed or the aim to be reached, but think of their self alone. Everything is but a pedestal of their vanity.

INFLUENCE OF PURITY.

Nothing makes a man so much in love with purity as purity. Many a man has been lifted out of debasing sins against which he has vainly struggled by coming to know and love a pure, sweet woman. It is the sight of embodied goodness that makes us want to be good. Many a mother, by the usefulness of her life, fills her children with a desire to be like her, and this desire makes them in their turn unselfish. There are obscure men and women who hardly in their lives utter a word of preaching, yet, by their example they do more to make people around them gentle, truthful than any ten who preach but do not practise. It is not those who talk about goodness but these who are good, that are the light of the world.

LAZINESS.

Laziness is a great evil; this truth is clearly evinced by the conduct of too many of our species. Idleness is bad enough of itself in all conscience, but when men are not satisfied with idling away their own time, and are found annoying their friends and acquaintances by frequent and lengthy visits to their places of business, it is intolerable. Young man, if you are out of employment, seek for it; and if you do not succeed, still keep trying; at any rate do not weary the patience of your friends by sitting about their counting houses and shops yawning and wishing for that which is impossible; depend upon it, a life of industry is the most cheerful situation in which you can be placed.

KINDNESS AT HOME.

What does kindness do at home? It makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brows of the father and the man of business less severe in their expression, and the children joyous without being riotous. Abroad, it assists the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate—those in the broad way, who perhaps had never been taught that the narrow one was the best, or had turned from it at the solicitation of temptation.

WISDOM AND LEARNING.

He that would thoroughly accomplish himself for the government of human affairs, should have a wisdom that can look forward into things that are present and a learning that can look back into things that are past. Wisdom, however, and learning, should go hand in hand, they are so beautifully qualified for mutual assistance; but it is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom; just as it is better to be rich without being the possessor of a mine, than to be the possessor of a mine without being rich.

MUSIC.

Sweet music is the great charm of life, it appeals to all humanity, to young and old, rich and poor. It is a mental stimulant that elevates the mind, refines the taste, and gives additional force to the imagination. It is the nepenthe of our being; under its spell men forget their cares, their sorrows, and their misfortunes. Its beneficial effect upon mankind is almost universal embracing all society from the philosopher to the savage. The love of it was developed in the earliest race of our kind, and its influence is felt in every condition and all stages of life; indeed it is the moving spirit of all the pleasures and pageantry of earth. It asserts itself in the lullaby songs by the mother to her babe, in the baptismal hymn, the wedding march, and the dirge of death. By its strains men are inspired to deeds of heroism, and subdued into the solemnity of devotion. As it heralded to man the advent of the Founder of our Faith. so, too, it mingles with our ideal of the brightest joy of heaven.

TACT IN SOCIAL LIFE.

Every man has his faults, his failings, peculiarities, eccentricities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour, and, if he were to resent them all, life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. Social life consists in that gilded tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see.

THE SIN OF BEING FOUND OUT.

The world worships success, and is indifferent to the means by which it is obtained. But it metes out terribly hard measure to failure. And yet—surely things are so that the chances are largely in favour of good failing. The poor, honest man who pays his just dues, defrauds no one, helps others, what chance has he in the race for gold? He starts handicapped by scruples, weighed down by a conscience. Ten to one, from being poor he becomes poorer, and dies in want. And then of course he has no virtues. He cannot be righteous since he is begging his bread. His misfortunes are his own fault, he has brought them on himself. He has made his bed, so must he lie. The smug Pharisee passes him by on the other side, and sententiously remarks that “The way of transgressors is hard.” Of course—to those who believe in the eternal justice of things—these things matter not. They are merely “temporal troubles” which pass and fade away. As Paley complacently argues, the future system of rewards and punishments will make all things equal. But not all of us have the “blessed assurance” of Paley. The good, virtuous ones—those who lead honest, sober, and cleanly lives—may perhaps be excused an occasional spasm of impatience that mills should grind so slowly. In the meantime, there is a terrible temptation to go and do likewise. They may remember that, after all, there is high sanction for the maxim to make friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, and they may be mindful also that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. Yet surely there is a more excellent way for the children of light than this. They may turn the other side of the shield, and in the reflex thereof they will see something of the brightness which clings around “whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.—*The Humanitarian*.

A DEFECT OF THE TIME.

The permanent danger of giving our labour and our lives “for that which satisfieth not” was surely never more desperate than in these days of hurry and fulness, when merely to stand still needs resolute efforts of will. Are not hard the lives we know carried along in a currant they know not how to resist towards objects they but vaguely recognise, and in their heart of hearts do

value? Was the bondage of outward things ever more oppressive than it is to many of those who are ostensibly, and ought to be really, in a position of entire outward independence? How many of us have attained to the unspeakable repose of having our centre of gravity in the right place, of leaning upon nothing that can fail?

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Proverbial sayings are part of the daily language of every people, and nowhere more so than among the Chinese. The late Rev. William Scarborough, a patient and successful student of the language and literature of China, published in 1875 a large collection of Chinese Proverbs. The volume was issued from the American Presbyterian Mission press, Shanghai, and is now exceedingly scarce. A few specimens from this selection will be of interest to our readers.

ON MAN AND HUMAN NATURE.

He who sits in the sedan, and they who carry it, are alike men.
Man is heaven and earth in miniature.

At seventy a man is a candle in the wind; at eighty he is hoarfrost on the isles.

One evening's conversation with a superior man is better than ten years of study.

It is easier to know how to do a thing than to do it.

Any kind of life above the sod is better than to be buried beneath it.

A man cannot become perfect in a hundred years; he may become corrupt in less than a day.

It is harder to change man's nature than to change rivers and mountains.

It is easier to fill up the bed of a mountain torrent than to satisfy the heart of man.

An old man may have a young heart and a poor man a noble spirit.

A mind enlightened like heaven, a mind in darkness is like hell.

Who knows himself knows others; for heart can be compared with heart.

ON BUSINESS.

When you go abroad to trade do not show your money.

If you would not be cheated ask the price at three shops.

A man without a smiling face must not open a shop.
Cheap things are not good ; good things are not cheap.
Better twenty per cent. on ready money than thirty per cent.
on credit.

Lend to none who won't repay, else you will provoke his dislike.
An eating house-keeper does not care how large your stomach is.

Before you calculate on buying, calculate on selling.

ON RICHES AND POVERTY.

There is many a good man under a shabby hat.
He who has wealth and wine can never want a friend.
Though you have money you cannot buy what is not to sell.
Even the Emperor has poor relations.

He who has wealth has cause to weep ;

He who has none may soundly sleep.

The poor man must not murmur ; and the rich man must not
boast.

ON MORALS.

A man with a good conscience is not afraid when there is a
knock at the door at midnight.

Do good regardless of consequences.

Fear not when men speak evil of you ; fear lest you should
do evil.

First put yourself right, then others.

M. N. DUTT.

NOTES ON THE SOUL.

(V.)

Bacon writes, "spirits are in affinity with you, likewise receive the good you generate, or rather the good generated through you, and they responding, circulate it through the spheres where they dwell. So with evil. And though I pretend to ascertain degree of advancement, yet there are conditions above my sphere where reside spirits whose bodies I cannot behold, and when my mind like your own, is in such a state that they can act upon it, as certain spirits did on yours by visions and imagery at times, I back the high destinies of their nature to certain unprofessed spirits, whom I persuade to attend me then at other times. I read and reflect at others witnessing the working of your mind. The soul, then as you have learned, is a part of God Himself. The ultimate destiny of the soul is to assist God in the administration of His laws, and to people those worlds rolling in space far beyond the reach of man's comprehensions that I could not describe them even to attempt."

Emerson writes the simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God, yet for ever and ever the influx of his better and universal self is new and unsearchable. The soul lives itself alone, original and pure who on that condition gladly inhabits, leads and speaks through it. He has no personal friends for he, who has the spell to draw the prayer and piety of all men into him, need not husband and educate a few to share with him a select life. His relation to men is angelic. In the midst of the sun is light, in the midst of light is truth, in the midst of truth is the imperishable Being. That which the soul seeks is resolution into being above form and out of heaven liberation from nature.

In Bunsen's Wisdom of Christ is written—by means of wisdom I shall obtain immortality; to be allied to wisdom is immortality.

Through the Divine dwelling in all, men are destined to be sanctified and thus to become sons of God.

In Guyon's Affliction is written, everything upon which the soul rests, out of God, must be smitten whether reputation, property, health or sympathy of persons, friends, father, mother, wife, husband or children.

In Manning's India is written, delighted with meditating on the supreme Spirit, setting fixed on such meditation without needing anything earthly, let him live in this world seeking the bliss of the next.

Cousin says Plato, Augustine, Fenelon, Leibnitz all thought that our reason is a fragment of the universal and absolute reason. The inner life is witnessed sometimes all of a sudden. It was witnessed by Captain Mariott and Dequency. Abercrombie says during illness the powers of the human mind are developed.

Bacon says the mind (soul) abstracted or collected in itself and not diffused in the organs of the body, has, from the rational power of its own essence, some foreknowledge of future things; and this appears chiefly in deep ecstasies and the near approach of death.

Swedenberg—1 spirit=man, 2. its inner garment or spiritual body is the soul; 3. outer garment or material body.

Swedenberg writes, beyond this life in the bright regions where dwell the spirits are manifested the glories and attributes of God. From that region come I, and my mission is of love. My body is bright and my soul is visible to the spirits by which it is surrounded, by reason of its congeniality with them. Spirits after leaving the body are conducted to localities adopted to the capacities and the conditions of their minds with reference to education, society and progress. After their friends have taken charge of them for a while, they remain under their teaching for a time not by sermons or doctrines but a sort of history of what is before them and then they are left to the true manifestation of their nature. Now, if good and pure, if their minds desire the high and holy, if, in simple language, they wish to ascend, these affinities are their guides. Spirit body or spirit matter is intangible and it is so sublimated that it is like electricity almost. We do not pass grossly through matter but we will and like a current of electricity we pervade

matter, our clothing is adopted to our conditions and thus we are able to take with us what is on us.

"The Hindoos" Dr. Wilson in his India writes, "believe that the spirit after death remains floating about in the atmosphere, in the form of atmosphere without support until *Shraddha* or funeral ceremonies are performed. Maxmuller's great praise to the Hindoos was is to being a spiritual race. Strangers in his Legend of the Old writes, *Yama* was originally the bearer of purified souls. He was subsequently transplanted to be the governor of the infernal region. The *Rig Veda* adverts to "deep abyss" for the "wicked, false and untrue."

In Hannah More (Vol. VIII) is written the design of prayer is not merely to make as devout which we are engaged in it, but that its odour may be diffused through all the intermediate spaces of the day, enter with all its occupations, duties and tempers.

In Dewey's Discourse on Human Life is written.—Life is the history not of outward events chiefly, but life is the history of a mind. To the pure all things are pure. To the joyous all things are joyous &c. Salvation of soul means the culture, strengthening, enlargement &c. of the moral affections. Religion is a principle deep imbedded in the conscience and consciousness of mankind. The change from transient to abiding emotions of goodness is the most important. It is to be good, kind, penitent, pure, temperate self-denying, patient, prayerful, modest, generous and loving;—the cultivation of the natural emotions of piety habit and character. Religion was not the general improvement of the character, but a certain devoutness. According to this a man may be a good Christian but not a good man. Practical religion is self culture—it is a daily work. There is a germ, but it requires culture. Religion is merely to feel all this at certain times and seasons but it is to make it the reigning habit of our minds. To feel it is comparatively easy, to form it into the very structure of our souls is quite another thing.

In Samud Johnson's Oriental Religion is written:—Kapila was the author of the *Sankhya* philosophy. He advocated the validity of the individual being against absorption into the universal. Goutama Buddha was born in Kapilavastu. To the *Vedantic* emancipation was immortal life in *Brahma*, to the

Buddhist it was *nirvan*, Sankhya "independence of *purusha*. *Karma* makes transmigration, transformation—"a new soul." Buddha is addressed as God of gods, *Brahma* of *Brahmas*, *Indra* of *Indras*, Father of the world, Almighty and All-knowing, Ruler and Redeemer of all. Omnipotence, omnipresence, perfect love and bliss are attributed to Buddha. The Modern Schools believe in absorption into the Supreme and infinite. Buddha practically the negation which the devout Buddha pronounced against existence was some how resolved for him into a higher goal in a word into a deity. Buddha's declaration was "I have attained the highest wisdom, I am without wishes, I desire nothing. I am stripped of selfishness, personal feeling, pride, obstinacy and enmity. Till now I have borne hatred, been passionate, erring in bondage, a slave to the conditions of birth, age, sickness, sorrow, pain, suffering, care and misfortune. May many thousands forsake homes live as saints and after they have devoted their lives to meditation and renounced all pleasure be born again to a portion in the worlds of *Brahma* and fill those worlds in countless hosts.

Nirvan—The ascetic passes through four *dhyanas* or powers of abstraction, (1) satisfaction in process of reasoning, (2) withdrawal from these into peace and joy of contemplation (3) gradual release from definite forms of self consciousness through indifference to them into the infinite power of the faculties still accompanied by enjoyment of the soul's relation to the senses, and (4) perfect fulfilment of these energies with escape from all dependence on the senses—Samuel Johnson's Oriental Religion. Bunsen calls *nirvan* "inward place"—the earliest *nirvan*, is the "place of the freed soul"—the latest is the "paradise of imagination."

Maxmuller says without insisting on the fact that even chronologically the *Veda* is the first book of the Aryan nations we have met, at all events, a period in the intellectual life of man, to which there is no parallel in any other part of the world. He says the worship of the Aryan race is not as has been often said, a worship of nature, but I should venture to call it a worship of god *in nature*, of God as appearing behind the gorgeous veil of nature rather than those as hidden behind the veil of the sanctuary of the human heart. In his Science of Religion is written, "Faculty of perceiving the Infinite is the faculty of faith in the *Vedas*,—the

priests, warriors, artizens and the slaves are all represented as sprang alike from *Brahma*.....In the language of all the races of the world, the word of God, revealed when alone can be revealed in the heart of a man. By meditation he (*Buddha*) knows all things; meditating he knows every thing he desires to know.

PEARY CHAND MITTRA.

[NOTE.—This paper was written many years ago, so that no one can expect that it agrees with modern theories and investigations. Moreover this was written in scraps and note forms and the author thought of writting with additions and alterations. The reader will find in reading this posthumous paper that in many instances thoughts are not well expressed. Nevertheless It is published as It is emanated for the pen of one who was an earnest admirer of Joge and spiritualism in his days.—Ed.]

*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

(III.)

All the families of the seven sons of Hridayaram live in the same house comprising about 10 acres of land with tanks and gardens. The inner apartments are partitioned among the different branches while the outer apartment with the hall of worship, quarters for guests, portals, spacious court-yard, and big lawn in front, remains joint. Each family has sufficient land for it. This joint and separate mode of living among the sons of one father is the characteristic of Janai. While avoiding the evils of joint family, *vis.*, jealousy, and ruinous litigation for partition, it ensures the benefits of the joint system, *vis.*, co-operation, and mutual help.

Similarly the descendants of Deviram and his uncles live in the old house together. The patriarchs of the house were Haladhar, Narayan, Kalikumar, Umaprasad, and Tripuracharan. Haladhar learnt English, saw Government service, earned money, acquired property and maintained the position of the family. His sons Harananda and Birnarayan also were Government servants and commanded respect. This house being the seat of Bhadreswar is respected by all the village. During the festivity of *Desserah* which is celebrated at Janai in almost every Brahman house, none begins the actual worship until the worship commences in the old house. In the ceremony of immersion of the images of *Durga* this house has the precedence. Over and above the symbol of Narayana which graces every Brahman family of antiquity in the village, this house holds an image of mother *Kali*. The deity belonged to the Chakravartis of Baksa who pledged her in an hour of distress with Bhadreswar. The tradition is that Bhadreswar began to worship her with such piety that she expressed in dream both to him and the pledgers her wish of staying in his house. Her wish was respected by both parties. Bhadreswar purchased her to complete his title. A receptacle

of pure gold and a golden umbrella fringed with pearls were provided later on. Two centuries have elapsed. Waves of atheism have passed through the land. But the descendants of Bhadreswar have never failed to show reverence to this deity of their ancestor. She is being daily worshipped. There are endowments of land for the purpose. The deity is believed as efficacious in granting fervent applications. Many wonderful stories of her power is in circulation, such as she blinded thieves that wanted to steal her gold vessel and umbrella. Though there had been dacoities in Janai in olden days and thefts are not uncommon, the golden paraphernalia of *Kali*, which are kept unlocked in a room, are as safe as the valuable deposits in the vaults of English banks. According to the customs of the Hindus the family idols cannot be taken outside the precincts of the house. So the branches of Bhadreswar that do not live in the old house can only send offerings to his goddess and cannot take her into their houses. Her worship on the occasion of the general *Kali Puja* after *Dessarah* is rather grand. The old house, though dilapidated, wears a smiling appearance. A temporary tower of bamboo is erected whence the *Nahabat* pours forth the dulcet notes of native clarionet accompanied by the tomtomings of the native drum. The *Dewali* or illumination observed throughout India on this occasion emblazens the village and particularly the habitat of Bhadreswar. Large bamboo poles wrapped with jute-sticks are raised. Fireworks such as *Tubris*, *Charkis*, and rockets hold grand demonstrations at night. Bombs boom and shake buildings from morning to evening and evening to morning. At noon of night fire is set to the jute-sticks tied over the bamboo poles. The onward march of the destructive element is marked with volumes of cloud kissing flames. The whole village assembles in the old house at night with such offerings as goat and sugar and cloth and fruit. A procession of lighted chandeliers of wax and paper starting from *Malipara* enters the house singing the praises of the Mother of universe, The song in presence of her image being over it winds slowly round the village. Dozens of drums proclaim the approach of the hour for *Puja*. The majestic hymns recited with devotion add a solemnity to the scene. The time for sacrifice comes. The poor goats are brought in herds shivering with the duck in

water at cold night. The mystic *Mantras* are recited in their ears which are believed to sanctify them and prepare their way to heaven. This being finished there is the jostle for the slaughter of the consecrated animals, which cannot but move a tender heart. The *Kamars* (the blacksmiths who have to cut the victims of sacrifice) have a busy hour. More than thirty poor creatures fall prey to human appetite for flesh on this occasion at Janai. The sacrifice of goats should, doubtless, be condemned by every right-thinking man and it was rightly condemned by Lord Buddha, the prince of humanity. But the horridness of this occasional slaughter sanctioned by Hindu Sastras pales into insignificance before the daily horrors of a slaughter house. Christianity or Islamism does not put any restraint on the carnivorous spirit of man. Buddhism wants to kill it at once but fails. Hinduism curbs it first by confining it within a narrow group and then stifles it by appeal to higher nature.

Binodaram, who like his brother Hridayaram built a separate house called *Jalarbati*, was a victim of the Supreme Court. Macaulay has given a vivid picture of the reign of terror inaugurated by that court of law. A false indictment was made against Binoda by a relative. A writ was issued. The sheriff came with his retinue to arrest. It was a terrible calamity in his eyes and he was not wrong. He sent word to his brothers. Hridayaram had then a tank being excavated. There were about five hundred diggers at his disposal. He ordered them to snatch away his brother from the sheriff's hand. The wrath of the Supreme Court fell on Hridayaram. He took shelter with Golok Rai in the Danish town of Serampore. His property was seized. After a protracted litigation which cost him much, he and his brother could somehow come out of the clutch of the dreadful creature of British legislature. Binoda's sons seem to have recovered from the shock. They had money enough to purchase a respectable *Putni* Talook (estate) entitled *Kalachhada* comprising a dozen *Maujas* (villages). It has passed away from the house which is now in a miserable condition.

Kesavam's family has a stunted growth. His grand-son Bhavanandamade a name. Prasanna, an early friend of Kisor, Dharmadas, an Accountant of the Public Works Department, Banamali an octogenarian, and Abhaya, a retired Head Clerk of the Commis-

sioner of Salt Revenues, Northern Division, at Agra, are the present heads of the different branches of this family.

A branch of Bhadreswar was represented by Umakanta Mukherjee, who was an English scholar in the days of Wellesley. He and his son Chandiprasad filled the honorable post of the Head Assistant to the Military Secretary of the Governor General for over half a century from the days of Wellesley to those of Sir John Lawrence. They were well-known in the Government House for their unquestioned ability and thorough integrity. They could have amassed a fortune if they had a pliable conscience. But they preferred poverty sweetened with the contentment of a guiltless heart to wealth embittered with the pangs of a guilty mind. Chandiprasad's wife and Kisori's mother-in-law were sisters.

A scion of Bhadreswar found another house called *Golabati*. Ramchandra Mukherjee of this family was one of the early graduates of the Calcutta University. When he passed the B. A. examination, there was a sensation in the village. He earned a name as an educationist and subsequently joined the Burdwan Bar of which he became a leader. His younger brother, Dinanath, was an expert in instrumental music. Navakumar, a patriarch of this house, served the Janai School as the clerk for about forty years.

Another house and we finish Bhadreswar. Nilmani and Chandra were its heads. While the first was a Police Inspector not, of course, of the modern type and died rather rich, the second was a sort of recluse and died poor in service of his Maker. Nilmani's eldest son, Yadu, was an overseer in Monghyr. Chandra's son, Peari had religious inclinations like his father.

There are two principal families of the daughters' sons of Bhadreswar. They are the Gangulis and the Banerjees. The Gangulis are the heirs of Gokul, Mrityunjaya, Udaya Chand, Ramlochan and others who were imported from Bege at Decca for marriage. There was such a keen demand for Udayachand that he was brought to Janai *incognito* as a bullock-driver lest other competitors would snatch him on the way. Udaya married about a dozen girls. One of them was the sister of Kisori's maternal grandfather, Srinath. The issue of this marriage, Nilchand Ganguli, was brought up with Kishori. Ramlochan married a paternal aunt of Srinath. His sons, Bhuvan and Kedar, and grandsons, Kalikumar, Chandkumar and Karunamaya were

all brought up by Vijayagovinda and Srinath. Ramesh Chandra Ganguli an offspring of the Gangulis of Bege was enterprising and became rich by trade in Assam.

Mrityunjaya's sons were Baikunthanath, Amvikanath and others. The house of Jagamohan gave them also land to dwell in. Gokul's son Sivaprasad became the leader of not only the Gangulis but of the village, and his family may be said to be the intellect of the locality. A grandson of Mrityunjaya, Ramtaran by name was half-craze. But his craziness sharpened his wits. He was nursed up in Sivaprasad's house along with Kisori's father and uncles. Sivaprasad was by nature apathetic to worldly concerns and became a recluse though in the midst of his family after the early death of his two wives. The management of the family fell sometimes on his distant relations and sometimes on his old servant. Ramtaran asked for an article and the servant refused him. He went to Sivaprasad who was then saying his prayers and stood with folded hands. After his prayers were over Siva asked him what he wanted. Ramtaran in a grave manner said "Uncle, you have taught me to parse a sentence. I can say which is the nominative and which is the object in a sentence. But I have failed to parse your family. Who is its nominative, yourself, your daughter's father-in-law, or your servant?" Sivaprasad had an outburst of laughter, called the servant and told him not to offend Ramtaran.

A colony of Ganguli was founded by Mrityunjaya marrying at Shibpur two sisters of Chandra Kumar Bannerjee. It is distributed into two houses. Dwarkanath was the leader of one and Kedarnath of the other.

The Banerjees are divided into four houses. Kasinath's was the most famous of them. One of his grandsons, Mahesh, was a Deputy Collector in the second decade of 1800. His family can boast of three lawyers, Navinchandra and his son Khagendra of the Midnapore Bar, and Dinanath of the Calcutta Small Cause Court, of two District Engineers, Gopal Chandra and Atul Chandra, and of a doctor, Avinash Chandra L. M. S. Mahesh's nephew, Yadunath played a significant part in the history of English education of the locality. He opened a Girl's School in the fifties, and was an active member of the Managing Committee of the Janai School. The early Head Masters of the English School found warm reception at his house where they put up. He maintained the road in

front of his house for over 20 years. His mantles have fallen on his cousin Matilal. A scion of the Banerjees, named Bhagabati, left a son Gopal who became the banian of Messrs. Howe Balch & Co. of Calcutta and secured bread for many people of Janai. The house of Ramanath which flourished in those days have dwindled down. That of Harachandra is still maintaining its prestige. Hara's eldest son Barada was a respectable contractor, and his second son Hemchandra an educationist. They were related to Ganguli, and more of them afterwards. The fore-fathers of all the Banerjees come from *Bele Sikra*, a village near Pandua in the Hughli District for marrying the daughters of the Mukerjees mentioned above. Their sons settled in the seat of their maternal uncles.

There are two families of priests, the *Kasyaps* of Srivara mentioned above, and the *Sandilyas* of Patale. The *Sandilyas* immigrated to Janai about two centuries ago. Among them the branch of Siva Chandra Sarvabhauma can count many Pandits. His sister's son, Abhayacharan Tarkalankar was a giant of Sanskrit learning known throughout Bengal. Tarkalankar's son Umanath Nyayaratna, was a *Naiyayika* (logician) of repute. His son, Kedarnath Smritiratna, is still holding the *tol* and teaching free the Sanskrit *belles lettres* and law. Devicharan Tarkabhusana, the leader of another branch, was well versed in Sanskrit grammar and Smriti (law). His son, Kalidas gave up the profession of his ancestors, entered an European mercantile firm and earned much. Kalidas's son, Dayachand got a good English education, but lost his patrimony through intellectual vagaries.

Besides the family of Bhadreswar there is another Mukherjee family to which Janai owes a debt of endless gratitude. Like Bhadreswar, Rameswar Mukherjee, a *Kulin* of *Fulia Mel*, settled at Janai by marrying a daughter of Professor Dulal Panchanan. His great grandson Bholanath lost his *Kulin* honours by marriage in a *Vansaja* family. Bolanath's sons, Ramjaya and Jagannath, were contemporaries to Jagamohan. Ramjaya made his fortune from service in the Military Department as a commissariat agent. While Jagamohan was spending lavishly on feasts and ceremonies, Ramajaya was hoarding money zealously. He could leave to his seven sons fourteen *lacs* of rupees besides jewellery. The eldest Kaliprasad built a splendid house and all the brothers lived jointly. Soon, however, the brothers quarrelled and a ruinous suit

for partition in the Supreme Court became imminent. But for the friendly intervention of Kisori's grand-father, Sivaprasad, and Jagamohan's second son, Iswar Chandra, who commanded the confidence of both the parties and acted as honorary arbitrators, the family would have been nipped in the bud by costly litigation. The arbitrators awarded 2 lacs of rupees to each brother and the family jewellery to the eldest as the honours of the first born. The eldest and the youngest, who were sons of the first wife, lived joint in the old house. The other five brothers, headed by Ramnarayan, who were sons of the second wife, built a palacial mansion which has evoked the admiration of all visitors, official and non-official. The most funny part of the partition which took place in 1214 B. S. (1821 A. D.) was that along with patrimony the patrons of the father were divided. It was actually recorded in the deed that the Hon'ble C. R. Drummond, a high official of the Government of India, fell in the lot of the first and L. Smith, the Magistrate-Collector-Judge of Hugli fell in the lot of the second batch.

Kaliprasad and Ramnarayan were simple enough to approach those officials and inform them of being partitioned. So sympathetic the Englishmen of those days were that they too accepted the partition. Through the kindness of Mr. Smith, the branch led by Ramnarayan became big landlords having a yearly income of over a *lac* of rupees. Ramnarayan was an ideal landlord, frugal but not stingy, seeking self-interest but not devoid of public spirit, practising trick for acquisition of property but not bereft of conscience, watchful in realisation of his dues but not remorseless to the cries of the poor tenants. Amidst the trappings of nobility, such as a palacial mansion, a large establishment including even a private bank, a number of coaches and palanquins, and pompous display on occasions of festivals, he cherished the simplicity of a Cincinnatus. Loath to depend on the market for food, he kept cultivation on a large scale. He had not only his granary and dairy and gardening, but even indigo factories, plantation of teak and a respectable timber yard. His gardens were in all seasons rich with vegetables like potatoes, brinjauls, cabbages and fruits like mangoes, liches, jacks, berries, plantains, cocoanuts ect. When bricks were necessary for building, he excavated large tanks. The earth dug out was utilised for bricks, the water for supply of fish. He retained a large stock of old rice, old treacle, old *ghee*, and other diet of the sick for free dis-

tribution. He patronised men of letters. Whenever he had information that the Sanskrit professors of his village were in want, he unasked sent them aid secretly. He used to invite large number of *Pandits* every year during the *shradhs* of his parents and pay them handsomely. He was a patron of English education as well. In his house not only the village *Guru* taught, but the English teachers got a hearty reception. He spent much in maintaining the roads and carrying out other improvements of the village. He conferred an inestimable boon on the locality by establishing the Janai Training School with the co-operation of Ganguli's father and step-maternal uncle. His brothers Ramratan and Haradev were rash, haughty and worthless. They actually scourged two old respectable Brahmans on suspicion. Never was retribution so speedy and painful. Hardly a month elapsed than they were attacked with the worst type of small pox and were carried away after excruciating pain for more than twenty days. The third brother Golok was polite, witty, kind and pious. The youngest Tarak was innocent and fond of dishes. After Ramnarayan, Golok's son Chandrakanta became the leader of the house. He enhanced the income of the estate, spread the fame of the village by pomp and splendour, showed examples of princely liberality but also paved the path of the ruin of the family by driving Ramnarayan's grandson to litigation for his patrimony. Tarak's son Prasanna was as able as Chandrakanta but died early and Haradev's son Prankrishna had a *vedantic* mind. Chandra's eldest son, Brajendra had a large heart, and the youngest Harendra had a business capacity. The third son, Parbati is now the leader of the house. He is public-spirited, is a member of the District Board of Hugli, and is well-known to the local officials.

Kaliprasad's house also attained to eminence. He was a hero of charity whose memory is cherished with veneration. The *Dharamsala* which he had established, attracted hundreds of anchorets even in the days of his grandsons. His burning *ghat* at Chatra has kept his name green. He celebrated the *Pujas* with pomp. Unfortunately his charitable institutions are in a moribund condition though they were richly endowed by him. He had three sons. The eldest Durga Charan was pious and left two sons, Purna Chandra, a solicitor of wide practice of the Calcutta

High Court, and Atul Chandra, a successful vakil of the same Court who had the chance of being elevated to the bench had been not been cutoff in the bloom of his youth. Kaliprasad's second son was Abhaya Charan, who was a protege of the Hon'ble Sutherland and amassed a fortune. His sons, Avinash and Anurup, were intimate friends of Ganguli. Anurup was a public man of literary parts. More of him afterwards. Kaliprasad's youngest son, Gauri Charan, left two sons: Nanda Lal, the eldest, was hospitable. The success of the Howrah-Seakhala Light Railway was much due to his exertions and he was made a Director of the Company. One of his sons Radhika Charan is a rising solicitor of the Calcutta High Court. They are unostentatiously working for the good of the village. They have excavated a portion of Saraswati for permanent supply of good drinking water and have constructed two splendid *ghats* on the river for the public.

The third branch of these Mukherjees, viz, the house of Jagannath rose into importance through his grandson Haramohan who was a *Dewan* or Head Assistant in the Army Clothing for over a quarter of a century and earned much. His younger brothers Gopi Mohan and Peari Mohan enjoyed the benefits of the joint family system. His son, Hem Chandra had a literary taste and was known to high officials like Sir Richard Garth. Gopi Mohan's eldest son, Udaya Chand was a typical gentleman and his youngest son Nava Kumar was a cashier of the E. I. Railway. Another member of this house, who distinguished himself lately by service, was Haran Chandra. He too served with credit in the Army Clothing. The Government recognised his merits by conferring on him the title of Rai Saheb. After his retirement he formed an Association called *Janai Bandhav Samity*. Ganguli helped it with his able pen. A daughter's son of the family, Dinanath Bannerjee, was a trusted cashier of the famous Calcutta Daily, *The Englishman*.

Another Mukherjee family which is rising into importance is under the lead of Pranballabh Mukherjee, the hoary-headed muktear of the Howrah Criminal Court, whose name is known to the readers of Bengali novels. His brother, Dinanath was an educationist and became the Principal of the Jaipur College. Dina's son, Sarat Chandra, is a leader of the Howrah Bar. Ambika, a scion of this house, is also a senior-pleader of the Serampore Court.

There are three more Mukherjee families of less importance in Janai. One, founded by Mrityunjaya about a century ago, is now extinct, while the other two are prospering. Dr Kisori Lal Mukherjee is the head of one of these thriving houses and Satish Chandra, who has a flourishing business in Calcutta, is the leader of the other. Both these young men are active members of the local Peoples' Association.

Besides the Mukherjees, Gangulis and Bannerjees that are *kulins*, there are three *Srotriya* Brahman families in Janai. They are the Munshis, the Simlais and the Chakravarties. The Munshis are the early Hindu settlers of the village. Whether their ancestors got the appellation *Munshi* for their Persian scholarship or not is more than we can say. They are the *Shebais* (worshippers) of mother Kali whose shrine graces the market. One of them Brajendra was the local Wamba in the court of the local Cedric, Kali Prasad Mukherjee. Radha Mohan Munshi was a successful practitioner of Hindu medicine. He had a wonderful febrifuge prepared from indigenous plants, which he named *Gudebadi* (sugarpills) for its sweet taste. He used it in emergent cases to suppress for the time the most violent fever. He was a fine old gentleman. In his house the oldmen of the village used to meet. Situated on the main road and embellished with a flowerbed his neat parlour had a picturesque view. He indulged in the luxury of smoke and kept dozens of hubble-bubbles and pipes of leaf and wood for various castes and subcastes. How insular the villagers of those days were will appear from a conversation of the hoaryheaded in Radha Mohan's parlour. "What is Supreme Court, uncle Radha Mohan?" asked an wiseacre. Radha Mohan had never seen the awful Court. He began to pull his *chilim* gravely for minutes and then answered "One trembles in fear if one goes there." Another member of the solemn conclave who had once in his life come to Calcutta but had not seen the dreaded tribunal added—"There no one talks in Bengali." After another long pause another gentleman who had actually seen the terrible seat of English law said—"There sit three frames who but for the winking of their eyes, would have passed for winkless deities, and persons with long loose robe move their fingers before them and speak in such sweet voice that it seems organs are sending forth their dulcet notes." The three winkless frames were, of course, the three judges and the persons with long robes were the barristers with long gowns pleading.

The Simlais were brought by the Munshis to Janai about two centuries ago. They are like the Munshis priests of the Sudra community. As priesthood is no longer paying, many have betaken to trade in addition to their ancestral occupation. They monopolised a generation ago the business in timber, brick, coal and rice. The spirit of adventure is marked in this family. Its members have never cut a figure in the school but they have never hankered for ill paid posts in mercantile firms. Ram Chandra Simlai and his brothers were maniacs of trade. Ram's sister's son has come back from tea plantation with his pocket full of money. Ram's eldest son has gone to the interior of Assam in quest of fortune. Many daughters of this family have been married to the members of Hridayaram's house. We will see afterwards under what circumstances Srinath Mukherjee married Satyabhama, a daughter of Haramohan Simlai who was the Hercules of the locality. Haramohan was waylaid by a notorious brigand while he was returning home from a neighbouring village. He was so strong that he seized the local Robroy under his armpit and dragged him a mile into the heart of Janai. The road from that day became safe. His eldest son, Ramnarayan, was a Brahman of olden type and much liked by Ganguli for his simplicity and sincerity.

The Chakravartties migrated about a century and half ago. Ministering to the religious wants of the Sudras of the place was their chief occupation in old days. Service is their chief source of income now. Their ancestor brought the images of Rama and Sita which are still worshipped in the family. There are lands endowed for the worship. Paran of this house got from a *sadhu* a wonderful prescription for typhoid. The chief ingredient of the medicine was the poison of the venomous black cobra of Bengal. It had to be administered in the last stage when there was no pulse. So strong it was that sedatives like waters of cocoanut and cooling draughts of sugarcandy had to be prescribed and the patient had to be bathed immediately after the administration of the medicine. It brought patients round cent per cent from the death's door. Ganguli's uncle, Ramanath was revived through it while he was almost gasping. Rajkrishna Chakravartty of this family, who is a successful medical practitioner, was much attached to Ganguli.

Another Brahman family deserves mention here. They are also Mukherjees. Ramhari, the founder, settled at Payaragacha in the

vicinity of Janai. Golok, his grandson, was the *dewan* or manager of the estate of Kali Prasad Mukherjee. Golok's son Jadunath is an octogenarian who has purchased the *Putni* interest of the *Mausa* Payragacha. His enlightened son, Gurupada takes a keen interest in the education of the place. With his father's help he has established a vernacular school which is in a flourishing condition. He founded even a higher class English school and readily amalgamated it with the old Janai School when it was pointed out to him that both the institutions were suffering from rivalry. Gurupada is a sincere worker for the improvement of the locality. His purse is always open at the call of the public. Through his exertions the Postal Department has opened a telegraph line upto Janai. When security was demanded to meet the loss that the Department might incur, Gurupada stood alone the security. Gurupada's brother Nirapada, a graduate, who is the second teacher of the Janai English School, is the President of the local Panchayet. A daughter's son of this family, Nanda lal Banerjee of Janai, is a rising *Vakil* of the Calcutta High Court, and an earnest advocate of technical education. His eldest son Suresh has come back from Japan after a good training in pharmaceutical chemistry. Nandalal has floated a company for opening a pharmaceutical firm in Calcutta.

The *Kaivarttas* are the heads of the peasantry of the place. The *Dases* among them have been recently ruined by litigation with landlords. The *Meddas* have been enlightend. One of them, Beumadhav, has betaken the medical profession. Having obtained his diploma he became a Hospital Assistant under the Government of Bengal. Upon retirement he has set up private practice. His cousin Gopal became the Head Assistant to the Inspector General of Hospitals, and has retired with a respectable pension. But he has given up his connection with his paternal home and his poor aguates who do not feel it beneath dignity to till the soil for feeding human beings. The *Sadgopas* and the *Musalmaus* are gaining importance as cultivators.

The trade of the place is with the *Benias* who are carrying on the avocation from sire to son. Now and then other castes appear as interlopers but cannot stand the competition. The *Pans*, who are *Sadgopa* by caste, have a position among the *Sudras* of the village inasmuch as they are supplying the *mandals* or headmen for more

than half a century. The *Kansaris* or brasiers have for the most part enriched themselves by trade and have turned out to be gold smiths and capitalists.

The Musalmans, who are distributed into fifty small families are prospering, some being engaged in trade and some in cultivation. Golam Haidar went to Assam for trade and established a big firm which has now under his able sons got capital enough to open a motor service from Gauhati to Shillong. His family has made splendid buildings, and erected a mosque for the benefit of its co-religionists.

Of the artisans who supply delicacies of life the *Mayaras* or sweet-meat-makers should be mentioned. They have spread the fame of the village throughout Bengal. The sweets called *raskara* and *manohara* of Janai are unique and much valued by the elite of Calcutta and the noblemen of the Province. There are about a dozen houses of the *Mayaras*. Some of them have removed for trade to Calcutta. The celebrated Bhim Nag of Bowbazar, who was the prince of the sweetmeat-vendors of the metropolis of British India, was an inhabitant of Janai. He and his brothers and cousins that came to Calcutta became rich. But Bhutnath and Adwaita, who were the masters of the art and whose workmanship won a name for Janai, died rather poor. Their sons have inherited their skill and simplicity.

While the Gangulis migrated to Janai, land was the chief source of income as with other villages all over India. Service was the occupation of a few and those who secured service soon became rich by hook or by crook. But every family had a few acres of land. The Brahmans and the higher class Sudras did not cultivate themselves. After prayers at morning the elders went to the field for superintending the cultivation by hired men. At noon the lowing herds winded slowly over the lea and the plough-men homeward plodded their weary way. The field supplied rice, pulses, mustard seeds, sugar, potatoes, and other necessities of life. The gardens yielded fresh fruits, the kitchen-gardens potherbs and fresh vegetables. The tanks supplied fresh fish. The cows gave milk. The cotton-plants produced thread which the local weavers turned to cloth. Money was scarce but food was plentiful. Smiling barns adorned every house. The housewife was busy with cooking food or husking rice, or skimming milk or twisting threads. The house-

holder was engaged in receiving guests at noon. Every family in Janai had ample accomodation for guests and the day was deemed luckless on which no guest appeared. The food offered to the gods in the Brahman families, was reserved for wayfarers seeking hospitality. The living was simple. The boiled rice and a curiy or two with sour and molasses and milk constituted the chief meal. *Puris* and sweetmeats were reserved for the rich. The tiffin of the general public consisted of fried paddy with plantain fruits or oil and spices. Very few families cooked twice. The food prepared at noon was taken half at day and half at night. Only the rich cooked twice. The middle class lighted the oven at night only for boiling the milk. Matches were then unknown. The flint-stone and iron hammer were kept in every house. The flashes were concentrated on coaks and sticks steeped in sulphur solution were thence ignited. This was an inconvenient but extremely cheap system. The dress was equally simple. A *dhoti* and *chadar* and an *angraka* (small shirt) were enough for the summer. A *dolai* for children, *balapos* for the old, a *chidiabut* for the young, and a coarse *chadar* for the women, formed the winter dress. The cheap German articles were then not born. The *shrwls* were genuine and costly and very rare. Indeed, a Kashmere *shawl* was regarded as an heirloom of the family and the leader only had the privilege of using it cautiously on rare occasions. After simple but sufficient dinner the elders met in two or three places and passed time pleasantly with chess or dice. The young loved cards and music. The aged of refined taste devoted themselves to religious studies. Hridayaram's house was a favourite rendezvous of the aged of the parish. At twilight the parties broke to say evening prayers and after meal, again, assembled and enjoyed chit-chat. The monotony was broken by feasts and festivities which were numerous in those days of religious fervour. Every Brahman house at Janai celebrated the *Durga Puja*. Every householder performed *sradh*s of parents and vied with each other in feeding Brahmans and other castes. In the house of Hridayaram alone the Brahmans of the village were invited at least once every month. Those were the days of cheapness and purity. Rice sold at 4 annas a maund, milk at 32 seers a rupee, ghee at 6 annas a seer and oil at 1½ anna per seer. Adulteration was unknown. To add water to milk was deemed by milkmen as sacrilege. Traders could not dream of mixing fat with *ghee* or noxious articles with oil,

How the picture is now changed! Service has become the chief occupation of the middle class. Western luxury has penetrated even the lower strata of society. Struggle for existence has become very keen. People are earning more money than before but are suffering from chronic want. Prices have gone up in some cases fivefold and in others tenfold. Adulteration in food has become the order of the day. The inhabitants have been forced to leave their paternal homes in quest of bread. The villages look deserted. A gloom of anxiety has supplanted the sunshine of jollity in the rural seats. Religious fervour has abated. *Shradhs* of parents have become antiquated. Festivities have become rare. Worship of family idols is regarded as a burden. Selfishness has increased. Joint family system is dying out. Hospitality and charity are becoming things of the past. But brick-built houses are replacing the thatched cottages. Females can boast of ornaments costlier than what their mothers and grandmothers wore and males of robes more showy than their ancestors saw.

The amusements of the village in early times were *kavi*, *kirttan*, *jatra*, *kathakata* and *panchali*. *Kavi* is a musical contest between two or three parties. A party consists of singers, and *dhulis* (drummers) and *kansidars* (men beating brassplates to keep time with songs). The singers have to sing their extempore compositions. Generally the early life of Lord Krishna, —his love with the devoted maids of Brindavan or his separation from them—supplies the materials. After one party finishes, the other rises to give the reply which is composed when the first is singing. The first then adds a rejoinder and so on till the umpires declare which is the winner. The extempore songs are full of pathos and poetry and form an important branch of the literature of sublime love for which Bengal is famous. The renowned *kavi-wallas* of those days were Haru Thakur, Ram Basu, Nilu Patni, Bhola Mayara, and last but not least the East Indian Mr. Antony. *Kirttan* has also for its subject the love of Krishna with the cowherd maids of Brindavana in all its phases of enjoyment, separation and *mana*. Generally Radha—the princess of the maids—is represented in these songs breathing out her sublime and selfless lamentations for the separation from the lord of her heart. She sees her lover's emerald form in the newly risen cloud or the black *Tamala* tree and rushes to embrace it in frenzied ecstasy of the

purest love. The songs are sung by a number of men. The chief of the band stands up and sings a line which is afterwards repeated by his assistants in a chorus. The *khol* tomtoms to keep time. For sublimity of devotion, height of pathos, and purity and depth of self-effacing love *kirtans* are unrivalled. They are the composition of ardent Vaishnava poets and are the outpourings of the heart of devotees of living faith. They touch even the heartless and melt even the stone. *Jatras* are theatrical plays without the stage. Religious as the Hindus still are, their amusements, the *Jatras* also have for their theme the feats of incarnations like Rama or Krishna or of some saintly beings. Govinda Adhikari, Bidan, Radha Krishna Bairagi were the famous *Jatrawallas* of those days. Theatres were then unknown to rural Bengal. Representations of Sanskrit dramas were very common in classical India. But Bengali literature which was an offshoot of Sanskrit *belle lettres* neglected the drama and, hence, plays on stage was not known to Bengal. The dramatic literature of Bengal is a creature of English influence. The first drama in Bengali *Kulinakulasarvaswa* was written by Ramnarayan Bhattacharya and the first theatrical performance on a regular stage was of Michael Madhusudan's *Sirmishtha* at the Pykepara house by an amateur band led by Raja Pratap Sing and Maharaja (then Babu) Jatindra Mohan Tagore. *Kathakata* is the recapitulation in vernacular of the sacred stories of Ramayan and Mahabharata and Puranas. To lend interest to them songs are interspersed. The system of recitation of the original sacred books is as old as the books themselves. This method helped publication when publication was difficult. Narration in vernacular of the stories of Purana is also an old custom, which gave inspiration to Bengali poets like Kasiramdas. The art underwent improvement at the hands of Ramdhan Siromani of Govardanga and Sridhar of Bansberia. Both were great sanskritists, and composed Sanskrit songs and descriptions in easy Sanskrit of morning, evening, and night and sceneries natural and artificial. Sridhar related stories chiefly in Bengali but Ramdhan used to talk in easy Sanskrit if the audience was learned and in Bengali if the listeners were laymen. Ramdhan was a master musician. *Kathakata* is still in vogue. Either an individual or the local public engage a *kathaka* or reciter of fame in summer

or winter season. A large space is enclosed. Mattresses and carpets are spread on the ground and a huge *samiana* (cover) is hung over head. The *kathaka* takes his seat on a *duis* at one end. On a small stool in his front the Mss. of the Purana he recites are kept to refresh his memory. The image of the deity, Narayana, is also placed before him on a separate teapoy or stool in a silver cot. The reciter is bedecked with floral chaplets in the summer season. He begins with salutations to the gods and the holy saints. Now he recites the story in chatty vernacular, next at the right moment he describes in sonorous Sanskrit the proper scenery. Then he sings apt religious songs. He must be a good story-teller and a skilled musician. He has to keep a large assembly of male and female, young and old, educated and uneducated spellbound for hours. He generally begins at evening and talks for about 3 hours at a stretch and his daily fee ranges from Rs. 2 to 10. He has rich perquisites besides fees. The audience gives him money (*pelu*) as tokens of its appreciation. He also gets rice, fruits, sweet-meats etc. from the listeners. The recitation extends from a fortnight to six months. It is an ennobling amusement for it popularises the holy works of the sages and imparts religious instructions. Janai enjoyed in olden days this innocent pleasure. Jagamohan is said to have spent about fifty thousand rupees on such recitation of Mahabharata for six months. Every day throughout the long period, *sidhas* or presents of rice, pulses, wheatflour, *ghee*, oil, vegetables etc., in quantities capable of maintaining a big family for a month, were distributed not only in Janai but in the sister villages. Eminent Brahmans were invited from all centres of learning in Bengal to recite and explain in morning the original text of Vyasa. In the evening the *kathaka* spread a rich intellectual repast for the whole village. Every day a number of Brahmans and Sudras were fed. At the close of the ceremony the feasts for a fortnight were grand. To adapt the description of the Sanskrit poet the words, 'give' and 'eat', were incessantly heard in the house.

The last though not the least amusement of those days was *panchali*. It is a refinement upon *kavi*. Instead of ordinary *dhols* (drums) played with a stick used in *kavi* fashionable *dholaks* are played with hands in *panchali*. Polished *mantiras* replace the brass *kansi*. But like *kavi* it dispenses with spectacular represent-

ation and depends for its effect on songs. The plot is explained in apt verse and prose called *ochhada* which sets the audience sometimes to roars of laughter and sometimes to tears. The life of Krishna or Rama generally supplies the theme. Dasarathi Rai was the prince of *panchalikars*. There was a regular craze among the people of early days to listen to his devotional and exquisite songs. He was really a wonderful man and has enriched the Bengali language. His songs are still sung by the old. The other known *panchaliwallas* were Rasika Rai, Braja Rai and Sannysi Charan. *Panchali* and *kavi* have become rather out of fashion now. *Kirttan* has been assigned a limited field. The Baishnavas engage it on religious occasions and Saktas on such rare occasions as *shraads*. *Yatra* and theatre are favourites of the age. *Yatra* has lost much of its ancient character. The life of Krishna no longer furnishes inspiration. Krishna has been gradually supplanted by Pauranic characters like Dhruba, Prahlad, and Daksha, by characters of the Mahabharata like Satyavan, Bhishma, Babrubahan, and Arjuna, as also by characters of Ramayana like Bibhishana, Ravana, and Indrajit. Even the characters of mediæval poets like Kalidasa and Banabhatta and those of Bengali poets like Kabikankan and Bharata Chandra have become the heroes. Radha's place has been occupied by Sita, Damayanti, Pramila, and Mandodari and even Vidya. The famous *yatravallas* who succeeded the old batch headed by Govinda were Loka, Gopal Ude, Baukunda, and Mati Rai. Besides these professional there have arisen a large number of amateur parties. Janai has an amateur theatrical and *yatra* party of young men.

The educational history of the village will be told in Kisori's words in a subsequent chapter. Suffice it to say here that for primary education there was the *pathsala* where Brahman and Sudra lads sat side by side and learnt vernacular alphabet, arithmetic, mensuration etc., and for higher education there were the *zols* where Brahman boys who waited, immediately after investiture of sacred thread, on learned professors, were taught free Sanskrit literature and grammar, Sanskrit rhetoric and prosody, Sanskrit philosophy and law. For the general mass desirous of secular education or what the Germans call *brodstudien*, there were the Persian Maulavies in the Mahomedan days and the English peripatetic teachers in the early days of the British,

Every village was self-governing in a large measure during the Hindu rule. To the Panchayet of the village every community sent its representative. The headman was the president of the local council as it were which imposed local laws and dispensed local justice. During the Mahomedan regime the village communities retained much of their ancient character. The Mahomedans were not fond of centralised government and left much in the hands of the local chiefs. But the power of the headmen was much curtailed in consequence of the rise of a new influential class called the *zeminders* or landlords. The moslem rulers held this class of *malguzars* or revenue payers responsible for crimes in their domain and thus had to invest them with adequate powers to preserve peace within their jurisdiction. The landlords had thus to engage chowkidars or guards who kept watch at night and realised rents at day. They had grants of land in lieu of their pay and their offices were generally hereditary. Each village had a *mandal* (headman) who was the mouthpiece of the tenants from whom he was selected. He had to keep information of crimes and criminals in the village, settle the boundary disputes, superintend the public festivities, and help the *gomasta* or agent of the landlord, in a word to watch the interests of the village and interpret between the tenants and the *zemindar*. He was paid by both parties. The landlord gave him land free of rent to enjoy, the tenants paid him by contributions in kind or coin on specified occasions. In those days the *zemindar's cutchery* was the local court where civil and criminal disputes were adjudicated in presence of the *mandal* and the tenantry. The landlord or his agent could punish the accused with fines and even imprisonment. The British Government relieved the *zemindars* of the responsibilities of guarding their estate by formation of the regular Police Force and so took away their privileges. With the promulgation of criminal law the landlords lost the right of inflicting punishment on the guilty tenants. The majestic impartiality of British law has now shorn them of all their power. This levelling down of the land-lords took a long time to complete. Hridayaram and even his son Atmaram exercised many of the privileges of their class. Their *cutchery* was the forum where the poor people got adjudication of their rights without any expense. The ways of justice were simple and both parties were satisfied with the judgments.

*HOW OUR YOUNG MEN SHOULD ENSURE
SUCCESS IN LIFE.*

India is the land of Rishis and Aryas. History informs us of their glorious achievements and imperishable acts. Whether in the province of philosophy, science, law, medicine or theology, she attained an eminence which has seldom been surpassed. She has noble traditions before her. She has vast natural resources requiring development and utilisation. She has abundance of fertile lands and navigable rivers for purposes of agriculture and commerce. She has excellent raw materials of every kind for purposes either of home manufacture or export trade.

The blessings of English rule have afforded us great facilities of travels and communications. The laws and administrative machinery of Government are a sufficient guarantee for the security of life and property. The establishment of numerous schools and colleges, both State and private, has placed education on every subject within easy reach of the public. The increased production of text-books on various subjects and a gradual improvement in experimental apparatus have rendered the subjects of study interesting and easily comprehensible. A free press in the country has proved a tower of strength enabling us to acquaint our rulers with our wants and requirements and ventilate our grievances. The boon of local self-government conferred upon us together with the benefits expected from the Reform Scheme is calculated to be a stepping-stone to further political concessions if our educated young men can satisfactorily prove their fitness for self-government. Will not these several motive forces produce their resultant effect? Are they not strong incentives to our youngmen for the pursuit of a career of activity and usefulness?

High education is no doubt desirable for persons who can afford to under-go the heavy expenses incidental to its acqui-

sition. But instead of joining in an indiscriminate rush towards such education, persons of limited resources will find it to their advantage to acquire special training in certain subjects for which they have natural aptitude. India is a vast country and its resources are almost inexhaustible. Our young men should be trained in such scientific and industrial education as will enable them to develop such resources and compel the mother earth to give them their birth-right. They should not imagine for a moment that such callings, humble though they may be, are by any means ignoble; for the dignity of a profession or avocation does not consist in its high sounding name and popular repute where failure or indifferent success is the result in its pursuit, but in the fact of its being successfully and prosperously carried on. The importance of scientific education cannot be overestimated and our youngmen will do well to cultivate it. The following passage in Herbert Spencer's treatise on education sets forth the manifold value of knowledge of science. "Thus to the question we set out with, what knowledge is of most worth, the uniform reply is science. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in science. For the interpretation of natural life past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is science. Alike for the most perfect production and present enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still science, and for purposes of discipline, intellectual, moral, religious, the most efficient study is once more science." Grounded in the principles of science, the energies of our youngmen may be usefully exerted in various directions so as to improve the condition of India physical, commercial, political, social and religious. Our rural villages and tracts are in the most insanitary condition. Noxious vegetation, dirty puddles or tanks, irregular and bad arrangement of the bustees, have all combined to make them the hot-beds of cholera, malarious fever and other diseases. Let those trained in science set themselves to work in earnest to improve the physical condition of the country. Then again our agriculture is in the most backward condition. The system of European farming

should be gradually introduced so as to improve but not altogether supplant the indigenous art. The question of Indian famine is the most difficult of modern problems requiring solution. Let our local self-governing institutions and private bodies largely engage the services of our youngmen, for which their scientific knowledge will qualify them; in remedying the crying evil in these various respects.

Scientific knowledge will also enable our youngmen to participate largely in the benefits of commerce and break down the monopoly of foreigners. Learning to work machines they will be able to set them up on their own account for the manufacture of commercial commodities. Let them profit by the example of our Bombay brethren in this respect. Their success will be certain as the Swadeshi movement has created a growing demand for indigenous products. Let them eschew the violent methods of boycott which can be peacefully and normally secured if we can produce our home-made articles equal in quality and price to foreign imported goods and sufficient in quantity to meet the increasing demand.

Let our youngmen qualify themselves by the study of jurisprudence and the constitutions of civilised governments for the noblest of all undertakings to redress the standing political grievance of India—taxation without representation. This is the corner-stone of all reforms. We for ourselves do not call in question the good intentions of the Home Government—the British Sovereign and the British Parliament towards their Indian dependency. The good or bad government of India in consequence of the accidental circumstance of liberal or arbitrary element in the constitution of the Indian Government for the time being does not affect the theory of good government intended for her. Such being the case, our youngmen have no reason to lose heart in their exertions for reform which can be brought about, not by mere vociferous agitation or a violent attitude towards the Government, but by the production of good practical results in the general improvement of the country through their unaided efforts. Students should not take active part in politics but learn the science first of all by study and as lookers-on. Let them not fritter away their energies in political controversies which should be left to their superiors in wisdom

and experience but devote themselves to the discharge of their proper duties as students. Let them be always deferential in their language and manners towards their parents, teachers and seniors in age as well as in experience.

In social and religious matters, let our youngmen take note of the signs of the times, observe minutely the peculiar constitutions of our society and religion, compare them with those of other civilised nations, preserve in them what is good and adapted to the genius of the nation, eschewing what is found to be extremely absurd on rational and philosophical points of view. Let not their youthful zeal produce disintegration of the national unit. Let them try to bring about the happy result that in spite of the differences in their social and religious customs, the several races of India do unite for a common cause and stand on the common platform of brotherhood and friendship.

In order to enable our young men to duly discharge the duties incumbent on them they should secure their physical, intellectual and moral culture. The importance and usefulness of physical exercises is too well-known to require any detailed notice. Suffice it to say that there is observed an intimate connection between the body and mind; the healthy functions of the latter generally depending upon the sound state of the former. One whose stomach cannot digest food properly, cannot be expected to possess a brain capable digesting knowledge. One whose vitality is weak cannot easily undergo the tedious processes involved in complicated reasonings. Our youngmen have ample facilities for receiving intellectual training as there are numerous educational institutions in the country. The principal aim of such training which should be steadily kept in view is originality. But it is to be highly regretted that our University system of education, instead of producing such a happy result tends to foster a spirit of cramming or mental subserviency.

The necessity of cultivating a habit of thinking is therefore urged upon our youngmen. What the digestive process is to our food, thinking is to our knowledge. As the one invigorates the body, the other endows the intellect with understanding and wisdom. Meditation or wisdom is the mental architect who builds out of materials derived from knowledge.

As to moral training much depends upon self-exertion. As no one can become a good athlete without subjecting himself to systematic physical exercises, so his morals cannot be expected to be improved without his leading a moral life. Study of the rules of gymnasium and morality is no doubt good in its way in furnishing our youngmen with knowledge on these subjects; but their morals can no more be improved by mere study of ethical text-books than a nation can be rendered virtuous by Acts of Parliament.

Education embraces the improvement of our physical, intellectual and moral faculties. Meditation has a large share in enlightening our mind and soul. It unlocks the treasures of psychological and moral truths. It is the best safeguard against immorality and vice. It leads to the formation of good character which is the principal object of education. It lays down more than anything else a broad line of demarcation between man and beast and keeps a working that monitor within which discriminates between rectitude and wrong. A principal part of moral education is discipline which is the life and soul of an institution. The mere apprehension of punishment in consequence of breach of discipline should not be the sole motive with the students to subject themselves to it. They ought to realise its manifold advantages. Their educational institution is a world in miniature. They are the subjects of a sort of little State and their Head Master or Principal is a Governor. They are taxed for promoting their intellectual and moral improvements. They reap the benefits of diligence, perseverance, self-restraint &c, and suffer the consequences of idleness, inattention, wantonness &c. If they prove to be well-behaved and successful students, the chances are nine to ten that they will turn out fortunate gentlemen and law-abiding and useful subjects.

Our youngmen should form habits and principles of conduct which may stand them in good stead in their dealings with the world. Formation of fixed moral principles of conduct is the first link in the chain of secrets of success in life. Our actions are liable to be inconsistent, impulsive and whimsical unless regulated by such principles. Like a vessel without a rudder, a man without principle is liable to be tossed about at every gust of passion and wrecked on the treacherous rocks of life. It is not easy for such a man to be the master of his own actions, Uncer-

tainty as to how he will act under certain circumstances deprives him of public trust and confidence so essential in our dealings with the world. His motives are liable to be misconstrued. If he attains success by unscrupulous means, it can, at least, be temporary and at the sacrifice of self-satisfaction which can not be derived unless our conduct be fair and above-board.

Another requisite to worldly success is decision of character which results in the adoption of a fixed standard of action. Like the pendulum of a clock, a man of undecided character oscillates between conflicting and contrary volitions. He is at a stand-still and his thoughts seldom make any progress. He is at a loss how to act under emergencies which require prompt judgment and immediate action. Decision of character produces firmness and fixedness of purpose. Although it requires time and experience for such a character to develop itself, yet we expect it in our youngmen as we would have them come up to the *bean* ideal of human perfection and excellence in all things. Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance is a salutary principle which they should try to act upon. In the next place a proper selection of a sphere of action peculiarly suited to the capacity of our youngmen is the *sine qua-non* of their success in life. Some persons are found to possess natural powers in understanding and mastering certain subjects. These and no other subjects should principally, if not exclusively, engage their attention and application. What but disappointment would be a certain result, if a person having no mathematical head were to choose engineering as his occupation, or one having no gift of the gab or argumentive talent were to select the profession of law. The great disparity of worldly prosperity in persons of equal qualifications and attainments is mainly due to neglect or mistake in proper selection.

There should be thoroughness to render our knowledge solid and perfect and give it the last finish and touch. Concentration of attention and application to one subject at a time produces thoroughness. Instead of wasting their time and energies in a multiplicity of subjects, our youngmen would do well by confining themselves to certain limited ones. A Jack-of-all-trades and master of none cannot have any but shallow and superficial acquaintance with diverse matters—a character most unfavourable to original

conceptions and inventive talent. Quality and not quantity should be the standard of measurement by which the worth of our knowledge and actions is to be ascertained. Thorough knowledge of a single subject is preferable to imperfect and superficial acquaintance with diverse ones.

We reap the benefits of our knowledge by reducing it to practice.

Our youngmen know very well that obedience to their teachers and parents, keeping good company, attention to their studies, early rising are some of their principal duties ; but it will be of little use unless they are obedient pupils and children, agreeable companions, diligent students and early risers. Knowledge is not merely utilised but perfected by practice. Youngmen should never excuse themselves for their juvenile misconduct on the ground that they are young enough to indulge in transgressions without incurring the risk of corrupting their character. Their misdeeds will grow in strength with their years and become, so to speak, a part of their nature which it will be afterwards as difficult to divest themselves of as a chronic disease brought on by habitual irregularity.

The last, though not the least requisite to worldly success is the necessity of cultivating habits of self-help and self-reliance. God helps those who help themselves is a Golden proverb. Honesty and diligence are the best legacies a parent should bequeath to his children. Treasures may be lost, estates ruined, but they are not subject to any loss or decay. Self-reliance raises us in the estimation of our fellow-creatures, preserves our self-respect and stimulates our exertions so as to enable us to be in a position to stand on our own legs.

K. C. Kanjilal, B. L.

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*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

(IV)

CHAPTER IV.

THE GRAND-FATHER.

Sivaprasad Ganguli, the grandfather of Kisorimohan, was born in about 1770 and was, like a true son of *Kulin*, brought up in the house of his maternal uncle, Jagamohan Mukherjee. He received a sound Sanskrit, Persian and English education. When Jagamohan died at Chupra in about 1812 leaving three sons named Govindachandra, Iswarchandra, and Maheshchandra, the management of his vast estate fell upon Sivaprasad, who had been his uncle's able assistant and was capable of upholding the dignity of the family. But it was not the intention of Providence that the unworthy sons of Jagamohan should have the vast wealth to do mischief to his fellow-beings. Soon they became impatient of Sivaprasad's control. Their flatterers whispered into their ears that the estate was their father's and why they should be under the clutches of a cousin. As this reached the ears of Sivaprasad, he gave up the management and rendered accounts to his cousins. Within a few years, his spendthrift cousins lost every bit of their father's property. The eldest son, the worst of the batch, became so much engrossed in pursuits of pleasure that the revenue of the *mahals* were not regularly paid, and within two years or so of his

incumbency the corpus of the estate was sold for arrears of Government revenue. Even the Lot Sangrampore which had only Rs. 4,000 for its *Sadar* Revenue, and yielded an income of about Rs. 2,00,000 was allowed to be auctioned for nonpayment of revenue. It was purchased by the Betia Raj for a trifling sum. Fortunately for the family, the eldest brother died soon. The second son, Iswarchandra was rather of better stuff. He got only the wreck of his father's property, which had an income of Rs. 20,000 a year. But it stood in the name of his father's servant, Chakkanlal. The horse knows the rider. The servant dispossessed the master as Sivaprasad was no longer at the helm. Iswarchandra sued the servant in the Civil Circuit Court but was defeated. His appeal upto the *Sadar Dewani Adwalat* proved unsuccessful. Thus robbed of even the last vestige of his patrimony, he came from Saran to Janai. Sivaprasad had then built a separate house for himself that he might not prove a burden to his cousins. He was entreated to see if he could recover the lost property. The question of title had been decided upto the highest appellate court against Iswarchandra and there was no chance of its being reopened by him. The recovery seemed to be an impossibility. It is really wonderful that Sivaprasad's legal genius found a way to open that question. Iswarchandra had two young sisters' sons named Khargeswar *alias* Karunamaya Banerjee and Annadaprasad Banerjee. Both being sons of *Kulin* were brought up in their maternal uncles' house and were dependent on them. Sivaprasad thought rightly that if a creditor of Iswarchandra impeached the proceedings between Iswar and his servant as fraudulent and collusive, the question as to whether Iswar was the proprietor or not would be raised. But who was to be the creditor? An outsider was not to be trusted. So the eldest nephew, Khargeswar Banerjee, who was then in his teens, was selected as the creditor. A bond was executed in his favour by Iswar for Rs. 1,00,000. The nephew then sued the maternal uncle in the Calcutta Supreme Court on the strength of the bond. The uncle confessed judgment after a show of fight. In execution of that decree, neither the residential house of the debtor nor his other properties at Janai and Calcutta were attached. The writ of attachment was taken against the properties in the Saran District which had been the subject of a protracted

litigation between Iswarchandra and his servant, Chakkanlal. Thereupon the latter moved the Hon'ble Supreme Court against the attaching Sheriff, Mr. Plowden, and the result was the proceeding known as *Chakkanlal vs. Plowden*. In this the question for decision was whether the properties attached belonged to the debtor, Iswarchandra or to his officer, Chakkanlal.

Sivaprasad who had managed the properties and knew their history, could easily prove that they had been acquired by Jagamohan only in the name of Chakkanlal. So the officer was defeated and the properties were sold in auction. The younger nephew, Annadaprasad, then a boy of fifteen, was set up as the auction purchaser. Thus through the genius of Sivaprasad, the wreck of his maternal uncle's property was recovered. About this time, occurred another funny event which tended to the recovery of the corpus of Jagamohan's estate. Sivaprasad used to live at Saran for some months in the year and celebrated the *Durga Puja* there. In the early thirties, the Magistrate-Collector-Judge of the District in a capricious moment promulgated an order prohibiting all persons living at the town to beat drum during the *Puja*. Sivaprasad honoured the arbitrary order in the breach. A warrant was issued against him and a criminal proceeding drawn up. Sivaprasad had the proceeding quashed by moving the higher authorities. It was then his turn for retaliation. The official had several flaws. Sivaprasad could easily bring some serious charges against him. The evidence was so glaring, that the Government took notice of the complaint and appointed a commission for inquiring into the charges. The Magistrate was now in a mesh. Out of despair he came one night in Sivaprasad's house and asked him to forgive and forget. Sivaprasad readily accepted this offer of reconciliation and promised to save him. He did not adduce before the Commission the mass of evidence he had and himself drew up the defence. The officer came out of the ordeal unscathed, and out of gratitude he promised Sivaprasad to try his best to have the properties of his maternal uncle recovered from the auction-purchasers. As a proof of his earnestness, he persuaded a collectorate *Amla* (ministerial officer) who purchased a tank named after Jagamohan and a *Basti* land named after Sivaprasad situate in the heart of Chupra, to reconvey the property. Thus the prospect of Jagamohan's family retrieving

its position became cheerful. But man proposes and God disposes. The kind officer was soon after attacked with cholera and taken away by the hand of death. On his death-bed he called Sivaprasad, and like a true Christian passionately asked to be absolved of the liability of fulfilling his promise, for the thought of his promise unredeemed weighed heavily on his religious heart. With tears in eye Sivaprasad absolved him fully from all obligations and bade him adieu for ever. This untoward event and the death of his cousin, Iswarchandra in an issueless state, which exterminated his maternal uncle's male line, made him apathetic to the world, and he retired by 1833 to Benaras to pass his last days as a recluse in meditation of his Maker. He had the good fortune of soon getting the company of a real recluse, Rameswar Tirtha Swamī, who realised *Vedānta* in his life and was neither elated with joy nor depressed with sorrow. He found evil men tormenting the hermit in a variety of ways. Some used to put a bag of rice on his head and take him by the hand to his lodge. The *Paramhansa* (anchorite) did not oppose such practical jokes. He was above duality. Worship him or spurn him—it was all the same. Sivaprasad took him to his lodgings, served him and passed his days in his company studying with him *Vedānta* and other *Shāstras* about emancipation. The devotee was, it was whispered, a judicial officer in his early years, who gave up the world for God and achieved *Siddhi* or spiritual success. To him the mind and the matter were the different phases of the Supreme Energy called *Brahma* and as such in his eyes, the universe and the different souls were really one. He was deep read in Sanskrit literature, and to believe traditions, he knew all by his occult powers.

Sivaprasad's fame as a sound lawyer and English scholar ran so high that people from all parts of Bengal and Behar flocked to him for the help of his pen. Once Krishna Kishore Ghose, the wellknown *Vakil* of the *Sadar Dewani Adawlat* as well as of the Calcutta High Court, approached him for the purpose. Before his legal birth he was a ministerial officer of a court and became the victim of a false charge. He went to Sivaprasad at Benaras for the drafting of his explanation. Though Sivaprasad was then living a retired life, yet to save the innocent man, he took up his cause and drew up without any fee such an able defence as convinced the Government of his innocence.

Be it said to the honour of Krishna Kishore that for this act of kindness, he expressed his gratitude not only to Sivaprasad but to his sons as well. When afterwards, he became the leader of the High Court Bar and amassed a fortune and acquired a very honourable position in society, he used to rise from his seat at the approach of a son of Sivaprasad out of respect to the memory of his benefactor. While he heard Kisorimohan to graduate in 1868, he pressed him to pass the B. L. examination and join the High Court soon, that he might give a solid proof of his gratitude to Sivaprasad by helping in the Bar one of his grandsons.

Sivaprasad's generous heart and catholicity would be clear from an incident. In his house at Chupra he had a sort of private hospital under a *Vaidya* or *Ayurvedic* doctor. Sometime before his retirement to Benaras a traveller attacked with cholera sought shelter in his house. He was received with kindness and was given medical aid. On the second day at morning when Sivaprasad came to inspect the patient, he found him neglected. Readily he himself changed his dirty bed cover and his foul clothes himself. Fortunately the tending proved success. The stranger was cured and Sivaprasad sent him home with sufficient money to cover the charges of his journey to Calcutta. This gentleman was the father of Gorachand Datta of Pataldanga, Calcutta, whose munificent charity created a sensation in Calcutta during the days of Sir Raja Radha Kanta Deb.

Sivaprasad's house was always open to all pilgrims rich and poor. It was known to all District officers. Mr. H. L. Greeme, who had been the Collector of Saran, thus introduced Mr. Veeraswamy Ayer, a Brahman of Madras and Interpreter in the Supreme Court at Madras.

Aug. 17th, 1830.

"This letter is chiefly to introduce to your acquaintance Veeraswamy Ayer. * * *. He is on a pilgrimage to Benares and I shall be obliged by your giving him information and paying him civility."

Such a warm heart Sivaprasad had that whoever came in his contact, became a close friend. Veeraswamy became deeply attached to him and was one of his regular correspondents. Siva was loved and held in esteem by all the District officers and Europeans of Behar. Here is how G. K. Elphinstone, who had

been the Collector-Magistrate of Saran, wrote to him on August 28th, 1831 :—

“My dear Baboo,

It very apparently appears to me that you have entirely forgotten such a person in existence (as yet) as the humble scribbler of this scrawl. Whether I am right or not in this my conjecture you must be the best judge. * * *.”

He was used to be consulted in all local important measures and his opinion was asked sometimes about the general measures affecting Bengal. Here is how a high officer wrote to him on August 1830 :—

“ Pray let me know how the late appointments of Commissioner of Circuit have succeeded. Have they been able to perform the judicial and the revenue duties they had to do ?

“ Has the Government Resolution of 1830 had the effect of suppressing the *Suttee* entirely and what has been its consequences on the minds of the Hindoos in general ? Are they reconciled to the abolition ? Lord William Bentinck appears judiciously to have secured the opinions of a large proportion of the respectable Hindoos in favour of the measure before he finally resolved upon it. I see by the public prints of Calcutta that there is still a strong tendency in half castes and Europeans to acquire landed property in India. Do you still think that they may have properties without danger of evil to the inhabitants ?”

Oh ! for those days when high officials felt really for the Indians and the rulers and the ruled were at perfect amity and peace.

Sivaprasad died in 1841-42. He thus saw the rise and growth of the British power. Born during the double system of government established by Lord Clive after the fall of Mir Kasim, he saw its abolition by Warren Hastings. The good and bad deeds of Warren Hastings, the wise reforms of Lord Cornwallis including the Permanent Settlement passed over his boyhood. The mild rule of Sir John Shore, and the aggrandising policy of British supremacy pursued by Wellesly which plunged the Government into the successful wars with Tipu Sultan and the Marhattas, broke the power of Mysore, crumbled the pride of the Peshwa, brought the Nizam, the Geakwar and the Rajput chiefs under the British vassalage, added Tanjore and the Carnatic to the British territory, and enhanced the prestige of the Britishers in the eyes

of the whole of India, saw him a young man. The short peace during the administration of Minto, the triumphs of Hastings in the wars with the Nepalese, the Marhattas and the Pindaris, the measures of consolidation by Amherst interrupted by the first Burmese War and the capture of Bharatpur, and Bentinck's victories of peace rolled over his mature age. The freedom of press granted by Lord Metcalfe and the first Afghan War of Lord Auckland saw him a recluse in Benaras ready to shuffle his mortal coil.

He died so long ago and like a true Brahman was careless to preserve the record of his literary life, and yet tradition has kept his name alive in the Districts of Saran and Hughli as a man of sound scholarship, generous heart and piety. His mastery over Sanskrit literature and philosophy is the common talk of his village. Learned contemporaries like Abhaya Charan Tarkalankar used to call him Janaka of *Kali Yuga*. The anchorets at Benaras came to him for explanation of difficult passages in Vedanta philosophy. Kisorimohan inherited from him the brilliant intellect, the deep knowledge of Sanskrit and English, the legal acumen, the charming manners, the kind and noble heart and above all a tinge of apathy to the mortal world.

CHAPTER V.

BIRTH AND INFANCY.

Sivaprasad left a daughter and three sons. The daughter, Harapriya Devi, who became a widow in early years, learnt Bengali and Sanskrit under the tuition of her father. She retired to Benaras with him, chopped off her hair and took the saffron vest of a *Brahmacharini* (something like a nun). Her father's retreat was a rendezvous of anchorets. The ascetic, Rameswar Tirtha Swami mentioned before, resided there. She had the advantage of listening to the learned discourses of the holy visitors. She became so well versed in philosophy, specially Vedanta, that after Sivaprasad's death the anchorets approached her for solution of their difficulties in Vedanta. Rameswar Tirtha Swami outlived Sivaprasad. She served him with the same devotion with which her father had served him. The Swami was so advanced that he foretold the day of his departure from this mortal world. He entered the room set apart for prayer with instructions not to be enquired after till one o'clock by which time he would cast off

the muddy vest. Like a Yogin described in the holy books, he sat in communion with the Universal Soul, and gave up the ghost in that state propelling the life-breaths through the duct *Sushumna*, the passage in the middle of the spinal chord, to the cerebrum which thereupon burst. Harapriya lived long and passed her life in Beneras engaged in holy studies and communion with the Maker. Her letters in Bengali testify to her scholarship.

Ramanath, the eldest, and Srinath, the second son, were born of the first wife, while Chandranath, the youngest, was born of the second wife of Sivaprasad, who lost both the wives rather early and lived the life of a recluse at Beneras. Ramanath inherited his father's legal head and Persian scholarship. His command over the tongue of Shadi and Hafez was great. His intonation was so correct that people mistook him for a Maulavie when he talked in Urdu or Persian. By profession he was a Moktear or lawyer and was much in demand among the landlords of Calcutta and its suburbs. Babu Srinath Mallick of Andul, by securing whose vast properties after his death Matilal Seal of Calcutta became a landlord, idolised Ramanath. He was a warm friend of Babu Hara Chandra Lahiri of Serampore, the born lawyer, whose genius saved the house of Cossimbazar. The company of the rich, however, made him a pleasure-seeker, and though he earned much he was never above want. He married a daughter of the wellknown Chaudhuries of Kona near Howraha, and begat in her five sons. The eldest, Surya Kumar, died of small-pox. So horrible a turn the disease took that even the mother prayed for early death of the son to relieve him from excruciating pain. The second son, Chandra Kumar, also died early. The third, Pearimohan, an octogenarian, is still living. He is parsimony embodied. With the small pay of a vernacular teacher in the local English school and the profits of a small cloth-shop he had to rear up a large family. He has made money now to play the role of Ralph Nickleby at Janai. The fourth brother Kshetra Mohan was a Government servant and died rather premature. The youngest Ram Chandra Ganguli, was the best of the lot. He was a graduate and created a name in the Education Department. We will see how he was an associate of Kisorimohan in the College and even afterwards. He died a few months after Ganguli's death.

Srinath, the second son of Sivaprasad, was very shy and loved to live at Chupra in the Saran District. He was a warm friend of Annada Prasad Banerjee, one of the daughter's son of Jagamohan Mukherjee noticed before. Chandranath, the youngest son of Sivaprasad, was the father of Kisorimohan. He was a sound Sanskrit scholar and knew English as well. He had the lexicons of Amara, Hemchandra, etc., by heart. As he lost his mother at a very early age, Sivaprasad took him to Benaras in his retirement. There he imbibed the love of Sanskrit and acquired a sound knowledge of Sanskrit *belles lettres* and philosophy. When Sir Raja Radhakanta Dev of the Sovabazar *Raj* family of Calcutta published his Sanskrit encyclopedia entitled *Savdakaḥpadruma* more than half a century ago, a relation and friend of Chandranath asked him jeeringly if he could secure a copy of the grand work, because the Raja used to distribute it free among the learned Professors after testing their proficiency. Though a scholar, Chandranath had not set up any *tol* and so he was at first unwilling to go. When he found that his friend wanted to test his knowledge, he appeared before the Raja and asked him how many words beginning with long *Ri* and long *Li*, he could get for his lexicon. It was found that his *Pandits* could furnish him with four or five such words. Chandranath cited then and there half a dozen rare words more from the Vedas. This was a sufficient test of his scholarship. The Raja was highly pleased, took down the words for insertion in the next edition, paid him the highest *Vidaya* or honourarium and presented him a complete set of the voluminous work. Chandra, was unique in table-talk. He could lend such a charm to his talk that it was a treat to hear him. From him Kisorimohan inherited this fascinating quality.

Chandranath married thrice not so of his own accord as at the importunity of his fathers-in-law. The first wife, Ichchamayi Devi, was the sister of the well-known educationist of Calcutta, Thakoordas Chakravartty. Thakoorda's father was a poor priest. When he informed one of his rich *Yajamanas* (disciples), Gora Chand Datta of Calcutta, famous for his liberality, that a son of Sivaprasad was to marry his daughter, Gora Chand met the entire expenses of the marriage. Sivaprasad, as we have seen, saved Gora Chand's father who took shelter at his Chupra house attacked with cholera. The old man left instructions to his son to show

gratefulness to his benefactor and his family. Gora Chand became rich by trade. He had a princely heart. No suitor appealed to him in vain. He distributed *Shawls* so freely among Brahmans that the type of the article distributed came to be known in the market after his name as *Gorachandi Shawl*. He was seeking opportunity to repay the debts of his father to Sivaprasad's family but had none. His joy was great when he heard that one of Sivaprasad's son was to be the son-in-law of his priest. He thought that it would be an indirect gift to Sivaprasad's son if he met the expenses of his marriage. Chandranath got three sons and a daughter in this wife. The eldest, Panchanan, predeceased his father. The second son, Gopal Lal Ganguli, served as a clerk with credit in the Postal Department and is now enjoying his pension. The third son, Kalicharan, also died in presence of the father. The daughter, Chuni Devi, is living. She knows to read and write Bengali and has studied the Pauranic literature. She is appreciated in table-talk. She was married to Kalikrishna Mukherjee, a cousin of Kisor's maternal uncle.

Chandranath was a recluse though living in the bosom of the family. He was apathetic to wordly emoluments. Along with his brother-in-law, Thakoordas, he entered the Government office. He was given the charge of keeping the Register of attendance. When his work was inspected, it was found that there was no late or absent in the Register throughout the month. The superintendent was rather surprised and asked him the explanation. Chandranath was not a man to speak falsehood. He told his office-master that he was given the executioner's duty. How could he mark late or absent when that would mulct the pay of the poor employees? The *Sahab* relaxed but Chandranath tendered his resignation then and there. His life is an illustration of the priceless saying of Lord Krishna, "Who depend on me, I provide him with food."

A few years after the first marriage, Chandranath was beseeched by Srinath Mukherjee of Hridayaram's house at Janai to marry his only surviving daughter, Durga Devi. A *Kulin* in those days deemed himself bound to accept the prayer of a *Kulin* for receiving the hands of his daughter. There were then no such inexorable demands for dowry by the party of the bridegroom. To save the honor of a *Kulin* burdened with a daughter was the only consideration which led Chandranath to marry in about 1845. The

bride was exceedingly beautiful. In modesty, religious fervour, and devotion to the elders she was unrivalled in the village. Her younger sister, Abhaya Devi, having died early, she was the darling of her parents. Chandranath was glad to have such a girl for wife, specially when under the custom he was not to take charge of her and her issues. Daughters of *Kulins* thought it beneath their dignity to go to husband's house. Durga Devi never had been to her husband's house though it was on the other side of the road. Chandranath, like a true *Kulin* son-in-law, used to visit her in her father's house. Her father had no other issue and yet had a big family as his joint elder brother, Haranath, who died in about 1844, left many children. The sons of his sister and cousins swelled the bulk of the family. Though his means were poor, he never grudged to admit the claims of so many relations. His frugal life should be a lesson to all. It is a wonder that he could manage such a large family with so comparatively a small income. His share in the *Putni Talook* of Janai yielded little. About a thousand rupees which he could save from his few years' service in the Salt Department, he lent to his tenants. Instead of taking interest in coin, he used to take it in kind which they could easily pay. To a respectable farmer, Iswar Hazra he advanced five hundred rupees and he used to supply him rice. To the oilman he lent one hundred rupees and he supplied oil. To a number of fishermen he advanced about a hundred rupees and they gave him fish every day. To the weavers he made some advances and they supplied him the products of their looms in lieu of interest. He had also cultivation and gardening on the *bhag* system. Thus he could maintain with ease a very large family. He was a good Persian scholar and knew English too, and was an honest gentleman. In such a family Kisorimohan was born of Durga Devi on Friday the 17th of Aগ্রহায়ণ, 1770 Saka, corresponding to December 1, 1348. The hour was auspicious. Four planets, the Sun, the Mars, the Mercury and the Venus were united in the plane of Segitarius which forebode his literary attainments and fame. Capricornus was his *Rasi* (sign of the Zodiac) and *Sravana* was his *Nakshatra* (star ascendant at birth). So his *Rasi-nama* (secret name) was Ghanteswara. The birth of such a fair, lovely, and handsome boy was hailed with joy by all the relations and friends.

Srinath's father, Vijayagovinda who had retired to Baneras, sent his heart-felt blessings to the great-grand-child.

The year of his birth, 1848, was an eventful one both in India and Europe. In India Lord Hardinge was relieved that year by Lord Dalhousie who took the reins of administration on the 19th of January. The note of war was sounded in the Punjab soon after his arrival and he himself took to the field in October. The sanguinary engagement at Chillianwalla took place a month and a few days after the birth of our hero. In Europe the year 1848 was an epoch of revolution. France was convulsed by its third revolution which resulted in the expulsion of Louis Phillippe and the proclamation of a republic. Italy rose her head against the oppressive domination of Austria. In the principal German States there was a rising of the people against the despotism of their rulers. England fortunately was not seriously affected by the tide of revolution. Yet she did not escape the contagion altogether. The chartists attempted a display of force which was averted by prudent precaution and a rather serious rising of "Young Ireland" ended in a grotesque fiasco by the capture of Mr. Smith O'Brien in a cabbage-garden. In such a year of war and revolution was born such a peaceful soul to whom the whole world seemed to be a family and who was destined to add a literary link to the loving chain in which great men are trying to bind the East and the West. It was a lucky year for Bengal since she gave birth to a number of brilliant sons, such as Sir Romesh Chandra Dutt, C. I. E. and Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee.

Six years intervened between the death of Sivaprasad and the birth of Kisorimohan, but this short period saw four Governor-Generals. After the terrible disaster that befell the British army in the first Afghan War, Lord Ellenborough superseded Lord Auckland in 1842 and undertook the second campaign against the Afghans which redeemed British honor. The battles of Minai and Hyderabad sealed the fate of Sindh, and the battles of Maharajpur and Punniar settled the succession of Gwalior and gave birth to the Gwalior contingent. In 1844 Ellenborough was recalled and Sir Henry afterwards Lord Hardinge succeeded him. In the year 1845 the first Sikh War broke out with the result that the *Jalandar Doab* was annexed and the *Khalsa* army was curtailed.

The infancy of a man however great he may be in his after life, cannot have such events as can have a general interest. The bio-

grapher, therefore, draws much upon his imagination to fill the gap. If the hero be a Napoleon Bonaparte, he is represented to rear up fortifications of turf and snow and defend them against odds with a pertinacity and address that attract the applause of all observers. If the hero be a Horatio Nelson he is represented to express his desire in early years "to go to sea with uncle Maurice." If the hero be a poet like Pope he is made to versify in spite of his father's admonition. We have no need of so taxing our imagination to fill up the paucity of the events of our hero's early life. The faculties which became manifest in him from tender age was a sharp memory and a keen intellect. He himself used to say "I have a good memory and I can recall the entire period of my life from perhaps the fourth year". Like a true son of a *Kulin Brahman* he was brought up by his maternal grandfather and so he lived in the house of Hridayaram Mukherjee. The *Shradh* ceremony of Hridayaram's son, Atmaram was performed in a grand style while Kisori was a boy of 3 summers. Thousands were daily fed for over a fortnight. Kisorimohan had a vivid remembrance of this and when he used to describe what he saw, his elders were astonished. Two years after his birth, his younger brother Rajmohan Ganguli was born. When the latter was in his 2nd year, their mother Durga Devi left this world. She died of fever which she contracted under strange circumstances. One night as usual she went to open the outer door of the inner apartment at the call of her husband. She was terrified as she opened the door and suddenly fell senseless. There was none else than her dear husband and the fear must be said to be due to some mysterious cause. It brought a violent fever on that very night. The medical science of the West would call it a brain fever and the science of the East a fever due to the agency of evil spirits. The *Vaidya* was called the next day. He declared the case to be hopeless. The removal at the last moment from the house of a young mother like Durga Devi who was the sole surviving child of her parents, could not but have been a heartrending scene. The mother and the relations raised a doleful cry. The neighbours joined in it out of sympathy. "The outburst of cry", Kisorimohan used to say, "together with the carrying of my mother out of her bed chamber left an impression on my mind that a mishap was befalling us". Rajmohan was then too young to understand anything. Though Kisorimohan could not realise the gravity of the catastrophe, yet he felt very

uneasy at the departure of his mother. He was told that she went for a bath in the Ganges, but her not returning when months passed convinced the precocious boy that she would no more return, and he became highly disconsolate. Joy and grief, however, cannot have a permanent impression on a young mind. Truly has the poet sung,

“The tear, down childhood’s cheek that flows,

“Is like the dew drop on the rose.

“When next the summer breeze comes by,

“And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

The young boys were soon won by the care and affection of their grandmother, Kali Kumari Devi. She was a lady of high mind, and nursed without any distinction her grand children, and the children of her husband’s brother who had been a widower and died sometime before Kisori’s birth. She was a good housewife. When her husband was out of employment, she consoled him instead of poking him, and placed all her *Stridhan* at his disposal. Her heart was very soft. Kisorimohan inherited the tenderness of heart from her. “My grand mother and grandfather”, writes Kisorimohan in his reminiscences of his playmate and relation, Kalikrishna Mukherjee, one of the sons of Haranath, “began to rear up Karali and Becharam and Kalikrishna, as if they were their own children. I and Rajmohan were brought up with them. We lived most happily. Kalikrishna was, from his earliest years, deeply attached to me and I was much attached to him”. It was very difficult for the old grand parents to nourish the young motherless boys who were deprived of the unmeasured supply of motherly breast. Cow, which proves a mother to orphans, saved the life of the infant brothers. The ravages on the useful race were not so great then as now and milk was cheap. Else poor Srinath could not have saved his grand children, who required 7 seers of milk every day. It was for such manifold benefits that the Hindu sages declared the sanctity of kine and bulls. Akbar understood it and so stopped the slaughter of kine in his empire. The non-Hindus and the Government, it is a matter of joy, are now realising the usefulness of the dumb creatures and the other day Sir John Hewett, the enlightened ruler of the United Provinces, held a meeting of the representatives of his Province to find out means for the preservation and improvement of the cattle. India should be grateful to the noble ladies, Mrs. Charlton and Annie Besant, for their eloquent pleadings

for the mute animals. But unless the heavy drain is checked, the bovine race will be extinct at no distant date.

As usual, with the boys of India, Kisorimohan was initiated in letters in the his fifth year and sent to the village *Pathsala* (school) of Nava Krishna Chakravarti in 1854, which was located in a thatched shed attached to the outhouse of Ramnarayan Mukherjee. By this time the second Sikh war and the second Burmese war extended the British Empire from the Punjab to Pegu; the doctrine of lapse enabled Lord Dalhousie to add Satara, Jhansi, and Nagpur; and his maxim that British rule was better for the people of India than the native government, brought Berar and Oudh under the British control. In the very year that Kisor was sent to the village *Guru* (teacher) the celebrated educational despatch of Sir Charles Wood arrived in India and the Lieutenant Governorship of Bengal was created. But let us turn from the glamour of politics to the peaceful village *Pathsala*. It is, like many other native institutions, gradually becoming a thing of the past. It imparts a fair knowledge of the vernacular language and of the indigenous arithmetic algebra, mensuration, survey, conveyancing and letter-writing. The student is made to trace first with a bamboo pen the alphabet inscribed with steel on the palmyra leaves. The alphabet being mastered, he is taught the current calculations and the measures of weight. This finishes the first course taught on palm leaves. The second course consists of elementary mathematics, *viz.*, arithmetic, algebra, and mensuration which is taught on plantain leaves. The third course includes letter-writing, conveyancing, zemindary accounts and elementary survey and this is taught on paper. Thus *Pathsala* teaches whatever is necessary to make an ordinary businessman. With this education Dewan Gangagovinda Sing—the founder of the Pikepara Raj—managed the affairs of the Government of the East India Company in the days of Warren Hastings. It is this education which produced the best managers of big estates in those days. The system of education is very cheap. The teacher has to build no house to locate his school. He generally takes shelter in the house of a local magnate and holds his classes in one of his thatched sheds. No benches for the students and chairs for the teachers are necessary. The pupils bring their own mats whereon they sit. The school sits twice, morning and evening—the best working hours in Indian climate. The fee charged is very low ranging from as. 2 to as. 4. The

number of students never exceeds fifty. One *Guru* or teacher with the help of one or two advanced students can manage well. The school begins with a roll-call and ends with recitation by all the students in a chorus of the table of multiplication.

The gala days of the *Pathsala* are three. First, is the *Makara Sankranti* or the last day of the month of Pous when the sun enters the sign of capricorn. In the morning the young alumni arrive well dressed in the seminary and a procession issues with a song *Bandamata Suradhuni* (salutation to mother Ganges). It was a sight to see fair and slender Kisorī in gala dress singing songs in faltering accents and strutting round the village with his little friends on such occasions. The next festivity is the *Saraswati Puja*. The boys rise early and cull flowers and stalks of mangoe and beards of barley for the worship of the goddess of learning. At noon they place their offerings at the feet of the goddees and invoke her blessings for knowledge. The day is particularly sweet to them as it is chartered for play, writting and reading being strictly forbidden. While speaking of his early reminiscences, Kisorī used to say, "the *Saraswati Puja* had a peculiar charm and we hailed the festivity with joy." The third occasion of mirth in the *Pathsala* is the day in Bhadra which follows the anniversary of Lord Krishna's birth. On this day the *Gopas* (simple cowherds) were jubilant at the birth of an heir to their beloved king, Nanda. It is called *Nandotsava* or the festivity of Nanda, king of the cowherds of Brindavan. In Bengal young boys enjoy it by rolling in the mire of a pit cut for the purpose. Our hero participated in this sport. The boys of Janai in his time used to bathe that day in the spacious tank of Ramnarayan Mukherjee, and dine at his every year. The dishes were simple but the young guests relished them much.

Kisorī finished the full course of *Pathsala* by 1856. He and Rajmohan were, as the darlings of their grand-parents, nursed with tender care. They were kept decked in ornaments and had plenty of fruits, milk, cheese, etc. to eat. Money was scarce, but plenty cheered Srinath's home. Kisorī was fed purely upon milk upto the sixth year. He learnt in his seventh year to eat boiled rice which had to be given to him boiled with milk in the shape of frumenty. Both the brothers had strong physique and excellent health. They were allowed a free-hand to play and enjoy active exercise like running, mounting trees, jostling,

and jumping as they attended their studies in proper hour. In 1856 an event happened which created a commotion in Janai. There was in front of the house of Hara Mohan Mukherjee a very old shrine of Siva which existed from the prehistoric period of Janai. The oldest inhabitants had seen it in the same state,—its outer layer of brick on the outer side fallen away and the middle *kuccha* layer laid bare. But the interior of the temple looked quite fresh. It withstood the inclemency of weather in this rugged state for over a century. Yet in 1856 Gopi Mohan—a brother of Hara Mohan—thought it prudent to break it down even without giving notice to the scions of Hridayaram, who, as landlords of the village, were the owners of the site. The demolition of a temple stirs up the deepest feeling in India. Such a sensation the conduct of Gopi Mohan created in the locality that even the boys took it to heart. Kisorimohan, of eight summers and his playmates composed a Bengali song over it in their favourite rendezvous, the shop of the blacksmith, Kuraram. The effusion of young hearts rendered into English metre would stand thus:—

“Heark, Hara Mohan! what we say,
 “Under whose advice didst thou lay
 “Thy ruthless hand on ancient shrine,
 “Clasping in breast the Lord Divine?”

The little ballad-makers were so enraged that one of them, Bahir-das Ganguli who was precocious and died a premature death, like Gray's Welsh bard cursing the tyrant of England, added a couplet to their joint composition cursing him whom they deemed as the local tyrant. It may thus be reproduced in English metre:—

“For this impious act of thine
 “From sire to son, know, thou shalt pine.”

The young composers sang the song in sorrowful glee while forges of the blacksmith were hissing and the hammers were ringing as if keeping time with their unskilful tune.

When the tension was so high the *Chadaka* festival came. It is a festivity as old as Vyasa. In Harivansa he ascribes its origin to Bana, the king of the *Daityas* (demons), whose daughter Usha fell in love with Krishna's grandson Aniruddha and against whom Krishna waged a war for having confined his grandson. Bana was a devotee to Mahadeva and through his grace, it is said, conquered the three worlds. To express his gratitude to his God he pierced his body

and offered his blood every year. Thus the ceremony seems to be non-Aryan at its inception. The fact that Brahmans cannot take a part in it confirms the theory. In Bengal only the Sudras can take this vow in honor of Siva. They practice throughout the month of Chaitra (March-April) the austerities of a Brahman recluse and get the license of wearing yellow vest and sacred thread. They are called *Sannyasis* or recluses for the time and receive reverence even from Brahmans. Many of such *Sannyasis* attain to an acme of devotion. Some fall into trance, while proceeding to such famous shrines of Siva as that at Tarakeswara. Each village takes pride in contributing such religious observers. Some accept the vow for earthly welfare and some for merits in the other world. In those days of religious fervour numerous *Sannyasis* could be seen in each village. Janai could boast of two hundred such devotees. Now the number has dwindled down to fifty. There are still the *Mul Sannyasi* or Head devotee and his assistant, the *Jhul Sannyasi* in every Hindu hamlet. Their offices are hereditary. The *Sannyasis* have to go every day in the month of Chaitra to the shrine of Mahadeva for worship. Their march is proclaimed by the large kettle drums played on with sticks by drummers who enjoy from sire to son lands free for the service. The *Sannyasis* of Janai have also to attend the house of Hridayaram as a token of respect to the landlords of the village. The house has to feed them on the last day of the month. It is a sight to see the multitude of devoted men in yellow robes, decked with floral wreaths and sandal paste, dancing and cutting various antics in accompaniment of the loud music of the huge drums. The ceremonies of the last three days are many and are interesting to the mass. On the last day of Chaitra the *Sannyasis* assemble before a shrine of Shiva and from a bamboo scaffold jump on stuffed sacks amid the acclamations of the crowd. On the previous day the marriage of Nilavati (a form of Durga) with Mahadeva is performed. In Janai on the day before Nilavati's marriage, the *Sannyasis* assemble at the market also to enjoy jump from the bamboo scaffold. When swinging was in vogue, the people assembled in the field beside the garden house where the Janai Sub-Registry office is located. A large pole about thirty feet high was raised. A long horizontal beam was placed on it with a rope run over a pulley at its extremities. Iron hooks were fixed to the rope and the devoted swinger was suspended on

air—his flanks being pierced through with the hooks. A man at the root of the pole drew the rope, the horizontal beam whirled and the suspended devotee swang round. Some devotees allowed their tongues or arms to be pierced with iron needles and bars. A chord was inserted through the upper part of the neck of some by means of needles and they danced. It is a wonder that they did not feel the pain. They abstracted their mind so completely from the outer to the inner world that without intoxicant or chloroform they could bear these tortures on the body. Bishop Heber describing a Chadaka on the Calcutta Maidan in 1824 characterises their countenances as “expressive of resigned and patient suffering”. Kisorī saw in his early years the swinging and other prodigies of devotion for they were stopped by legislature in 1857.

The *Sannyasis* of Janai every year assembled on the occasion before the shrine of Siva demolished by Gopimohan and used to have the jump from the scaffold in its front. This was being done from time immemorial. In 1856 Gopimohan needlessly objected to the scaffold being raised before the shrine. The devotees did not listen to him as the temple was not situate on his land. Gopimohan was so offended that he used violence on the poor people who simply asserted their customary right. They appealed to the landlords who sent their agent, Gora Chand Rudra, to settle the dispute. But Gopimohan in haughtiness refused the compromise and beat the agent. This was too much for the landlords to bear though they were comparatively poor. The popularity of the landlords and the agent was so high that the news of their insult quickly spread and a multitude of Hindu and Mahomedan tenants came to the landlords’ *Kutchery* for avenging the wrong done to their beloved *Gomasta* (agent). The old leaders of the house except Srinath Mukherjee, the maternal grandfather of Kisorimohan, were away. The hot-headed youth were in charge. They were infuriated at the outrageous conduct of Gopimohan, and were ganshing their teeth to wreak vengeance. The rabble of tenants was there to execute their orders. It was difficult to restrain them. Srinath made a serious effort to dissuade his relations from taking the law into their own hands. But such was the feeling of the hour that for his suggestion of peace he was jeered at as a flatterer of Gopimohan. Yet he did not give up the idea of persuasion and requested them

to consult Ramnarayan Mukherjee. They played trick with him for they went out and returned without seeing Ramnarayan and gave him to understand that Ramnarayan told them to do what they liked. The old man sighed and calmly resigned to fate. The young heads of the house led the infuriated mob consisting of about 500 men, all armed with bamboo-splits, against their enemy. Gopimohan had no time to collect men for opposing them and so thought it wise to be on defence. He bolted the doors. The invaders strengthened by the enraged *Sannyasis*, besieged the house and battered the doors. The main gate was soon flung open and the outer apartment thoroughly devastated. The venetians and *sashis* and doorframes and furniture were broken. A limping member of the mob found a clock on entering the parlour. This was the first time he saw such an instrument and was struck with wonder at its ticking. He thought that some evil spirit was inside. A brickbat was hurled and the costly furniture came down in fragments. The palanquin and the carriage were smashed to pieces. Gopimohan was himself beaten. But be it said to its credit that the mob though mad with rage did not violate the sanctity of the *Zenana*. All this happened within an hour or two. The sufferers were not men to submit to the tyranny silently and they should not have so submitted. But what was wrong on their part was that out of rage they lodged complaint in criminal court not only against the actual aggressors but against all the heads of the house of Hridayaram including even innocent Srinath, who tried his best to avert the affray. The police came to enquire. Such was the affection of the village for the house of Hridayaram that not a single soul could be found to depose against them. It was said that there was a scuffle between the *Sannyasins* and the men of Gopimohan. Secret and open investigations by the magistrate were fruitless. The case against the landlords would have failed but for the influence of Hara Mohan, who, as the *Dewan* of the Army Clothing Department, had acquaintance with many civil and military officers. The accused were defended by that eminent lawyer Dwarka Nath Mitter. There was no evidence against them and yet they were convicted not for rioting but for the technical offence that they, the landlords, had not made effort to prevent the riot and had not sent previous intimation to the Police. The sentences were fines and simple imprisonment for 6 to 12 months. Innocent Srinath,

through freak of justice, was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of Rs. 100 and undergo simple imprisonment for 1 year. This is how human justice is administered! The conviction of Srinath in 1857 cast a gloom over his family. It had no adult male member. The burden of maintaining the family fell upon his good wife. She was a heroic lady and had wonderful capacity for management. For a full stormy year she proved both a housewife and householder. She managed well inspite of the tightness of the purse. The education of the boys did suffer. Becharam had been sent to the English school in 1856, and Kisori and Kalikrishna in the beginning of 1857. Srinath was the victim of misfortune while Kisori had mastered the English alphabet.

This was not a bad year for the house of Hridayaram alone. It was the year when India was convulsed by an event that occupies a large space in the history of modern times,—we mean the Sepoy Mutiny. In 1856 Dalhousie went away and Lord Canning came with the presentiment of a cloud no larger than a man's hand over-casting the Indian sky. Dalhousie's policy of annexation alienated the sympathy of almost all the native chiefs and noblemen of northern and central India. The stoppage of Peshwa's pension drove Nana Saheb to conspiracy. The powder was there and the story of the greased cartridges acted as the spark. Suddenly on Sunday evening, the 10th of May, the fire broke out at Meerut. After an exchange of shot with the European troops the mutinous Indian regiments skulked away under the cover of darkness and marched in hot haste towards Delhi. The next morning the capital of the Great Mogul fell into their hands for want of caution on the part of the British authorities. The occupation of Delhi was a sign to all infected sepoys to raise the standard of revolt. Soon the upper Gangetic valley was ablaze and the British administration shrunk like a parchment. The fire would have spread into the Punjab but for the tact of Sir John Lawrence who instantly disbanded the suspected sepoys and took precautions. The native chiefs sided with the British. The general mass had faith in the British justice and lent their moral support. Bengal stood loyal though Behar was the arena of the activities of Kumar Singh and Amar Singh. Bengalis in the upcountry sealed their loyalty with blood. A Bengali clerk of the Delhi magazine together with his son-in-law refused to leave their beloved *Sahab*, Colonel

Willoughby to his fate alone, though they were pressed by him to go before he exploded the magazine. The terrible explosion came. The Almighty Protector saved the lives of the faithful clerks and the brave patriotic officer. Hundreds of Bengalis in the up-country afforded shelter to Europeans at the risk of their lives. The sepoys exhibited their hatred towards the British *Raj* not only by looting the treasuries and cutting the telegraphic wires and throwing open the gates of prisons, but even by uprooting the inoffensive milestones. Nana Saheb committed at Cawnpore the inhuman atrocities which have cast an undying stain on his name. Henry Lawrence timely fortified the Residency at Lucknow which bore the siege for months against immense odds. Meanwhile the brave land of the Punjab officers grasped the situation and without giving the mutineers time to tamper the Sikhs rushed on Delhi with a mixed contingent of European and Sikh and Gurkha troops. The heavy siege guns were brought to play upon the citadel. With the arrival of Nicholson the project of storming the place was formed. In a sanguinary engagement for six days and nights the small contingent guided by superior discipline defeated the large army having a coign of vantage but lacking in discipline and unity. From Bengal Marshall Neil and his veterans marched at the very beginning towards Delhi. They cut through opposing Behar, recovered Allahabad, and took Cawnpore after a slight resistance on the part of coward Nana who fled in fear. The victors then proceeded to Lucknow. It was a tough affair here. Not less than five and twenty thousand sepoys had made it their stronghold. In the bloody street fight the small British army suffered heavily. Marshall Neil fell. Havelock could with heavy loss join hands with the gallant defenders of the Residency only to find himself beleagured. Sir Colin Campbell was sent from Calcutta to their deliverance. He found Cawnpore occupied by Tantia Tope and had to recapture it. Then he cautiously advanced and could deliver the garrison at Lucknow. The mutineers were only scotched and not killed. At this critical moment emissaries of both parties went to the Nepal Durbar for aid. The enlightened Prime-minister, Jung Bahadur, who had been to England, declared himself for the British and joined Sir Colin at Lucknow with his invincible Gurkhas. Kaisarbag, the stronghold of the Sepoys, was captured after a bloody fight. The re-occupation of Lucknow in March 1858 killed the rebellion, the

neck of which had been broken before by the storming of Delhi. Then came the time for the civilian to pacify. The wise policy of Lord Canning who was violently attacked by short-sighted critics for his measures of concession, inspired confidence of all in the sense of justice and good will of the Government and brought round the infected. The general amnesty did more to restore order than revenge and deterrent punishment. Peace soon smiled on the land. The Parliament at home, however, thought it improper to keep the vast empire in the hands of a body of merchants and Victoria, the Good, assumed the direct administration with the Proclamation dated November 1st, 1858 which is deemed as the Magna Charta of modern India not, of course, wrung out of an unwilling sovereign by the victorious people but granted freely by a gracious queen to her loyal subjects. Mutiny created a great panic in Bengal and specially among the Europeans and Anglo-Indians. The Government of India created the Calcutta Volunteer Guards by a notification dated June 13th, 1857 for the preservation of order and security of the city of Calcutta. On July 23 it accepted the offer of the non-official Englishmen to give active support to the Government authority "by sharing service in the field with the troops of the Queen and of the East India Company." This corps was styled the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry. Both the volunteer bands of the Anglo-Indians were disbanded in June 1859 when the crisis had passed away. The alarm reached its culmination on 14th of June 1857 which history has rightly styled as "the panic Sunday." The Europeans of Calcutta sought shelter in Fort William and on board the ships in the port. The Government thought it fit to pass a stringent Press Act on June 13, 1857 more to check the vagaries of the Anglo-Indian periodicals than to punish the Indian journals. *The Friend of India* was warned for articles like the *Centenary of Plassey*. The editor having treated the warning scoffingly, was seized and sent home, the press was taken possession of, and restored to the proprietors upon an undertaking of committing no offence. The *Hurkara* was warned first and then suppressed on July 18. The license was restored on apology. The printers and publishers of the *Durbin*, the *Sultan-ul-Akbar*, and the *Samachar Sudhaharshan* were hauled up on charge of seditious libels. The cases against the first two ended in expression of contrition and execution of recog-

nisances. The case against the third failed. Numerous other temporary Acts were passed to meet the contingency which were extended up to 1859.

In this season of excitement wild rumours of the atrocities of mutineers were afloat in Bengal. The old and the young folk in every village heard agape with wonder the baseless reports of mutineers marching on Calcutta committing havoc on their way. The convicts in the prisons of Lower Bengal expected with eagerness their deliverance by the mutineers. The wild gossips reached the ears of the boy, Kisori. He could hardly understand what the mutineer was. But the word raised a picture of horror in his young heart. All his fears, however, were lulled if, as he himself used to say afterwards jocosely, he could go to bed early and be in the arms of his grandma. He used to lie on her right and his younger, Rajmohan on her left side.

To take a bird's eye view of Bengal proper during the 9 years from 1848 to 1857 covered by this chapter. The reins of administration were held by two Deputy Governors, Major General Sir J. H. Litter, G. C. B., and Hon'ble J. A. Dorin. The old system was abolished by Statute 16 and 17 Victoria, Chapter 95, Section 16 which provided for the appointment of a Governor and as a temporary arrangement enabled the Court of Directors to appoint a Lieutenant-Governor. Sir F. Halliday became the first recipient of the honors on May 1st, 1854. The Educational Despatch of Sir Charles Wood was issued on July 19, 1854. The Sonthal insurrection broke out in June 1855 and was quelled by August next. The grants-in-aid system was promulgated in July 1855. The Chowkidari Act, the Calcutta Municipal Act and the Hindu Widow Remarriage Act were passed in 1856. The Excise law was amended in the same year. The Police was reorganised in 1856-7. The Calcutta University was incorporated under Act II of 1857 on the model of the London University. The practice of swining on *Chadak* festival was abolished on the ground of inhumanity. The E. I. Railway was formulated, the trunk line from Calcutta to Delhi was sanctioned by the Court of Directors and the line was opened upto Raniganj by February 3, 1855.

Of all the events and measures of this period which stirred the Province next to the Sepoy War, was the agitation on the marriage of Hindu widows. The trumpet was sounded by Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar whose tender heart was moved at the

sight of the Hindu widows. They are to lead a life of celibacy and abstinence, and are practically forbidden all worldly enjoyments. This is, no doubt, from carnal point of view, a tyranny of the society on the feminine sex. But looked from a higher standpoint, such hard rules are not only justifiable but necessary to preserve the purity, and peculiarity of the Hindu society. The Hindu *Shastras* look upon this life as a training for higher existence and have formulated rules for the purpose. The Hindus care more for the other world of bliss than for this world of mixed weal and woe. What Lord Christ tried in vain to impress upon all and what the Christian world has as yet not adopted, *viz.*, an apathy to creature comforts, is more or less ingrained in the Hindu mind. To them all acts in this life should have one end, *viz.*, the higher and higher evolution till perfection or unity with the Universal Spirit, God the Father of the Christian Trinity, is attained. Those who have such high models cannot deem marriage a civil contract for gratifying lust of the couple. They refuse to be "a nation where jury adjudges chastity's worth". They regard the hymeneal rite as a sacrament, which indissolubly unites the husband and the wife. In their eyes, the hand of death cannot sever this union of hearts, nay of the souls. The husband to a Hindu wife is not only the best of earthly possessions but a veritable god. Serving him in life and death is her duty. She cannot be true to her duty if she violates her bed after his death. The austerities she is required to practice in widowhood are for smothering her carnal appetites. The very foundation of the Hindu society will be shaken if the widows are allowed to play false with their departed husbands. The whole conception of conjugal love on which rests the happiness of this and the other world will be reversed if once it is admitted that the widow is free to sell her heart to another. All civilised societies consciously or unconsciously admire this lofty idea, for they do not sanction widowmarriage in the royal house and condemn it if it takes place in the higher circles. It was evidently condemned by the Prince of peace when in answer to Pharisees he said "wherefore they are no more twain but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The materialistic in East and West, who cannot realise a millionth part of the priceless truths preached by the sages of Ind, may not understand the loftiness of the system of Indian widowhood but it is strange that Vidyasagar, a Hindu of Hindus, was carried away by

his feelings so much that he winked his eyes over this noble institution and stood as a champion of a rite which would bring down the Hindu society from the heavenly pedestal to the carnal world. It is no argument that the custom of widowhood has opened a flood-gate of incest on the society. The proposition is not true and, again, it is not the fault of the institution but of the individuals. It is no argument too that the husband is allowed to marry while the widow is restricted. The covertrue in all countries has put restrictions on the status of the female. The Hindus are reasonable in enjoining, therefore, that the wife is thoroughly affiliated to the family of the husband. She loses the *Gotra* or family of her father and acquires the *Gotra* or family of her husband and is under the law entitled to inherit in her husband's line. The widow remarriage will also upset the principle of affiliation and inheritance. The widow-remarriage Act has, indeed, to cope with this difficulty and has suggested a halting solution by making the widow dead to her old husband's family but at the same time enabling the progeny of her first marriage to inherit. All these difficulties do not arise in the case of a husband's remarrying. Doubtless, the husband's remarriage is from higher point of view a violation of conjugal relation and it should be removed. But no larger breach should be made in the citadel of the society because a small aperture has been allowed. Vidyasagar's heart having bled, his vision was dimmed. He took up the cause of the widows as a zealous advocate. He knew that in social matters the Hindus would not bow their heads to any one else than the sages. So he tried to convince the society that widow-marriage was sanctioned by them. He found that all sages were against him. Like an able advocate he picked up a passage from Parasara which apparently supported his cause and attempted to make out that all other sages prohibiting the practice explicitly should not be followed. He met a strong opposition from men deeply versed in Shastras who for one text of his quoted a dozen from other sages equally, if not more, authoritative, expressly forbidding the marriage of widows. The controversy raged hotly and for long. Some influential men like Sir Raja Radhakanta Deb of Calcutta came to mediate. The compromise suggested was that girls becoming widows before puberty could be remarryed. A representative meeting of *Adhyapakas* or learned professors of *Smriti* was held at Radhakanta's house. Vidyasagar refused to

accept the compromise and appealed to the country. The verdict of the society was against him. Having failed to persuade the society by his pleadings he approached the British officials for help. They were, perhaps, given to understand that myriads of Hindu widows who were smarting under the oppression of the society, were ready to remarry if only their progeny would be saved from the stigma of bastardy and given the rights of legal issue. In 1856 a Bill was introduced into the Supreme Council by Sir J. P. Grant and was passed as Act XV validating the widow-marriage. But the expectations of Vidyasagar and his friends were not fulfilled. Hindu widows did not rush to avail themselves of the benefit of the Act which remains practically a dead letter. With all his influence Vidyasagar could not remarry more than a hundred widows and that at a tremendous cost. Dr. Mukerjee used to say that at the request of Vidyasagar, Kali Prasanna Sinha of Mahabharata fame spent a large amount for the purpose. It is no exaggeration that except stray cases here and there at long intervals in some wealthy families, which think themselves powerful enough to defy the society and get puffs from a partisan press, the widow-marriage among Hindus is as rare as before. In fifty years there has not been even five hundred marriages all over India and in the midst of a population of two hundred millions. Kisorimohan used to describe the consternation which the movement caused among the widows of his village. The old grand mothers thought that the *Sirkar* (Government) would not leave any widow unmarried and planned how they would save their honor by giving up their lives when *Sirkar's* men would come.

ASIATICUS

ASCETIC LIFE IN INDIA.

Who is a Sannyasi?—the modern reader asks. He may be described as a person who has abandoned all worldly attachment for certain religious ideal of life which can hardly be supplied by domestic environment, who neither hates, nor desires for civil life. But now-a-days all itinerant mendicants, who live upon charity be he a Brahmacharin, a Yogin, a Joti, an Abadhut dealing in medicines, a Nanukpunthi, a Naga a Dandi, a Byragi or Btiksuk are also called Sanyasin in India. The Byragis are generally of Banaprosthi class, and are mostly of Vyshnava persuasion. A vedantic Brahmacharin having undergone a course of study and exercise as prescribed by his Guroo or sanctioned by the President of the *math* may obtain title of Swamy among his class. Some of these ascetics devote themselves to the meditation of the self, and others to the study of the Vedas or of the *Bhagabuth* for their edification. Others again devote themselves to the performances of *homa* and such like ceremonies for the 'good' of the civil community, others and a few of them live in clubs in the hills, forests or other holy places of the country. The ancient Indian gymnosophists were probably ascetics of the Vedantic school, or professing similar doctrines. But mendicants of every creed and order, are taught that the *women* are the greatest temptation in the world. A number of these asetics do preside over Maths (religious colleges) to teach the ancient lore. To support the Maths or to visit the saints of all description are considered meritorious acts for worldly persons.

A Sannyasin should always resign himself and live in the Lord either in difficulty or in security. He earnestly prays to grant him the power to rest in Him. He does perceive in *Brahman* not only all beauty, glory power and dignity, but also he he sees in Him all knowledge. He endeavours to resist no evil

in this vale of misery. He never cares for joy or exultation, fame or riches that often allure, disturb and distract the mind but seeks consolation and contentment in his mental attitudes. He essays to love God and His creatures; for he feels and realizes that love alone keeps a guard over his senses. Love is sober and steady, it is circumspect and upright, yielding neither to vanity nor levity. just when he feels and perceives that the even flow of love is at ebb, he prays earnestly to the Lord to deliver him from the clutches of the evil passions, and to dis sever his heart from *Moha* or undue affection. He resolves to commune with the spring of Love, his Lord. He aspires to get *samadhi* or the superconscious state of mind, where the consciousness of world by sensations vanishes either partially or *in toto*.

The lectures of the ancient Rishi upon God and Creation are called Vedantas—including Srutee and Upanishad. The Vedantas deal chiefly on Brahman, (the Absolute entity) and the manner in which He manifests Himself in the phenomenal world—which is termed *Maya*, illusion or ignorance. The Vedantic devotee must perform *homa* and take a vow before the fire, prior to his entering this order, in order that he may burn his desires and aspirations of the civil world in the holy *Homa Kundoo*; and many of them since would not touch fire even to get themselves warm, much less to cook. A Sanyasin is neither occultist nor esoteric like the modern Abadhuts. Theosophists or the Christian healers. His occupation is the study of Nature, his worship to serve God and his exercise is to realize him. He endeavours to dis sever himself from the worldly temptations and to cultivate truthfulness. His chief meditation is to know the self. He is convinced that the lower self must vanish when the divine self grows within. His heart is simple and the thoughts are pure. It is doubtful whether a Sudra can take up the vow of *sannyas* except as a temporary one in honor of Siva worship—but that he can be a *Byragee* or hermit all his life—for all *Sadhus* that abandones the world absolutely shall forego the inheritance of secular properties being dead for all purposes of civil life. But they can earn, or bequeath their individual property—they may also inherit the individual property of the Guroo to whom he is a disciple.

The *Danamas* of the Sankara order are Saivas, and they all sing with Vivekananda—

"Strike off thy fetters ! bonds that bind thee down ;
Love, hate, good, bad, and all the dual throng,
Of shinning gold or darken baser ore ;
For fetters though of gold are not less strong to bind,
Know slave is slave alone, careessed or whipped not free ;
Then off with them, Sannyasin bold ! say,
Om tat sat om."

A Sannyasin shall preserve his mind undisturbed by desires. Until a man conquers the self he cannot find divine glory—no evil inclinations would approach a man of strong faith who has once realized the all merciful fountain of good. He moves towards the Highest Truth little caring for applause or fame, may not minding the forms and rites of the order prescribed for the junior, that find it hard to harmonise actions with the ideal in view. A big tree does hardly require fencing, when the bee is outside the flower it buzzes, but when inside its petals, the sweetness overpowers the insect; so with an earnest devotee no sooner does he feel the divine presence than he enjoys tranquility and peace of mind and requires little rituals. A faithful devotee endeavours to take off the veil of ignorance that covers the final cause of the world manifestation or phenomena. Paramhansa Ramkrishna, the Great Saint of Dakhinessur in the suburbs of Calcutta said, "the sense of I" in man is the greatest obstacle in the path of God-vision. The proverb "when 'I' am dead my troubles cease" is an invaluable Truth. The sooner a man realizes that he is a non-doer, instantly the devote becomes emancipated in this life of troubles. The sense of Ego is like a dark cloud that hides the glory of the eternal spirit. By the mercy of the spiritual guide (Guru) such clouds could only be dispersed, where the glory of the infinite becomes visible. When Rama (an incarnation of Vishnu) was walking in the forest, could not see Lukshana his brother (the individual soul as it were) for Sita (Maya or the sense of Ego) was standing between the brothers. Look here, when I cover my face you don't see it though the face exists under the cover. So God is the nearest of all, but because of the Ego you do not perceive him" The sense of Ego vanishes at the approach of pure wisdom alone, which leads a man to God-vision through a state of superconsciousness. Now as regards the pure wisdom the Dakhinessur saint may be quoted with approval. He said to a Brahmo devotee who enquired of such wisdom

and its signs in real life, "when the chanting of the sound of the Lord shall bring tears on the eyes, and send a thrill through the whole physical frame of a man, there do the spiritual eyes open. In that state of mind the presence of divinity will be realized everywhere. The impure mind of man becomes attached to woman, and from attachment spring up worldliness and egotism to tide over the cruel inflictions of such attachments it is therefore incumbent upon the Sannyasins of every order and sect to avoid woman as the worst temptation. Nevertheless some of the Sannyasins do according to the dictates of *tantras* workshop Siva and Sukti in spiritual circles called *tantric chucckras*, where both male and female devotees join hand in hand. In India the female ascetic devotees are either Bhyrubees or Vyasnabess, worshippers of either Sakti or of Radha of the Puran.

To my mind it seems this violation of the cardinal principle of a sannyasin has been introduced in the community from either a misconception of Sankaracharya's life, or upon the natural affinity of the two sexes. The souls that have mutual esteem, be they of the same or of different sexes, cannot but unite in friendship or affection, when they are brought side by side by the event in life. It is not prudent to secure associate by complimentary regard. Love pure and unselfish must unite sincere friends. All men are agreed on the usefulness of true friendship. Through the friendship of an unknown woman devotee the life of the Mahatma of Dakhinessur had a great progressive impetus. Nothing in nature is either unmixed good or evil. 'The poison of snakes become potent medicines in healing fatal diseases.' In order to keep up life=long friendship, a companion must not only overlook the faults, but store in his mind the merits of his friend, and so must always be considerate and charitable. Habit of accomodating and charity for failing of others are also effectual cement to unity between persons. But to return to our theme, there are two classes of Sannyasins. First those holy men who meditate upon the Supreme Being as the formless one, and can only for the liberation of their own souls. In the second order come in those who declare also that God is though formless still in His mercy manifests himself to the earnest devotees in the form they invoke Him. They retain in them a shade of individuality to serve his Deity manifested in the creation. The Saint of Dakhinessur used

to say "those who renounce the world merely to avoid cares and sufferings, belong to the lowest class of Sadhus. But it is different with those who have renounced the world to fix their mind upon the Supreme Soul—completely detaching it from lust and wealth; who constantly seek to drink in the fountain of Divine love; who love to listen to discourses of Spiritual truths.

During the end of the past century many a Hindoo have taken to the order of Sannyasin with red clothes, and a *kamundoolu* a peculiar water-vessel—the more external form is not the Sannyasin, but it is the purity within that makes the devotee a real Sannyasin—Ramkrishna Paramhansa did rarely use black clothes or the water-vessel named before; yet he was honoured as a real Mahatma, by MaxMuller himself.

Now among the modern Sannyasin we notice the two orders as gaining prominence over the rest. I allude to the order of the Dayanundis of the United Provinces and Lahore; and the members of the Ramkrishna order (pass as *Puri*) of Bengal both of whom seem to be Karmayogins under the banner of Gita preached by Sreekrishna in the battle-field. The first professes monotheism pure and simply the other Vedantism with pantheistic inclination. But both of the orders move in religious, sociological directions, they have been setting up hospitals and asylums for the distressed. The Dayanundis in addition undertake to proselytize the *yavanas* of the ancients, as well as to raise the social status of the degraded castes among the Hindus. Both of these orders, I think, are more of missionary persuasions than for the cultivation of repressive or non-resisting faculties of the Soul. These orders of Sannyasins have to a great extent checked the progress of the Christians and the occultists in India. Now to quote the words of Ramkrishna himself "work without devotion to God has no ground to stand upon. Work apart from devotion to or love of God is helpless." This is the view of all the Sannyasins of the Vedantic school. Keep the self unattached from the works of the man. Until the sense of "I" vanishes, the mind naturally dwells in the realms of mundane tendencies, and animal propensities.

The Dayanundis, and the members of the Ramkrishna order are no doubt working a good deal assistance and help to the progress of the country; and their works are always appreciated by

the Government and the people. Their founders have very cleverly adapted the doctrines laid down in the Vedantas to suit the present state of the country. But, I think, if the old Risis are infallable, these modern Sannyasis are not at the highest or the *sattic* stage of soul.

In concluding I make bold to observe that my experience of the last thirty-five years during which period I did come in contact with a legion of Sannyasis of many a creed and colour ; but I could not find it unmixed good to associate with the holy community too frequently, so long as our persuasions are chiefly social and worldly. It is not unfrequently dangerous to test or approve of a devotee of the class—the movement of the members are like whirlwinds or cyclones having no direction to a certainty. Most of them follow prompting of their soul instead of the mind ; and we hardly see through until they graciously manifest themselves to us in true colour. As an illustration I may mention that the present great dramatist and disciple of the Dakhinæssur Saint had carried after his first meeting with his worshipful idol a very low idea of the *sadhu*. Further I have in my experience found ‘many a fool who came to scoff remained to pray’; whereas a few others who had been attracted by the fame of a devotee left him in corroding mortification. It is now a fashion among the young men of India to seek and elect a Sannyasin for his preceptor at the first visit, which brings upon them scepticism for the class, and mortification and disappointment into themselves. Beware my young brethren who desire to elect his spiritual dictator by the dint of his own intellect and vapid wisdom.

A. K. GHOSE.

DO WE SUFFER FROM OVER-WORK?

The expression 'overwork' is by no means adequate even for the purpose for which it was coined, for it fails to convey any definite meaning. A person may have worked for too long a period, or may have strained his powers of endurance, or he may have entered upon a task beyond his capabilities, or he may possibly have worked in entire disregard of the laws of physiology or hygiene. Whatever may be the facts of the case, the unfortunate result is usually described as "overwork." This being so, let us consider a few facts with a view to determining whether it is excess of work, or merely a faulty method, that is really to blame for a person's physical or mental collapse.

Doubtless we all experience sensations of fatigue at one time or another; and this experience is Nature's kindly warning that we need rest. Nature herself may therefore be compared to a sentinel who sounds an alarm when danger is at hand. The warning thus sounded, in the form of a sensation of fatigue, signifies nothing beyond this, and should not be regarded as indicating exhaustion of vital power. In other words, consciousness of fatigue by no means implies that our stock of energy is played out, or that our powers of endurance have been unduly taxed. Such is seldom, if ever, the case; and to encourage such a thought means simply a more acute state of depression. The fact is, that despite the sense of fatigue, we still have considerable reserve force left, and it is against drawing unnecessarily upon that reserve force that Nature gives timely warning. For it is only when we have exhausted our natural energy, and begin to draw unnaturally upon our force in reserve, that serious devitalisation ensues.

THE RESERVE FORCE.

Suppose we ignore the feeling of weariness or fatigue, and—thus disregarding the warning of Nature—proceed with our work by sheer effort of will. We then enter upon quite a different physical condition, because under such circumstances a demand is made upon our reserve forces, and matters soon reach a very serious state. Once the reserve force is brought into action a peculiar debilitating effect is felt; and if the new source of energy is drawn upon to the limit, the time quickly arrives when our total strength really is used up. And here comes the point to be emphasised. Assuming that we have completely exhausted our energy, the reserve as well as the natural, we are then confronted by genuine physical disaster, and it is too late even to talk of taking rest. Nature's powers of recuperation would, in such a case, have become so weakened that the work of repair cannot be accomplished. The physical condition might then be compared to that of a person who had lived upon his capital instead of keeping his expenditure within the limits of his income. In other words, the complete exhaustion of resources constitutes real *breakdown*, and this alone should be described as *overwork*.

The wearied worker should endeavour to ascertain to what extent his 'tired feeling' is real, for if the feeling is that of momentary lassitude, or even mere laziness, no warning of need for rest has been given. A practical method of determining the measure of fatigue is to trace the tired feeling to its source—that is, discover whether it is situated in that part of the system which has recently been exerted. Thus if work has been done with the brain, and the tired feeling comes in the legs, which have been resting, it cannot be regarded as indicating any approach to overwork. And *vice versa* suppose a person has just returned from a walk, and, experiencing a sensation of fatigue, stretches himself on a couch and laments a loss of physical strength. His weariness may have nothing whatever to do with his muscular machinery. What he imagines to be bodily fatigue may be purely the result of a mental condition arising from lack of pleasant companionship, or from a lazy or aimless dawdle, or from a sense of having been bored. What this person needs is not rest in the sense of bodily inactivity but another and brisker walk, or else some active mental exertion. One

frequently hears persons assert that they are 'too tired to move,' yet these supposed weary ones spring into new life on the arrival of some welcome visitor or the announcement of pleasing news. What they mistook for bodily exhaustion was merely a mental weariness, originating probably in the lack of some pleasant occupation, certainly not in a failure of their muscular power.

VARIETIES OF FATIGUE.

These illustrations will suffice to denote the case with which we misinterpret our sensations, and emphasise also the importance of discovering whether fatigue of one part is being mistaken for that of some other part. Thus we may learn that what we have been calling *overwork* is nothing more nor less than worry or boredom, the condition requiring, therefore, change of scene and occupation rather than absolute rest. As it may be added that for most normal individuals change is rest.

Another important point lies in the fact that a condition of weariness, in the majority of cases, would be more accurately described by the term *over-effort* rather than *overwork*. The fatigue in such instances is due to unnecessary strain, and the ensuing symptoms are readily mistaken for those of *overwork*. Strenuous effort is far more exhausting than continued steady toil. It is easy to see that this is due to a lack of proportion between the amount of effort exerted by the toiler and the amount of effort demanded by his task. Here the worker himself is at fault. His mode of working is characterised by pleasure, hurry, or by lack of method and the effort he puts forth in consequence involves straining his powers beyond the point required. Take a skilled mechanic at his bench and compare him with an amateur attempting a similar feat. The one works with perfect ease, and is little fatigued at the close of his day; the other is worn by anxiety, and from lack of skill puts forth a triple amount of energy with a less satisfactory result. In cases where anxiety is unduly present, the trouble may generally be traced to faulty methods of working, and is seldom, if ever, due to the magnitude of the work.

The human machine was built to work, and so long as there is

no painful consciousness of straining, or so long as we avert using force to drive the engine, so long indeed as we put the machine only to its legitimate use, we need have no apprehension for its continued welfare.

THE REMEDY.

From the few suggestions advanced above it may be adduced that the remedy for most cases of so-called overwork is not an entire cessation of labour but an improvement of the methods of working. Few cases of supposed breakdown are really due to excessive exertion, whether mental or physical; the cause is more frequently to be found in the mode of working or the lack of regularity in the periods of repose. It is not, moreover so much a reduction in the amount of one's work that is required as an economising of effort in performing the task. In many instances of faulty method if the task itself were curtailed the effort put forth would probably be as great as before. The cry for less work, in short has no basis in fact. What is wanted, rather, is reform in the method of working, and that in individual cases.

If then, it be more a question of improved method than of lessened labour, what should be done? If the first place, our business should be made one of our daily pleasures, instead of being regarded as irksome toil. Our work should become part of our ideal existence, instead of a duty discharged with the reluctances of a prisoner on the treadmill. Next we should lose sight of the task as a whole and be content with conscientiously doing a day's work in a day. Many an ambitious toiler comes to grief through making prodigious efforts to finish a task off-hand in less than normal time, and this inevitably results in *straining*, and hence abusing, the human machine. Notice that the traveller's sense of fatigue is modified while he is yet a long way from his goal. At the start he felt as though he never would reach his destination, so oppressive was his consciousness of the distance to be traversed. But as soon as he begins to note each field by the way, each milestone he passes, as marking off so much of his journey, he is conscious of making progress, and his mental strain and impatience are proportionately reduced.

Our work, whatever its nature, must be habitual, orderly, and without needless effort. Every move should count for just that much accomplished toward the desired end. It is forcing our powers after they have become jaded that is responsible for the inordinate use of our strength. Allow no consideration to excite the mind to violent effort; for only unnatural and exhaustive effort results in breakdown. It is the "stayer" in work, as well as in sport, who eventually gathers the reward of "best man."

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*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

(V)

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY EDUCATION IN INDIA.

Kisori Mohan was preeminently an English scholar though he was also deep read in the noble literature of his ancestors. Born in the preuniversity days he had the advantage of the university education. Before we present him as a school boy—not, of course, unwilling to school—it is proper that the history of English education up to the date of his academic birth be traced in brief. The history may be distributed into five periods.

In the first which may be called the preruling period, the East India Company, from almost the beginning of its commercial relation with India, opened chapels, employed missionaries, distributed the Bible and established schools in their factories. So early as in 1677 when Aurangzeb was the Emperor of Delhi, the Directors sent a school master named Ralph Orde to India “to teach all the children of their servants to read English and to write and cipher gratis.” Their further instructions were—“if any of the other nations as Portuguese, Gentoos or others will send their children to our school, we require that they also be taught *gratis*.” Much of the philanthropic spirit of the despatch was, however, marred by the rider that the students, who would seek free educa-

tion in the company's schools, were to be instructed in the principles of the Protestant Church. Under the charter of 1698 the Company became bound to maintain a minister and a school-master in every garrison. The Indians then cared little for the language of the British merchants and did not join their schools where only the sons of the servants of the Company were taught. About this time a zealous band of Lutherans headed by Zeigenbag styled as the Coast Mission came to southern India under Danish patronage, and settled at the Danish possession, Tranquebar. They succeeded in winning some Dravidians as converts by 1707 and opened a school or two for furthering their mission. English was, of course, not the curriculum in these seminaries. Tamil and other vernaculars were taught and the Mission gave a Tamil version of the Bible. It took the mission a century down to the days of Schwartz before a few hundred converts half educated in some European tongue could be secured. The partial success of the coast missionaries spurred on the English Society for promoting Christian knowledge to turn its attention towards India and send books and missionaries. The East India Company assisted the society heartily as early as from 1744. In co-operation with the British and under the patronage of the Raja of Tangore, Schwartz opened a school on a big scale at Comboconum, the priestly Oxford of South India—at the dawn of the British ascendancy. The wars with Tipoo Sultan put an end to that school. The number of the missionary institutions at that age was, however limited and the influence of their patrons, the Dutch or the British, was little. The Indians had then no necessity to learn the languages of the foreign traders. Persian was the language of the rulers. The tongue of Shadi and Hafez was cultivated by the elite and Urdu—the *lingua Franca* of India by the people at large. They avoided the missionary schools which, therefore, did not flourish. Upto the first half of the eighteenth century it was only those few desirous of doing business with the English merchants who acquired a smattering of English just as the British traders had to learn a little of Urdu and local dialects to make themselves intelligible. A few words for articles of commerce and current coins with the all-expressive trio of 'yes', 'no' and 'very well' which were deemed sufficient for the purpose of business-communication, passed for a sound knowledge

of English. Speaking of Bengal when Job Charnock established a factory at Calcutta in 1689 after repulsion from Hughli, the trade with the British went on more through signs than words. The story is well known that when the first British merchantman landed at Calcutta and the British cried out 'Dobas', 'Dobas' (meaning interpreter), a bold washerman stepped forward because the word 'Dobas' much resembled in sound the word 'Dhobi' (meaning washerman). When Calcutta prospered through trade and attracted adventurers, the Bengalees began to learn the English alphabet and vocabulary. It was at this age that Dayaram Mukherjee of Janai learnt a little of English and became rich by trade with the English merchants, as Darpanarain—the founder of the Tagore family of Calcutta—learnt French for business with the French at Chandannagore and amassed a fortune.

The second period began with the prestige of the British and ran down to 1813 when for the first time the Parliament recognised the claims of Indian education. The prestige of the Europeans was established in India by Dupleix who had the foresight of dreaming an Eastern empire. His success dazzled the Indians and soon he became the arbiter of the fate of Southern India. Had his government supported him, there would have been a French India by this time and Indians would have been found enamoured of Moliere and Voltaire instead of Shakespeare and Bacon. His meteoric career was, however, checked by a sturdy son of Britain who suddenly blossomed forth into 'a heaven-born general', and showed that the French were not invincible. With the defeat of the French and the establishment of the British power in the Carnatic, the English language achieved importance. After Clive's crowning success at Plassey it practically became the tongue of the ruling race though Persian remained the court language for some years more. The emoluments of service under the British Government induced the Indians to cultivate their language. The Company, however, could not afford facilities for English education as they entered into the career of rulers. Clive had to lay foundations of an empire slowly and silently screening the revolution from the eyes of the people. In his first governorship he was busy in setting up a double system of government and in his last days he had to combat the corruptions of the servants of the Company. His successor Cartier had to cope with the terrible

famine of 1770 which depopulated Bengal and paralysed the government. Necessarily they could do nothing for education. But the demand for the knowledge of English was growing. There were then no schools. The students whose number was, doubtless limited, had to wait upon private teachers, European and Indian. At this stage, persons like Jagamohan Mukherjee of Janai acquired a systematic knowledge of the British tongue for seeing government service. Warren Hastings too could not do any thing direct for English education. But the transfer of power from the Nawab to the British, the expansion of British trade, the establishment of the Supreme Court, the Sadar Dewani Adawlat and other tribunals, and the promulgation of printing press in his days created many openings for English-knowing people and thus gave a stimulus to English education. The Governor General, was an Arabic and Persian scholar and an admirer of Sanskrit and paved the way for orientalism. Amidst his multifarious avocation, his wars with the Marhattas, the Mysoreans and the Rohillas, his struggle in the Council chamber with a more dreaded enemy, Sir Phillip Francis, and his inglorious expeditions against Cheyt Sing and the Begums of Oudh, he found time to cultivate and encourage the oriental studies. True statesmanship dictated to him that in several branches of civil relation, the Hindu and the Musulman subjects of Britain should be guided by their own laws hallowed by tradition. He engaged famous Pandits and Moulavies for compiling Hindu and Mahomedan laws regarding inheritance, marriage, caste and religious usages. The Sanskrit compilation, *Vivadarnavasetu*, was translated into English through Persian by the elder Halhead and became the Code of Gentoo Law. The Mahomedan Code appeared under the name of Hedaya. The Provincial Courts presided over by Collectors were directed to consult *Pandits* in the administration of the Hindu law and *Moulavies* in that of the Mahomedan law. Colleges were opened in Calcutta and Benaras for giving the *Pandits* and the *Moulavies* the requisite judicial training. In 1781 the Madrissa College of Calcutta was established by the Governor General. In 1784 the Bengal Asiatic Society was founded on the model of Boyle's Royal Society and Warren Hastings waived the honour of its first presidentship in favour of Sir William Jones, the father of orientalism. The reorganisation of the judicial system, the creation of

the Police and the right solution of the Revenue problem by Cornwallis also advanced the cause of English education indirectly by throwing open many offices wherein the knowledge of English was necessary. Nothing direct for education was done during his government except the compilation of two Sanskrit digests on Hindu Law entitled *Vivadasararnava* and *Vivadabhangarnava* by Jagannatha Tarkapanchanana, and the formal foundation of the Beneras College in 1791 for the cultivation of Sanskrit. It remained a purely Sanskrit institution till 1830 when a separate English Department was opened. The two divisions were incorporated into the modern Queen's College in 1853. Nothing worth the name was also done for education in the regime of Sir John Shore except the English translation by Colebrooke of Jagannath's Code of Hindu Law.

But private enterprise was not idle. With the consolidation of the empire the number of English students and private tutors, European and Indian, began to multiply. In the early eighties Ramram Misra, who had learnt English and became a clerk to an European solicitor of the newly opened Supreme Court, set himself up as a school master in Calcutta for teaching English. Ramlochan Napat, Krishna Mohan Basu, Bhuvan Dutt, Siva Chundra Dutt followed his example. East Indians like Franco, Aratoon, Peters, Sherbourne and Messrs. Wallace and Measures opened schools which taught elements of English literature. Thomas Dyche's "Spelling Book," "Schoolmaster," the "Pleasing Tales," the "Tales of a Parrot," and the "Elements of English Grammer" formed the curriculum. The more advanced students read the "Port Royal Grammar" and the "Port Royal Logic." Those who read the "Arabian Night's Entertainment" generally passed for masters of English language, and were required to sing it before large audience in accompaniment of *Tabla* and *Mandira*. But some used really to drink deep in the fountains of western knowledge. Thus in the early days of Lord Cornwallis under private tutors Ganguli's grandfather, Siva Prasad studied for the sake of culture Shakespeare and Milton, along with Ferdusi and Hafez, and Vyasa and Valmiki. Ram Mohan Roy towered high a few years after as a linguist. The fees of the infant schools at the metropolis were very high—something like a guinea. They were available only to the boys of the rich. None but the school of Sherbourne

could stand the competition. It was in this institution that Dwarkanath Tagore, and Prasanna Kumar Tagore got their early English education. Sherbourne is said to have been proud of being the son of a Brahman mother and demanded *Pujubaksis* (gifts on occasions of Puja). His school was located near what is now the Adi Brahma Samaj on Chitpur Road. In the interior of Bengal there seems to have been no school in the days of Cornwallis.

Here is Ganguli's fine picture of the system of education in the interior of Bengal at this age of transition :—

The indigenous *Pathshalas* and their elementary curricula of arithmetic, handwriting, and *semindery* accounts, were sufficient to fill the educational wants of the mass of the people. Those on the other hand that desired to study the ancient learning of their ancestors, locked up in a highly refined tongue, found the indigenous *tols*, presided over by learned Pandits and supported by voluntary benefactions of the people on occasions of *Shradh* and marriage, to be quite adequate to their needs. A third and intermediate class of persons who desired to serve the Government of the country in those offices that were open to them, picked up a little knowledge of Persian or English by waiting upon individual teachers whose services were often remunerated by payment of small fees, and many of whom lived as private tutors in wealthy families, with the liberty of teaching *extra* pupils at hours that were not devoted to the children of their patrons. In the metropolitan Districts of Bengal there was no respectable village which had not its Persian *Moonshee* or its English teacher with dozens of pupils belonging to the immediate neighbourhood besides the children of his well-to-do patron. Speaking more particularly of the English teachers, their course of instruction consisted of a diglot vocabulary whose contents were required to be committed to memory, some little prose-works containing tales and stories, simple letter-writing and practice of English caligraphy."

The first attempt to open a regular school in the interior of Bengal was by a man destined to influence the educational history of the land. Dr. Carey arrived in Bengal in 1894 along with Thomas as representatives of the Baptist Mission Society which was founded through his instrumentality. The stringent laws against interlopers compelled him to embark a Danish Indiaman

bound for the Danish town of Serampore. After some peregrinations he could secure through the influence of his friend, Thomas, a post under Udny, an officer of the Company, in his indigo factory at Madnabati in the District of Malda. Thoms got an employment under the same officer at Mahipal. Dr. Carey was planning for propagation of Christianity in the midst of his secular duties, and thought that the establishment of a free primary school would serve his purpose. So he opened such an institution in his field of work. By 1799 his school could secure forty boys—mostly orphans whom he had ‘to maintain wholly.’ They were taught “to read and write, especially parts of the scriptures and to keep accounts.”

There was now at the head of the Indian administration a Governor-General, Marquis of Wellesley, who was awakened to the educational question by “the sensual ignorance of the Company’s servants.” He found boys in their teens removed from the English school before they had finished education and posted in India as Magistrates, Judges and Collectors to govern men. These young recipients of patronage, favoured with large incomes, possessed of immense influence, flattered by Indian subordinates and encouraged by their superiors, cast a slur on the fair name of Britain by their youthful indiscretion. The scandal became notorious and the Directors in a public letter, dated May 25, 1798, passed ‘an objurgation on the character and conduct of their servants’. Called upon to remedy the evil, Wellesly pointed out in his masterly minute of 1800 entitled *Notes On The Necessity of A Special Collegiate Training* that the civil servants of the East India Company were no longer agents of a commercial concern but were, in fact, ministers and officers of a powerful sovereign. He advocated that they should be given a sound training in India to make them equal to their duties. His idea expanded and he drew up the scheme for a grand College at Fort William which was to be “a magnificent repository of European learning and principles and Asiatic erudition—a vast moral magazine or treasury, in which the stores of learning and wisdom might indefinitely accumulate, and in which the sages of the East might find studious solitudes more attractive even than the sacred shades of Benares*. The site selected for

* See *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxiii,

this grand institution, which was intended to be the University of the British India, was "on the stately sweep of Garden Reach, where every East Indian first dropped its anchor, and the building was to be worthy of the founder who erected the Government House." The subjects proposed to be taught were ethiecs, jurisprudence, law of nations, English law, the Company's Mahomedan and Hindoo Law, political economy, history, geography, mathematics, physical sciences, Greek, Latin, English classics, the modern languages of Europe, Arabic, Persian, Sanskrit, Bengali, Marathi, Hindoostani, Telegu, Tamil and Kanarese. It was, in a word, to import the highest civil and military education and this was projected at a time when in all England there was not a single Military College. The regulation was to be on the model of English Universities, and under the control of the Governor-General and his Councillors and the Judges of the Supreme Court and the Sadar Dewani Adawlat. Rev. David Brown was made the provost and Dr. Claudius Buchanan the vice-provost as well as professor of Greek, Latin and English. Dr. Gilchrist was appointed professor of Hindoostani, Lt. J. Baillie of Arabic, and Mr. H. B. Edmonstone of Persian. The chair of law was given to Sir George Barlow. The pay of the full professorship was fixed at £1800 a year and that of teachership was Rs. 500 a month. Rev. Dr. Carey was first made a teacher and soon after a professor of Bengali and Sanskrit. The Court of Directors who did not like Wellesly because of his proposing a free trade against their monopoly, strongly objected to his favourite scheme mainly on the ground of expenditure and ordered the immediate abolition of the College. Wellesley called in the aid of the Board of Control which saved his institution but reduced its status to a seminary for instructions of civil servants of Bengal in the languages used in the Presidency. The Directors, unable to resist the reasonable claim of Wellesley for educating the civil servants, soon opened the East College of Haileybury which was abolished in 1854 when the competitive system was promulgated. If Wellesley's project had been successful, the solution of the educational problem in India would not have been deferred half a century.

The second governorship of Cornwallis, which witnessed the successful termination of the second Marhatta war and of the

mutiny at Vellore, was too short to inaugurate any educational reform. It is a wonder, however, that the educational question did not strike even Lord Minto, the Gilbert of Burke's camp, who had real sympathy with India and was a fine product of English education.

During the thirteen years from 1800 to 1813 the missionary materially helped the cause of English education though out of the ulterior motive of weaning the children of the soil from the faith of their forefathers. The foremost workers in the field at this time were the Baptist brothers who formed the Serampore Mission. In 1799 Joshua Marshman, his educated wife Hannah Marshman, and William Ward were sent by the Baptist Society to help Rev. Carey. The vexatious acts of Parliament and regulations of the Government at India, which, in their zeal to guard the monopoly of the Company, branded every European including a Britisher going to or found in the East Indies without a pass from the Company as guilty of high crime and misdemeanour and liable to fine and imprisonment, compelled the agents of the Baptist Mission to shun British territories and seek shelter of the enlightened Dutch Government. They landed at Serampore and were warmly received by the Danish Governor, Colonel Bie, who was a disciple of Schwartz. Carey removed from Madanbati to Serampore to join his new allies. The Serampore Mission, which played so important a part in the educational history of Bengal, was formed in 1800. In that very year the mission opened a free school at Serampore which got fifty pupils mostly young. As there was an effort to revolutionize their faith, their guardians were alarmed and many of them were withdrawn. The authorities then advertised that they would do nothing to compel any pupil to lose the caste and would follow a non-sectarian course. But they could not rise above sectarianism. Their school consisted of three classes. The catechumen of the first class were taught in Bengali the first principles of Christianity. The second class learnt to read and write Bengali and English and the third learnt only Bengali. The school being free was supported by subscriptions from the European community. In 1803 a Sunday school was opened on Raikes' model of Sunday schools in England for teaching catechisms in Bengali and English as the children learnt to read and write. Soon after a boarding school was opened by the mission for the

benefit of the Armenians and the Portuguese. The charges varied from £45 to £50 a year according as "Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Persian, or Sanskrit lessons were included." The energetic wife of Dr. Marshman added a girl's school. With the increase of the centres of the mission the number of its free schools, conducted on sectarian method, increased. By 1813 it could open more than a dozen schools in the interior conducted by native converts like Krishnadas, Rammohan and Sitaram who combined the duties of preachers with those of teachers. In Serampore and its vicinity about half a dozen girl's schools flourished by 1813. The mission furthered the cause of English education by also establishing printing press and translating the scriptures.

Turning to the British Parliament and politicians we see an apathy to the educational question of India till 1813. From the time the East India company was formed till Clive broke the influence of Dupleix and ousted Serajuddaula there was nothing in the conduct of a body of traders in distant India to attract the attention of the British Parliament. They had then a few factories on lands let out by the Nawab of Arcot or the Nawab of Murshidabad and they built with the permission of the deputies of the Great Moghul the Fort Saint George or the Fort William. The British legislation had then only to grant charters to this or that company and to amalgamate the rival bodies. The only instance of the king showing an interest in the affairs of the merchants was the gift of the Isle of Bombay by Charles II. His successors from James II to George II had very little concern with them. George III ascended the throne in 1760 when the British power was rising in India. The whigs were then in the ascendancy but there was division in their camp. The king was bent upon overthrowing the whig oligarchy and regaining the supremacy of the crown. The result was, to quote Macaulay, "a rapid succession of weak administrators, each of which was in its turn flattered and betrayed by the Court, had held the semblance of power. Intrigues in the palace, riots in the capital and insurrectionary movement in the American colonies, had left the advisers of the crown little leisure to study Indian politics." Chatham thought to attack the Company but fell ill. At last in 1772 the financial difficulties of the East India Company thrust Indian affairs on the attention of the Parliament.

Speech from the Throne spoke of Indian possessions and intimated a legislative interference for protection of Indians from the abuses of the servants of the Company. Two months after Sullivan, the Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors, moved the House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill for the better regulation of the affairs of the East India Company and of their servants in India and for the due administration of justice in Bengal. Next year the Regulating Act was passed creating the Governor-General and his Council, defining the privileges and duties of high officers, and empowering the Council to promulgate regulations for the conduct of Indian administration. The next legislation attempted was Fox's East Indian Bill of 1783 which wanted to place the Indian administration in the hands of the ministry, met keen opposition and was lost. The coalition ministry fell, and Pitt came to power. His bill "for the better government and management of the affairs of the East India Company," which was passed in 1784, created the Board of Control consisting of six Privy Councillors, defined the relations between the Board and the Directors and drew up constitutions for the supreme government at Calcutta and the dependent governments at Madras and Bombay. The three bills of 1786 brought many improvements such as better defining the powers of the Governor-General and making his voice supreme in the Council to avoid the scene of future Phillips outvoting future Warren Hastings. The Declaratory Act of 1788 put further check on the Court of the Directors and vested the Indian administration substantially in the hands of the ministers at home. Neither in these acts nor in minor measures passed before 1813 any reference was made to Indian education. The question did not strike the politicians of those days. Even Burke, the warmest friend of India to whom her sons cannot be too grateful for his unselfish advocacy of their cause, did not raise his voice for the educational problem of India. The British statesmen in the beginning of the nineteenth century were busy with politics at home and wars with the Americans and more particularly with Napoleon Bonaparte, which claimed their sole attention.

In 1813 the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company brought Indian problems before the British legislature. In deference to the cry of free trade which was raised in 1880 by Mr. William Rathbone, the prince of Liverpool merchants, and which swelled with

years, the Charter made great inroads on the commercial monopoly of the Company. Trade with India was thrown open to all in ships of a given tonnage and under some minor restrictions, inspite of the strenuous protests of the Company, which was compelled to keep their territorial and commercial accounts separate and was allowed to retain only the monopoly of trade with China. As a result of the break of the monopoly the obnoxious laws against interlopers were repealed. The Charter also enunciated the episcopal policy of the Indian government. The Biblical societies had been for some-time agitating for the wholesale conversion of India in profound ignorance of the state of the country and of the impracticability of the scheme. The Anglo-Indians were contending that the propogation of Christianity would result in the overthrow of British dominion in India. The ministry rightly thought that any serious effort by the State to convert the Hindus and Mahomedans would stir up the deepest antipathy of the Indians to the British rule and might lead to a revolution. The 13th clause of the Charter adopted after a long and hard contest in both the Houses, provided that sufficient facilities should be afforded by law for the admission of moral and religious teachers in India, respect being had to the existing guarantees for religious liberty on every hand, and the 12th clause created for the benefit of primarily the British in India a bishop of Calcutta to be assisted by three archdeacons and vested with diocesan authority over the whole of British India. In perfect keeping with its liberal spirit, the Charter also outlined the educational policy of the Indian government. The voice of personages like Wellesly, the increased demand of English education caused by the increase of British concern in India, and above all the irresistible march of English education in this country for fifty years though under the cold shade of official neglect, led to the recognition, though scanty, of its claim by the Parliament. A clause was inserted in the charter to the effect that "a sum of one lack of rupees was to be set apart from the surplus revenues and applied to the revival and improvement of literature and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences amongst the inhabitants of British India." This partial recognition could not, however, immediately shake off the torpor of the government of India. It was not till 1823 that the government thought it fit to draw the

grant of a lakh of rupees for education. But with the Charter, it is indisputable, dawned the third era in the educational history of British India which may be called the era of recognition.

The Charter stimulated the energies of the missionary by repealing the obnoxious laws against interlopers. The Bible Societies at home were many, and by this time their activity was in the height. The organisation of the non-baptists since known as The London Missionary Society, that of the Presbyterians called afterwards the Edinburgh or Scottish Missionary Society, that of the Church of England subsequently developed into The Church Missionary Society, the Baptist Mission etc., which were formed after Carey's society, began to send forth their agents in batches to India under the protection of the Charter. The pious Christians of England and Scotland, of whose good intentions there could not be the slightest doubt, were now labouring under the hallucination that the Hindus and Mahomedans were as much steeped in religious darkness as the aborigines of America or Africa. They thought and took it seriously to heart that the souls of a hundred millions of heathens in India were perishing. Even philanthropist like Wilberforce, who had no bigotry, declared repeatedly the recognition of the Christian teaching in India to be "the greatest object man ever pursued." Coming here with such notions, it was not strange that the missionary tried their best to what they thought as 'saving the souls of heathens.' They made widespread arrangement for bringing the Word to the people of the land. They were untiring in preaching it from the pulpit. They penetrated to the innermost part of the interior, and circulated Biblical leaflets and tracts and translations of their scriptures widely. In imitation of the Serampore Brotherhood other missions also opened schools primary and secondary. To popularise the Biblical stories they introduced them in *Kathakata* or popular recitation. Their paid *Kathaks* or reciters narrated in vernacular from daises raised under the mangoe or the peepul tree in rural Bengal the doings of Christ and his disciples. The ideas of Palestine, however, ill suited with the language of Bengal and were disfigured by wretched translations. The recitation could not draw audience. The farce of such experiment had to be discontinued. The direct preaching too had little success. With deep respect for their moral conduct and admiration for their religious zeal, it cannot but be said that the Christian fathers have, from the

beginning, committed the mistake of carrying coal to New Castle in preaching the cult of Christ to the Mahomedans and the Hindus. The Mahomedans have a faith in their prophet strong enough not to be shaken and their cult resembles Christianity. The Hindus have doctrines of faith and devotion as noble as those enunciated by the Prince of Peace. The Christian doctrines of love which is doubtless sublime, has, therefore, not been able to fascinate them so as to reject their faith which comprises doctrine of love equally high, if not higher. Then Hinduism in its flight of Vedantism has soared higher than any cult in this earth and reached the very attitude of spiritual conception. What is looked down by the cavillers of Hinduism as idolatry is not the worship of inert matter as they think but is the worship of the spirit attributed with a form that is superhuman because the worldly mind cannot think of the formless. It requires a good deal of training to make the mind stand on the formless and it is the glory of Hinduism that it alone lays down steps to attain to that height. The other cults, be it said without the slightest intention of disrespect to them, halt here. To sing the glories of a personal God like the cherubs or to enjoy *houris* for ever as the result of good acts for the few years of this life is their *summum bonum*. But Hinduism leads higher from this plane of enjoyment and duality to that of real bliss and unity where the lover and the beloved, the devotee and the object of devotion are unified in the highest existence, the loftiest consciousness and the supreme bliss. This is the reason why the hard workers in the Lord's vineyard have not been able to reap a good crop in India. It is not the religious but the material bread that the Indians are in want. The pious men of Europe would do them greater good if instead of spending millions of sterling a year on the regrettable effort of making them apostate to the exalting faith of their ancestors they can spend the amount in ameliorating their poverty, and combating the fell diseases to which they fall easy pray.

The schools and *Pathshalas* started at this time by the missionary had no better success than those started by their predecessors before. They were preachers and not teachers. They made education subservient to their church-militantism. As representatives of rival religious societies which had been sowing the Word so broad cast at home on arid ground that Cobridge remarked "we had quitted Idolatry and had fallen into Bibliotry," the Indian missionary thrust their jarring

dogmas and tenents on unwilling Indian students. Their enthusiasm for the spread of their doctrines was such that even the boys learning to read and write were taught principles of Christianity. Such was the misjudged solicitude of the biblical organisations at home for the spiritual welfare of the people of this country that they did not allow their agents even to teach the spelling without the use of this or that religious tract in accordance with their tenents. This recrudescence of missionary activity was watched with alarm by the Hindus and Musalmans and they were exceedingly unwilling to send their boys to the missionary school. The result was that the institutions for the most part rose and fell like mushrooms.

By this time appeared on the field one who may be called the father of English education in India—David Hare, who had been here in 1800 for trade and prospered. But instead of retiring to his native land with the fortune he earned by the sweat of his brow, he adopted India as his country and unsparingly spent his 'blood and treasure' for the education of her sons. His glory lies in unselfish advocacy of Indian education. He was no missionary to serve his ulterior purpose. He was no literary scholar that the chastened pleasures of literature would be his impulse. But he had a princely heart and a practical brain. He was convinced that India could not be revived without western light and strained every nerve for the spread of that hallow. He found that as long as education would not be freed from the evengelical fetters, the people of India would not embrace it with open arms, and so planned a system of education on purely literary line. He began his noble career as an encourager of the indigenous *Pathsalas*. He freely gave subsidies to the *Gurus* and prizes to the students. He kept a staff of Pandits for regularly inspecting the *Pathsalas* and suggesting their improvents. He himself opened a model *Pathsala* in Calcutta. He was often seen to trudge n palanquin inspecting this or that institution and giving all of them the benefit of his purse and brain. He was seen to move every day up to the depth of night watching the movements of truants absenting themselves from schools and ministering the sick. The sight of a *Sahib* patronising education without the slightest effort for making the boys hate their religion and customs hallowed by antiquity, was refreshing to the people. They had understood the practical benefit of English education and were eager for it. But they

were afraid of the seminaries of the Christian fathers who in the garb of education, tried to instil into the minds of their young pupils contempt for the faith of their forefathers. This was most propitious for the furtherance of Hare's noble project. He made a scheme for anglo-vernacular training to supplement the primary education of the Pathshalas and thought of opening an anglo-vernacular school. The difficulties of the success of the project cannot be understood at this age when every village is adding an institution every year. An English school in those days had to meet serious opposition from the Indians and the Europeans. The former looked upon it with suspicion as an instrument of conversion to Christianity the latter prophesied the loss of India to England upon the spread of western light. To lull the suspicion of the natives he approached the leaders of the Calcutta society like Ram Mohan Ray, and Radha Kanta Deb. Ram Mohan had already raised his standard of revolt against orthodoxy and built his church on the cult of *Brahma* worship similar to what is to be found in *Mahanirvana Tantra*. There was a high tension of feeling between him and the orthodox community. His presence instead of lulling would have aggravated the suspicions of the mass of Hindus and so he nobly kept aloof from the movement. Radhakanta Deb had got English education and was of advanced views. Though the charges of being 'Atheist' and 'anglicised' had been laid at his door by the bigotted, he was not only in touch but had an immense influence with the Hindu society. Baidyanath Mukherjee was then a leader of the Brahmans as Radha Kanta was of the Kayasthas of the city. They began to assure their communities that there was no cause of alarm as the policy of the school would be a strict non-interference with religion. David Hare embodied his scheme in a pamphlet in 1815 and went from house to house in the Indian quarters explaining it. But who was to disarm the apprehensions of the Europeans? This arduous task fell upon a high-minded European. He was none else than Sir John Hyde East, the Chief-Justice of the Calcutta Supreme Court who took keen interest in the advancement of the Indians. A meeting was convened of the people of Calcutta. It was attended not only by the rich but also by learned professors of Sanskrit. All were agreed that a school on non-sectarian line for the spread of occidental knowledge would be a boon to the country. A committee was appointed with Lt. Irvin and Baidyanath Mukerjee as joint secretaries.

David Hare magnanimously declined the honour of being a member of this committee though he placed his services unreservedly at its disposal. On August 27, 1816, the committee met to settle the final scheme. Subscriptions were raised. The plutocracy of Calcutta opened its purse. On the 20th of January 1817 the school was opened under the name of *Vidyalaya* or Hindu College. It began to teach Bengali, English and Persian and some used to call it Anglo-Indian College. The difficulty at the outset was the selection of English text-books. There was then no school-book which was not Christian in its tone. If they were placed, the Hindus would raise a storm of opposition and would withdraw their boys. The very charter of the college—*viz.*, religious non-interference, would then be violated. The superintendent cut the gordian knot by pasting passages relating to Christianity.

ASIATICUS.

AGRICULTURE & HORTICULTURE IN INDIA.

The history of the development of naturalization in India of useful and desirable plants indigenous to other countries is an interesting study. For this reason without any prefatory remarks we proceed to trace the history thereof.

In the course of the year 1838, it occurred to the Right Honorable the Governor-General to address the home authorities on the subject of the advantage likely to accrue to the British Indian Empire by undertaking, at the expense of the state, experiments on an extensive scale for naturalizing in India useful and desirable plants indigenous to other countries.

The Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company in its reply, under date the 13th of the February 1839, expressed its full concurrence in the suggestion, and intimated that a resolution had been passed, gradually to furnish means for carrying the recommendation into effect.

A copy of the despatch containing the sentiments of the Court, the Right Honorable the Governor-General in Council was pleased to have forwarded to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.

On its receipt the Society voluntarily came forward with an offer to aid, as far as it lay in its power, the purposes of the Government in an enterprise so much in accordance with its own usages and wishes, and for this purpose a Committee from among the members of the Society was formed for the purpose of suggesting such plants and trees as might be desirable for introduction into India, or that could be supplied to other countries.

In order to carry out these intentions the Committee addressed a great number of persons, and invited assistance in the form of suggestions from all quarters.

This was the second time the Society had put forth circulars inviting information from among the body of the English community in India; for in the year 1837 a list of queries, to the number of

thirty-four having reference to the general agricultural features and capabilities of the various provinces under the Bengal and Agra Governments was distributed over the country.

On the second occasion, however, the dissemination of the circular was extended to the Madras and Bombay Presidencies.

The Committee after a time had the gratification of receiving some valuable returns, especially at the hands of the Bombay Government, and the announcement of the circumstance was made to the Society in a final report, which was submitted at the General Meeting in July 1840.

The recommendations which the Committee brought up were approved of by the Society, and it was resolved, in consequence of the subsequent receipt from the Supreme Government of a copy of a despatch from the Honorable Court of Directors, dated July 24, 1839, in which it is said—"we purpose from time to time to print and publish such information as may come before us calculated either to extend the knowledge of the productions of India, to increase their amount, improve their quality, or give stimulus to the demand for them; and we desire that you will cause similar measures to be taken for effecting the same objects throughout India," to transmit the Report to Government with the several communications which had been received in reply to both the circulars, in order that the Government might see the real nature of the documents which the Society had chosen to recommend to favourable consideration, and if it thought proper, incur the expense of preparation and publication by the Society.

The Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council was pleased in reply to express his "thanks to the Society for the communication of the papers, which though they embraced a less wide range than might be desired, were deemed most valuable, and in some instances did very great credit to their writers, from the well-directed zeal and spirit of observation which they displayed."

His Lordship in Council therefore intimated that he "readily sanctioned the expense which would be necessary for the publication of such portions of them as the society might deem useful."

Under these auspices the papers now given to the public make their appearance. As a first attempt to bring together a few of the many wants of India, it is thought that they may not

prove uninteresting, although it must be avowed that the results are extremely imperfect. Nevertheless the information received is, in many respects, valuable, and it is hoped that the publicity now given to them may lead to further and yet more important researches.

Of the objects which suggest themselves, after their perusal, as worthy of being well-worked out,—the interchange of plants between Bombay and Calcutta—the growth, price, and manufacture of the *Sansevieria*—the preservation and stocking of fodder for the dry season, and particularly the application of the refuse leaves of the sugarcane to this purpose, may be mentioned as appearing to invite notice.

TRANSMISSION OF SEEDS TO AND FROM INDIA.

The advantages being undoubted, and the prospects of success great, the Court of Directors of the East-India Company determined on not allowing the opportunity, offered by the speedy communication with India, to escape, of spending to that country the materials for growing there the plants suited to its varied soils and climate, and such as are likely to conduce to the improvement of the country, and the benefit of the people; obtaining also from its mountains such as are suited to the climate of Great Britain. The subject was brought under the notice of the Court of Directors by a despatch from the Governor-General, dated Simla, 16th August 1838, intimating that his Lordship had addressed an order to the officers in charge of such districts in the North-western provinces as are either within, or which border on, the Himalayan range, instructing them to collect in the autumn, suitable seeds, bulbs, and roots, for transmission overland to England.

The Governor-General, advertng to the facilities afforded by the steam communication, and referring to the interest known to be taken by the Court in increasing the vegetable riches of the two countries, expresses a hope, that such useful seeds and plants may be sent out to India, as may gradually be naturalized in that country, and recommends inquiry being made in this country for advice on the subject.

On the importance of the subject contemplated by Lord Auckland, and sanctioned by the Court of Directors, it is scarcely

necessary to offer any remarks. So large a share of the wealth of every country is composed of its vegetable productions, and those productions in such a variety of ways minister to supply the wants of man, that to increase their number or improve their quality, cannot fail to be regarded as a benefaction to the country thus enriched.

Indebted as man is to the vegetable kingdom for food, shelter, and clothing, for the means of restoring health, and assuaging pains, the propriety of Government's promoting the introduction of valuable plants into the countries over which they rule can scarcely be questioned. In India, particularly, the duty of acting upon these views is enjoined by peculiar reasons. The productive powers of the soil will give every advantage to the attempt of those disposed to call them forth, and the people being accustomed so generally to a vegetable diet, renders it important to secure to them, as large a supply and as great a variety of such diet as possible. The occurrence of those severe visitations of Providence, by which the happiness of the people is for the time destroyed, and even the preservation of existence rendered almost impossible, calls imperatively for the adoption of any measures, such as the introduction of plants less dependent on rain, which might tend to avert such calamities, or alleviate their effects. The commercial position of India requires a large amount of exchangeable productions, and these must be raised from the soil, for it is to agriculture that India must look for the means of engaging in commerce.

Carried to its legitimate extent, the plan for the enrichment of India by such vegetable productions as are adapted to the country would be a most extensive one; for, as is observed by Dr. Lindley, "from the great extent of the British possessions in India, and the infinite modifications and combinations of soil and climate to be found within them, there can be no doubt whatever that almost every production of every climate, except the Arctic, may be so completely naturalized, that where they are of any importance as objects of cultivation, they may be brought to all the perfection of which they are susceptible in other countries."

It has accordingly been recommended that the gradual introduction, from every part of the world, into India, of every variety

of tree and plant adapted to its climate, should be an object steadily kept in view. Also, that such measures should immediately be taken as may be necessary to secure a supply of seeds for future seasons in such quantities as seem desirable, with reference to the means that may exist for their cultivation.

In the Proceedings of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, of the 12th of June 1839, we find that the Governor-General had forwarded to the Society the despatch of the Court of Directors to the Governor-General of India, of the 13th of February 1839, together with the letters which had been written by Dr. Lindley, and the writer of these remarks, in reference to this subject. The Court say: "We are sensible of the importance of the subject to which, in the letter under reply, you have directed our attention, and we have resolved on gradually furnishing you with the means of carrying on extensively experiments for naturalizing in India useful and desirable plants, indigenous in other countries." We have forwarded some varieties of seeds, &c., highly important either as affording articles of food, or possessing medicinal virtues, and they will deserve all the attention that can be afforded them." "We shall continue at the proper seasons to send supplies of other varieties, and it is our wish that the greatest care should be bestowed, with a view to their naturalization, for the benefit of the country."

"With regard to the collection of seeds for transmission to this country, we are of opinion, that the expediency of bearing in mind the nature of the climate to which they are to be exposed should be impressed upon those to whom the task is to be committed."

The Society, after the reading of the despatch and its enclosures, determined, in furtherance of so "useful and philanthropic an object,—that in reference to the communication now read from the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and with the view of aiding as far as possible, the intentions therein expressed, and the labours of those scientific gentlemen at home, who have so kindly interested themselves in the subject—a Committee be formed for the purpose of suggesting such plants and trees as may be thought desirable for introduction into India, and those that can be furnished in return, and that the Committee be instructed to obtain communications

from the Branch Societies and other available sources throughout India."

The measures which were adopted here in consequence of the resolution of the Court it is unnecessary to particularize, as more fitting occasions may occur for entering into the necessary details. To obtain complete success will require only perseverance, and a systematic arrangement of the means adapted to the ends in view. The roots and seeds requiring tropical culture should be in India by the middle of June; that is, at the beginning of the rainy season. Those intended for cultivation in the plains during the cold weather, should arrive in October and November, while such as are to be sown in the Himalayas need not be there before March, or even April.

The seeds obtained from various sources may be sent in separate parcels as intended for warm or for cool climates, as for Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Saharunpore, or for the Hills of Mahabhaleshwur, Neilgherries, Darjeeling, Mussooree, and Simla. Wherever practicable, the Botanic Gardens or their nurseries seem the most suitable situations for the first cultivation of the various seeds or plants which may be introduced, but the Gardens of the several Horticultural Societies at the Presidencies might be equally advantageous wherever they are desirous of joining in the experiment. Whenever a plant has become established, or its seed has ripened in one garden, these should be distributed to the others which have been enumerated, or to the several branch Horticultural Societies which have been established, or to individuals who are inclined to pay the requisite attention to such pursuits. The several gardens in different parts of India ought also to interchange their several products, even their indigenous and long-established cultures, more freely and systematically than has hitherto been the case. Gardeners and Farmers in Europe seldom continue to cultivate from the seed constantly ripened in their own grounds, but interchange with, or purchase from others, what these again are ready to do with theirs.

The seeds of a great variety of plants were sent by the monthly mail at different times to the several Botanic Gardens and to the Agricultural Societies of Calcutta and Bombay.

With regard to the time and state of the arrival of the seeds in India, Dr. Wallich, expressing his grateful thanks to the Court of Directors, wrote on the 24th August 1839, that the noble packet of seeds despatched on the 11th of May had arrived there on the 12th July. The seeds having been immediately sown, several had already vegetated; of these, the highly interesting Sea Island Cotton germinated in four days. Of the moderate supply of the latter, he had furnished small quantities to a number of practical men, as Capt. Jenkins and Dr. Wight. He particularly requests that assortments of seeds may be continued to be sent, especially those from South America and the West Indies, as they succeed, in general, remarkably well, and that on his part he would do his utmost to reciprocate, by endeavouring to obtain the sort of temperate zone seeds that are so much desired in England.

Dr. Falconer, to whom the first supplies had been sent, complains of the packing not having been sufficient to keep out the wet, as some Mahogany seeds and others had arrived in a damp and rotten state. India rubber cloth having been adopted for the packing of all the subsequent despatches, he writes. "Your August and September despatches have arrived in excellent order. The double India rubber mode of packing is admirable—it could not be better." The seeds he describes as excellent of their kind, and the supply of vegetable seeds as exceedingly valuable. He requests a fresh supply, so as to reach him in February for sowing in the hills, also as many flower seeds as possible, both for sowing in the hills and plains.

The seeds collected in India, as is evident from the diversified nature of the country, will require very different kinds of climate. The kinds most valued here are such as are suited to the climate of the country, and therefore can only be obtained in the mountains, at such elevations as the region of Oaks. Those first sent, having been collected by the zeal of several officers, were more promiscuous in nature than is esteemed by the generality of horticulturists. But the latter collections have been excellent in selection, and packed so perfectly well, as to arrive here in as fresh a state as possible. This is evident from the following documents of the vegetation of seeds which hardly ever vegetated here before.

Speaking generally, it may be said that it is desirable to send a selection rather than a great variety of seeds. At first, from being collected in different localities, and by different individuals, many duplicate parcels were sent. It seems advisable, therefore that seeds collected for transmission to this country should be forwarded to the Superintendents of the Botanic Gardens in the different presidencies, who should, with as little delay as possible, inspect, select, and if possible, name such as it was deemed necessary to send, and to separate the few from the plains and valleys requiring a hot climate from those suited to the open culture of this country. The kinds of seed most valued here are those of ornamental or useful flowering plants and shrubs, or such as are likely to be useful as timber trees, or otherwise. By this means though the bulk and number of the packages would be curtailed their value would remain undiminished.

The seeds received were distributed to public gardens, and to distinguished individuals, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, keeping in view the interchange of seeds. The majority of those to whom seeds had been sent expressed their intention of sending others in return, and many had already done so. I may instance Count Woronzow and M. A. De Candolle, as having already done so from the Continent. The opinions of Dr. Lindley and Messrs. Loddings shew the success attending the new mode of transmission with seeds received chiefly from Dr. Falconer.

A RETIRED MEDICAL MAN.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

The spiritual life of a man branches out into two divisions, of Devotion and Action. We shall speak first of Devotion endeavouring to furnish some thoughts which may be practically useful to the reader in his efforts to maintain communion with God; and then of Active Life,—the spirit in which its duties should be fulfilled and its difficulties surmounted. And as ejaculatory prayer is, in fact, the intermingling of devotion with action,—as it is the meeting point of prayer and service,—we shall give it a middle place between the two, and use it as a bridge, whereby to pass from the first to the second division of our subject.

First, then, to speak of Devotion, which for our present purpose may be all summed up in one word, Prayer. There would be less of formality in prayer, and far more of strength and enjoyment in it, if men did but grasp the idea of what prayer is. But simple as the idea is, it requires an effort of mind to master it; and while we are willing enough to pay mechanically our daily tribute of homage at the Throne of Grace, natural slothfulness always recalcitrates against an effort of mind. Gradual ascent is as necessary to the mind, in order to its reaching a great idea, as it is to the body in order to its reaching a great height. We cannot ascend to a pinnacle of a cathedral, which towers aloft in air without either steps or an inclined plane. We cannot reach the summit of a mountain without first toiling up its base, then traversing its breast, and then, successively, crossing the limits where verdure passes into crag, and crag into a wilderness of snow. Even when we have gained the highest point, we are still, it is true, at an infinite distance from the blue vault of the firmament which stretches above our heads. Still we have a better and more exalted view of which that firmament is; we have at least risen above the fogs and mists which obscure its glory; and the air which encompasses us is transparent to the eye, and invigorating to the frame. Now the law of man's bodily development is also the law of his mental development. Both must be gradual. No grand idea can be realized except that succes-

sive steps and stages, which the mind must use as landing-places in the ascent. But what if the mind, after all its toil, should prove unable fully to master the idea, as must be the case where the idea to be mastered is connected with God and things divine? It does not at all follow that therefore our labour has been lost. We have, at all events risen to a higher level, where our view is more transparent, more elevating, more sublime, and where the play of the thoughts is invigorating to the inner man. And now let us apply these reflections to the subject in hand.

Prayer is nothing more or less than the "coming to God." Now the bare conception of this thing, "coming to God," is sublime and ennobling to the highest degree. But we are familiar with the idea, and our very familiarity with it—the currency of it among religious person and in religious books—has worn off the sharp edges of it, until it has ceased to have any definite impress. Let us see and pray that the idea may revive with some power in our minds. And this we will do by a series of hypotheses, which shall be as steps for the mind in its ascent.

Let us suppose as the first step, that we enjoy the privilege of opening our minds to, and consulting in our every difficulty and trial, the very wisest, and best, and most powerful man upon earth. Suppose that such a person resided in our immediate neighbourhood, so as to be at all times easily accessible to us. Suppose that his doors stood open day and night, and that he had left instructions with his servant never to deny him to us. Suppose that, from his repeated invitations, coupled with the well-known sincerity of his character, we were perfectly assured that he would give his whole mind to any case which we might lay before him and consult for us to the best of his ability, and with the keenest interest in our welfare. Can there be any doubt that the doors of this wisest, and best, and most powerful of all men would be besieged with applications for admission to his presence, and that even where persons in distress were not immediately extricated by his advice, it would be a great relief to their minds to hear him, say, "This is an intricate case, and will require a great deal of management; but be assured I will bear it in mind, and take such measures in it as are most for your welfare?"

But the judgment of even the wisest and best men, while in the flesh, is liable to be warped by many influences, Mixed up

inevitably with earthly interests, and looking at things more or less through the medium of public opinion, they are not now as impartial judges of truth and right as they will be when separated altogether from the world. Let us imagine then this great separation to have taken place,—the just man to have been “made perfect” and to be now lying in Abraham’s bosom, his mind stocked not only with the experiences of life, but with the thousand additional lessons of heaven and earth. Imagine his spirit to be accessible after death (as some pretend that disembodied spirits are accessible) to those in whom he left, while living, their strongest interest. Let us suppose, to make the image more definite still, that he is a father, who has always had, during life, a word of counsel and sympathy, and a hand of succour for his children; and that it has so come to pass that death has not cut them off from this resort. Doubtless, they would avail themselves of the privilege with great eagerness; the difference between the consultations with the living and the departed parent being chiefly this, that a certain awe would rest upon their minds in the latter case, from the reflection that they had to do with the inhabitant of another world, and that the advice given would be doubly valued, coming (as, on the hypothesis, it does) from a sphere where all errors of judgment are thought to be corrected.

Prayer, like faith, (of which it is the voice and expression) is a thing perfectly simple in idea, but exceedingly difficult of execution. If you can pray aright, you have mastered the great secret of the spiritual life; but easy as it is to understand theoretically what right prayer is, it is far from easy to practise it. The difficulties, if traced to their origin, arise, no doubt, very much from the fact that our adversary, the Devil, is fully aware of the power of real Prayer, and therefore sets in operation all his devices to harass, distract, and disquiet every earnest petitioner. So long as a man’s prayers are dead and lifeless exercises, and act as an opiate to the conscience, without exercising any sanctifying influence on the character, oft it meets with no opposition from this quarter; but let it once pass out of the domain of form into that of real communion with God, and it is sure of disturbance in one shape or another,—sure of falling far below the mark which the petitioner sets before him. Con-

sider what perfect trifles to the man even the worst trials of life would become, and with what ease the most formidable temptations would be mastered, if prayer always opened to him the gate of Heaven, as perhaps it has seemed to do on some favoured days ; as it might do always, if there were not certain disturbing influences, constantly drawing it down, as with the force of gravitation, to a lower level. One of the earliest of these disturbing influences, of which the awakened soul becomes conscious, is the temptation to leave off, when the exercise promises to be dry and barren, and when the mind is much harassed by distractions. When we fail to derive from Prayer comfort, we give up the attempt, because it meets with discouragement at the outset. Now this like most other defects of practice, is traceable ultimately to an error of principle. We have forgotten that Prayer is an act of homage to Almighty God ; we regard it simply in its bearing on the spiritual welfare of man,—on his inward peace, light, strength, and comfort. We become utilitarians as to Prayer, and secretly think that where no sensible benefit is derived from it, it need not be pursued any further. And if Prayer were only valuable for its effect upon the mind of man,—if it had no higher significance than this,—the reasoning would be just. But if Prayer be truly a sacrificial act, an act of ministry on the part of the Christian, a homage rendered to the Majesty of Heaven, then to abandon it in disgust, because it cannot be performed with entire comfort and satisfaction to our own minds, instead of being regarded as a recognition of the spirituality of Prayer (which is the light we are apt to view it in), ought to be regarded as a dereliction of duty. It is a peevish indulgence of self, by which God is robbed of His incense,—nay,—let the rule invariably be this: *where you cannot pray as you would, pray as you can*. It was the quaint but excellent saying of an old saint, that a man should deal with distractions in Prayer as he would deal with dogs, who run out and bark at him when he goes along the street,—walk on fast and straightforward, and take no notice of them. Persevere in presenting yourself to God during the period for which the Prayer ought to last, and would last under happier circumstances. He loves to draw our perseverance in Prayer, loves the indication thus given that amidst all discouragements the soul clings obstinately to Himself.

THE PROTECTING HAND OF GOD.

Sudhangsu Churn Bose, as his patronymic implies, was a *Kaesthu* by birth. He was ushered into existence, with a silver spoon in his mouth and after various vicissitudes, which come to all mortals in this sublunary world, was left an old bachelor, at the age of two score and ten, with some money in his pocket and a hearty, jolly disposition, brought on by perfect digestion and an equanimity of temper which makes one, to cry out "hail fellow well met" at the sight of a stranger. Sudhangsu has no family of his own and lived with a distant relative, who utilized his education and services by placing at his disposal a small room on the third floor, accessible by a flight of steps, which took one's breath away to go through. He paid for his own living which did not cost much and was frugal in the extreme. People liked Sudhangsu very much, as he had the knack of not treading on anybody's corn. He would hear with the greatest zest, a flat, imbecile story and would never think of contradicting anybody, even if he asserted to have seen white crows. He had, therefore, no enemy and would not care to create any, for all the wealth of the Indies. He was on the best terms with the proprietor of the house in which he lived. The proprietor—Ram Kanto was a young man of means, with no education worth the name. He was a sprig of Fashion and associated himself with companions, who were given to wine and women. As is quite natural, under the circumstances, Ram Kanto, in a short time, became a topor and had a woman of the town, in his keeping. Within one short year, Ram Kanto lost all sense of shame and openly lived with this vile woman, sacrificing his wife and children, whom he would not care to see. The poor wife was always in tears and although she bewailed her lot in her heart of hearts, yet not a word of reproach escaped from her lips. Like a true, devoted Hindu wife, she bore up every thing and had a smiling countenance for those who came

in contact with her. Sudhangsu saw all that was passing around him, but kept quiet for sometime. At last the care-worn features of the poor wife, her patience in distress and her fulfilment of all duties, appertaining to her position as the *kutri* (mistress) of the household, attracted his attention and appealed to his manhood and he made up his mind, whatever may happen, to move and fight for the lady. Without divulging his secret to anybody, he made exhaustive enquiries about Ram Kanto's paramour and found out, that though in the keeping of the man, she had got a fond gallant, who visited her daily, whenever the road was clear by the foolish Ram Kanto being overpowered with strong drink. The woman would ply glass after glass and coax him to drink, till at last, he fell down senseless and snored heavily till the small hours in the morning. Such heavy drink, without any substantial food, told upon Ram Kanto's nerves, which were so much shattered that it was painful to look at Ram Kanto's wan, listless, pale countenance which was hitherto so florid and jolly. One day, finding Ram Kanto at home, Shudhangsu brought out the topic of his mistress on the tapis and quietly intimated, that he was losing health, money, and reputation for the sake of a creature, who was not worth a twopence for her so-called attractions. Sudhangsu waxed warm and characterized the man as not only foolish, but depraved, who spent a large sum of money for a worthless woman, who sold herself to the first man, who could flatter her vanity, although she cared nothing for the man, with whose money, she was growing fat and fickle. He went so far as to say, that the woman, cherished a fond gallant and would not scruple to throw him over board, neck and crop, if she had the wherewithal to shew herself in her true colour. The subject of the conversation reached the ears of the woman and from that date, she vowed to wreak vengeance upon the devoted head of Sudhangsu. A vile, angry woman is capable of anything and will go to any length, to bear down upon an enemy, who must look sharp or else he goes to the wall.

CHAPTER II.

The Bijoya Dashami (the day of the immersion of the great Goddess Durga in the river) is held sacred all over Bengal. After the lapse of a full year, people return to their hearths and homes, to be united with their near and dear. Peace and good

will prevail in every household and the proverbial hatchet is buried for the time being. At candle light, people embrace each other heartily and offer *siddhi* and sweets for consumption. Sudhangsu had gone to the river-side to witness the *bhasan* (immersion in water) of the Goddess and had come back home, after sunset. He was seated in his room, singing the burden of a Bijaya song in a low key. A feeble lamp was throwing up its flickering light into the room, barely illuminating the darkness around. Footsteps were heard and Singhi Churn Das the Dewan of Ram Kanto slowly entered the room holding in his hands a cup and some *sandesh* (a sort of sweetmeat). He bowed to Sudhangsu and said "Sir, *Ginnima* (mother mistress) has sent this cup of *siddhi* and some *sandesh* to you, with her bijaya greetings."

"Keep the *siddhi* and *sandesh* on the table and convey my *pranams* to the *kutri*."

"The *kutri* has directed me to take back the cup."

"Well, I'll drain off its contents and make it over to you."

Suiting his words to action, he quaffed off the *siddhi* and placed the cup on the table. As soon as he had done so, he shook like an aspen leaf and ejaculated words, denoting extreme pain. With great effort he said:—

"What have you given me to drink, my head is reeling and I am suffocating. Surely, it is some powerful, irritant poison. For God's sake, bring a doctor or else I would be a dead man. Singhi Churn do you hear me? Why are you standing like a puppet. Are you also in this plot? Save me, Singhi Churn, I've always befriended you."

This heartrending exhortation had no effect upon the man, who was evidently familiar with the pernicious sinister plot that has been hatched to injure, if not to kill, Sudhangsu. All of a sudden, he fell down senseless, writhing in pain and foaming in his mouth. Singhi Churn looked composedly at the victim, a vicious smile puckered up his lips and he left the place in great glee, quietly rubbing his hands. He went straight to the apartments of Ram Kanto's mistress and informed the woman that the poison had taken effect.

The news overjoyed the woman to such an extent, that she burst out into a fit of guffaw. Steadying herself she said, well done, old fellow. I will give you something for your pains" going up

to her *almirah*, she opened it and taking out a bundle of *G. C.* notes made them over to the man, who pocketed them coolly and then left the place, after saluting the woman with folded hands.

CHAPTER III.

Ram Kanto's wife was apprized of Sudhangsu's severe illness. She was much affected and lost no time to send for a medical man. The doctor found out, at a glance the real cause of his patient's suffering and administered emetics, which had the desired effect. soothing restoratives were then given and the poor patient fell into a deep slumber. On being questioned, the doctor said, that he had been able, through God's providence, to save life, but that the patient would very likely lose his senses, considering the poison he had imbibed. He said—"I am afraid, somebody inimical to Sudhangsu had administered the poison, which fortunately had not been fully-absorbed. If I had only been late by half an hour, the man would have undoubtedly died. The emetics and restoratives have faithfully done their duty and the crisis is over. I now stipulate for one thing. Nobody should be permitted to handle the patient's medicines or edibles. I have my reasons for what I say. The patient should be properly watched. I will now leave him and come early tomorrow-morning." The medical man, after pocketing his fees, left the room. The *kutri* who had heard every thing, sent for Sarna, one of her faithful maid-servants. She was strictly enjoined to remain in the room, to administer medicines at the indicated hours and not to allow any body to enter the room or have anything to do with the patient. The mistress of the house then left the place and went to her room, where she was cogitating about Sudhangsu's illness and the sinister light the doctor threw upon its origin. She could not, for the life of her, make out, why of all men, Shudanghsu—an inoffensive, guileless and good man, should be chosen as victim. There must, she thought, be some diabolical plot hatched to ruin, if not to kill, the poor fellow. At this juncture, Bilas—another maid servant, entered the room and expressed surprize that the *Ginni* had not, at that late hour, taken her meals for the night "Bilas" answered the mistress "I've no inclination for food to-night. Sudhangsu's pitiable condition is absorbing my thoughts. Could you tell me, who could have administered poison to a good and true man, like him? I thought, he had

no enemy in the world" "Ma. Thakrun" replied Bilas "we poor servitors have more than a pair of ears and hence we come to know many strange things. It is for your sake, that Sudhangsu Babu has created a deadly enemy and she has vowed to wreak vengeance on him. That old rascal Singhi Churn Das has, through the judicious bestowal of money gifts, been enlisted as a pliant tool for the nefarious project and it is that *budmash* who had administered the poison to Sudhangsu. The *ginni* was taken aback and asked the maid-servant to explain more fully. Bilas said "Mother, finding you sad and pensive, Sudhangsu naturally thought that your husband was neglecting you. The idea incensed him and he ardently wished to redress your grievances. With that purpose, he held a conversation with the Babu and adroitly brought the character of his mistress on the *tapi's*. Waxing warm, he gave vent to his feelings and said "that for the sake of a worthless creature, who allows other people to come to her, when the coast is clear, you are neglecting your jewel of a wife. Do you know, that by incessantly plying wine to you, you are made miserably drunk and then she permits other men to enjoy her company" Sudhangsu's denunciation came to the knowledge of the woman and she has caused the poison to be administered to him through the agency of that pliant, unprincipled tool—Singhi Churn."

The mistress replied "what was dark to me is now clear as the noonday sun, but how came you to know all these facts?" "Mother" answered Bilas "through the instrumentality of Chundra—a friend and companion of mine, who is the favourite maid-servant of the detestable courtesan."

Dismissing her maid-servant for the night, the mistress of the house heaved a heavy sigh, shed some hot tears and then made up her mind to save Sudhangsu from the clutches of his inveterate foes.

CHAPTER IV.

Early next morning, the *kutri* sent for Raghubur—an old, trustworthy Durwan, employed in the family for more than two decades. Raghubur was a good, kind man, who was entirely devoted to her mistress, for whose sake, he would not scruple to do anything. On the Durwan making his *salam*, the *kutri* said "I am entrusting you with a duty, which must be cleverly performed. The matter should be kept a dead secret and you should

do the work single-handed—are you prepared to meet my wishes ? ” “ Mayee replied Raghubur ” I am, at all times, your faithful servant, who will die before he can think to disobey you. Tell me please, what is to be done and I will do it faithfully and quietly. By the blessed name of Sita Ram, I vow to obey you implicitly ” “ My son ” said the *kurtri*, “ several low, degraded people have conspired to kill Sudhangsu Babu and it is our solemn duty to save him. Take him away from this wretched place, during the small hours of the morning, cross the river and keep him concealed in some place of safety. Remain with him for some time and when you find him capable of taking care of himself, leave him and come to me. I will hand over to you the necessary funds and ask you to do the job, this very night.

“ I will do your bidding, mother, answered the Durwan, let me now go and make my own preparations.”

“ Well said, my boy, here is a purse, containing two hundred rupees. Take this and be ready to start at a moment’s notice.” *salaming* to his mistress, the Durwan took the purse and went away.

The *kurtri* at once went to the room of Sudhangsu and found him so far recovered as to be able to carry on a rational conversation.

“ Sudhangsu said the *kurtri*.” I know what had taken place and the enemies who are bent to take your life. I must save you and have, for that purpose, made my arrangements, leave this house, with Raghubur, during the early hours of the morning and he has been directed to remain with you and take you to a place of safety. Trust him implicitly and if you want to send me any message, speak to Raghubur and he will let me know your wishes to me.

“ I have been said Sudhangsu ” motherless and fatherless from infancy. You have always been a-mother to me. Your least wish is to me a command, which I am bound to obey religiously. I will leave the house at the hour indicated by you. Give me the dust of your feet, it will keep me safe from danger. I have only one request to make to you. Take away my pillows and keep them in a safe place. Let no body have access to them. I have my reasons for what I say.”

“ All right ” said the *kurtri* “ God bless you and keep you safe from harm’s way.”

Saying this, the *kurtri* left the room. Sudhangsu was deeply

moved with the kindness of the lady and the solicitude, she displayed for his welfare that memorable night, Sudhangsu had not a wink of sleep. He was fully attired and sat up in bed, ready to start at a moment's notice. A feeble lamp was burning in the room and beyond the low moanings of the wind, a deep silence prevailed over the big house. Every body, seemed to be hushed up into repose. A chiming clock in the next room, proclaimed the hour of two in the morning, when cautious footsteps were heard and the faithful Raghubur entered the room. After saluting Sudhangsu, he said "Babuji, come away, everything is ready for a start."

Without making any reply, Sudhangsu stood up and they both left the room, with noiseless steps and slow, coming out of the house through the back door, they walked up to a narrow lane, where a *ticca ghari* was waiting for them. They got inside the vehicle, which rattled away at a decent pace evidently, the Jihu had his instructions previously, as nobody uttered a single word. Coming to the side of the Ganges, the *ticca ghari* was dismissed and the Durwan hailed for a boat which was handy. Coming to the Surrey side of the river, they briskly walked for sometime, till they reached an isolated, quiet place on the out-skirts of Sulkea. Reaching a tiled hut, encompassed all round by a low mud wall, the Durwan softly hailed for Lalu. An old man, with grey hair and whiskers, opened the door. He had a lantern in his hand and quietly asked the new-comers to come in. They entered the place and the door was promptly fastened by Lalu. There were only two rooms and a cow-shed. The new-comers were taken to the biggest of the rooms on the left and Lalu spread a mat on the floor. When they were all seated, a *chillum* was made ready and they all had a hearty smoke. At last, the Durwan said "Lalu, give us a pillow so that the Babuji may rest for a while."

Day dawned and the sun rose resplendent and shed a flood of life and light on the universe. Lalu was sent out to bring eatables and the Durwanji cooked the necessary food for Sudhangsu. A week passed away quietly and the Durwanji was anxious to meet his mistress, with a view to get necessary funds. One night, Raghubur started for Calcutta, but before he had left the place, he especially cautioned Sudhangsu from going out of the house, during the day time. "You may, Babuji, said Raghubur" take a walk after

night fall, but do not go out in the day time, as you would be courting danger. Your enemies are powerful and they are not listless in the matter. Take my word, they are moving heaven and earth to find you out."

"I will" replied Sudhangsu "remember your word of caution and must be discreet. You can, however, take a letter from me to the *kutri*."

"Excuse me, Sir, said Raghur" I won't do such a thing. If you have any thing to say, tell me and I will inform the *kutri* accordingly. Letters are dangerous things and should be dispensed with."

"I have implicit faith in you Raghur and I will abide by what you will say. Tell the *kutri* to tear up the pillows I have left with her. She will find something within the covering of the pillows. Let her keep, whatever she will find carefully and secretly."

"I will not fail to inform the *kutri*, about what you have said. I will now bid you good bye—*Salam Babuji*. Keep up you health and spirits, till I return.

Saying this, Raghur quietly left the place and walked on with spirit. He had not, however, noticed two ruffians, who followed him, evidently bent upon mischief.

CHAPTER V.

Raghur had come to the banks of the river and was on the look-out for a ferry boat, to take him across the river. Unfortunately for him, not a single boat was available in that *ghat*. So he walked on to go to another *ghat*. He had only gone a few yards to the south, when the miscreants who were tracking him from a distance, quickly came by his side. One of them said "Durwanji, you are looking out for a boat to go to Calcutta. We too have come on the same errand, let us go together."

Raghur replied "who says I want to go to Calcutta. I expect a friend, who should have come here by this time. So, please take your own course. I will return from whence I came." The second ruffian said "you are such an amiable man, that we are tempted to bear you company. "Allow us, please, to go with you" "Aha" said Raghur "you are bent on mischief. So have a care, I warn you both."

The miscreants broke out into a guffaw and said "Thank you, Durwanji, for your fatherly and sage advice. We are two upon one. So you can do very little if we really mean mischief." Saying this, the man attempted to take hold of Raghur's hand. He was on the alert and shook him off. Both the *gundas* then tried to lay hold of Raghur. He was too sharp for them and foiled them in their attempts to pinion him. Finding Raghur a match for them, the fellows lost their temper and abusing him in vile language, attempted to beat him with stout cudgels, which they had on their hands. Raghur effectively parried the blows, and with the stick, which he had with him, forcibly struck one of them on the knee-joint. The man fell down on the ground with an oath. The blow was so effective, that his knee-cup was smashed and the man could hardly get up. His companion, seeing the turn of affairs, took to his heels and was out of sight in a moment.

KHAGENDRA NATH ROY.

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*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

(VI)

Hare watched his infant institution with paternal care and every day attended it and exerted day and night for the intellectual welfare of the students. To supply the demand of non-sectarian books in English and vernacular he established in the year 1817 the "Calcutta School-Book Society." The next year for the advancement of vernacular education he opened another organisation under the name of the Calcutta School Society. He was elected its honorary secretary and Radhakanta Deb became his honorary assistant. This society published in 1820 *Baran Paricharya* (the first book of lessons) and *Nitikatha* (a moral class book) written by Radhakanta for it to supply the elementary class books in vernacular. Many Indians and Europeans, clerical, and lay, joined the School Society. But David Hare was its life and soul. While all the members did not subscribe more than a thousand rupees a year, Hare, without a word of demur or parade, contributed not less than six thousand rupees annually and that for about twenty years. The society established a number of primary vernacular schools at several places of Calcutta. In one of them at Adpuli, Krishna Mohan Bandopadhyaya got his early education. The society also opened two English institutions. That at Pataldanga was popularly called Hare's school. Both of them imparted non-sectarian education free. The students were even supplied with books, papers and pens *gratis*. Hare took keen interest in them. The Pataldanga

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from their pocket. His Majesty Fredrick VI, the king of Denmark, wrote on June 7, 1820 highly appreciative letters to brothers, Cary, Ward and Marshman, sent gold medals to each as tokens of his approbation of their noble effort, and made over the house in which Major Wickedie resided to them in perpetuity for the college. The building was occupied in 1821. In 1826 Dr. Marshman visited Europe, expressed gratefulness to Count Moltke, the Danish minister in London, sailed to Copenhagen, and had the audience of the king. He showed his special favour to the college by empowering the College Council, consisting of the Governor of Serampore and the brotherhood, the right to confer degrees like those of the Universities of Copenhagen and Keil, though not of the rank of the degrees of those Universities. The king took a lively interest in the mission. He told Dr. Marshman that as protection had been promised to the mission in 1801, Serampore was not ceded to the East India Company. In 1845 when the Danish Government sold their possessions to the British, the treaty expressly reserved the power of the college granted by the Danish authorities. The three objects of the college were, in the words of the mission (1) the education of non-resident heathen students, (2) the education of resident Christian students and (3) the formation of missionaries from the people of the country. The last was the chief aim kept in view. The importation of a missionary from England and his maintenance entailed a cost too heavy to be borne by the mission and, therefore, they wanted to create educated preachers out of the native converts. There was a difference of opinion between the British Committee and the Serampore mission as to the line on which the college was to be conducted. The Committee were for a separate divine college, the mission preferred a faculty of divinity in the arts and science college in which the converts were to study side by side with their inquiring country men and the inquirers were thus "to be influenced by christian spirit and the Biblical consecrates." The tension of feeling rose high to result in a permanent rupture. Carey and his colleagues were calumniated. Yet they could raise a sufficient sum in America and Britain, the interest of which could fetch not less than £15,000 annually. With Carey, as the professor of divinity and lecturer on botany and zoology, and Mack and Joshua Marshman as his worthy associates, the college prospered even in the absence of Dr. Marshman. Mr. Rowe was admitted

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Committee. He devoted his whole heart to the cause of education. Himself an oriental scholar he applied a large portion of the educational fund created by the charter to publication of oriental classics and their translation. It was through his influence that in 1824 the Government of Lord Amherst sanctioned the foundation of the Sanskrit College for the encouragement of Sanskrit learning. The difficulties he had to cope with were stupendous. On the one hand a Government newly awakened to its educational responsibilities and having a limited fund at its disposal had to be prevailed upon to spend money like water. On the other hand the professors and students had to be secured for the success of the college. Acceptance of service under *Mlechchha* (non-Hindu) Government was so much at discount in those days of religious rigour, that the eminent Pandits like Rammanikya of Baranagore refused the honour of chair in a state college. After much coaxing and cajoling through his subordinate Ram Kamal Sen, Wilson could prevail upon Jayanarayan Tarkapanchanan, Bharat Siromani, and Premchand Tarkabagis to accept service. So simple a race of scholars they were that when asked what pay would suit them, they sent through their representative, Bharat Siromani, the message that they would demand Rs. 2 per diem but would not accept less than a rupee a day. Wilson was astounded at their moderation and simplicity. He had given the Government to understand that a good professor could not be had at a pay of less than Rs. 500. The pay was settled at Rs. 100 a month. The College was purely a Sanskrit institution at its inception. It turned out scholars like Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, Mahesh Chandra Nyayaratna, Girish Chandra Vidyaratna and Madan Mohan Tarklankar. English education was introduced later on. The early Anglo-Sanskrit scholars are Nilambar Mukherjee, the ex-prime-minister of Kashmir, Mahamahopadhyaya Nilmani Nyayalankar, Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Sastri and others. It has been fortunate in selection of Professors. Taranath Tarkavachaspati, Mahamahopadhyaya Chandra Kanta Tarkalankar, Mahamahopadhyaya Govinda Sastri, and Mahamahopadhyaya Kamakhya Nath Tarkabagish can favourably compare with old giants. The selection of its principals up to the days of Mahesh Chandra Nyayaratna was unexceptionable. But above all shine the names of H. H. Wilson, and E. B. Cowell.

ASIATICUS.

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tradict the truth. Believe me, a self-renunciation which has something noble in it and of which the world never hears, is often enacted in the private experience of the true votary of science."

The influence of scientific truth upon modern civilisation has been two-fold, intellectual and economical. Intellectually it has overthrown the authority of tradition and refused to accept unless accompanied by proof the *dicta* of any master however eminent or honoured his name. Economically it serves to ameliorate our physical condition by making the forces of nature subservient to our use. But truthfulness as a condition of success either to the student, the man of business or the philosopher is dependent upon spiritual and moral perfection. Whatever is false, whatever is vain, whatever is showy is opposed to truth. Therefore in order to attain to truth we must be free from falsehood, vanity and ostentation. The care of our soul strongly resembles the cultivation of the earth; as in the earth we pluck up some-things in order to sow others which shall be good, so should it be for our soul; what is evil should be rooted out, what is good should be planted; let pride be plucked away and humility take its place; let aversion be rejected and mercy cultivated. No man can plant good things in his ground until he has cleared it of evil things. Accordingly we cannot implant the holy germs of virtue in our soul unless we first pluck out the thorns and thistles of vice. Truthfulness cannot take deep root in our soul unless it is cleared of the weeds of falsehood. When our soul is purified we cannot fail to conceive a warm admiration for truthfulness which is the main-spring of all our moral faculties. This sentiment then becomes a stepping-stone to the attainment of truth, for to look with admiring rapture upon a type of perfect excellence is the way to become assimilated to that excellence. Truth and religious culture must go hand in hand. The greatest deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious turn of mind. Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness and their self-denial than to their logical acumen.

But it is not the mere perception but the practice of truth that constitutes rectitude. Which of us do not know the duty of

telling the truth but how many are practically truthful on all occasions? The saying that habit is second nature is a pithy expression of the fact that it is by constant practice that our acts become habitual and easy. Young men should never excuse themselves for their juvenile mendacity on the ground that they are young enough to indulge in transgressions without incurring the risk of corrupting their character. Their habits will grow in strength with their years and become, so to speak, a part of their nature which will be afterwards as difficult to divest themselves of as a chronic disease brought on by habitual irregularity.

K. C. KANJILAL, B. L.

AHALYA BAI.

CHAPTER VII.

Gangadhar Jaswantarao, whose name occurred to the reader in the preceeding chapter and whom the queen suspected to be the arch-enemy of the state, was less than forty years old now. Clever and resolute, he was also strong and could as promptly act as he could resolve. Ever since Mulharrao Holkar assumed the reigns of his kingdom, Gangadhar Jaswantarao was installed as the high preist of the royal family and minister of the state and he conducted himself so sucesfully in his dual capacity as the spiritual and temporal adviser of his sovereigns that he came to be regarded as the chief pillar of the state. Elated with the power and influence he wielded over the destinies of the kingdom and its people, he could not brook the idea of relinquishing it after the death of Mulharrao Holkar. The accession of the queen to power consequent on the demise of her consort, would, if allowed, result in his being overthrown from the proud position he occupied. To avoid being overtaken by such a predicament, and to continue to retain the strings of authority in his own hands, was all, for the consummation of which, his ingenuity should strike a device. He perceived the only safe means lay in persuading the queen to adopt an heir, and he assiduously set himself about the task in right earnest. But Ahalya Bai was no woman to yield; she was wise and far-sighted enough to see that, should she adopt one, the kingdom would inevitably become the target to the whims and caprices of the ministers, till the boy-heir would come of age; and nothing was more abhorrent to her and nothing more dangerous to her mind, than that ambitious and self-seeking men should be called to sway the fortunes of the kingdom. Had she not a daughter as well-beloved, amiable and in every way worthy of her as one could wish, already half-way over the period of adolescence? And might she not be made to inherit the kingdom? Where was

the compatability, nay, the warrant, for bringing in a stranger to engraft on the royal stalk and consecrate her daughter's heritage to him? Thus argued Ahalya Bai within herself; and she would not listen to any representation touching the subject of adoption. This enraged Jaswant who, rallying to his cause kindred spirits, vowed enmity towards the queen.

On the night following the one, the incidents of which were rehearsed in the last chapter, Gangadhar Jaswantarao was pacing to and fro in the front parlour of his house. The swift tread and the repeated thrust of his head into the street from within the gate clearly showed that he was expecting some man or men, and that he was growing impatient at their not making appearance at the appointed hour. "None's turned up yet" he muttered in a low voice, and was about to turn his back upon the gate to migrate into the house, when the corpulent body of a man coming across the light, cast a huge shadow over the threshold. In the man thus advancing, Jaswantarao recognised his friend Hari Hara Pandiyaji, who addressing the former said, "Friend, Daulatrao Gomojioas and others are ready. I have hastened them up, they will be here in no time; but, Sir, hav'nt you dined yet?"

"Well, but I have been awaiting you the last thirty minutes, so you see I am more than ready; but what said Raghunathrao? did you tell him as I told you to?" Queried Jaswantrao at once entering into business.

"Well, Raghunatharao fell in with your proposal," said Hari Hara Pandiyaji, "and the moment he hears from you he will pounce upon Ahalya Bai."

"But did he promise that?" interrogated Jaswantarao.

"That he did, Sir," exclaimed Pandiyaji, "I can answer for him as surely as for myself. There's nothing which he doesn't confide in me. He consented not only to bear his part in the present affair," he continued solemnly and with subdued enthusiasm, "but to likewise install you as Holkar, if you don't grudge to make half the kingdom its price. I have so managed it."

"Decidedly not" was the emphatic answer. "Is it a wonder or an impossibility, my well-beloved friend, to part with a half of the kingdom as the condition of my being made the Holkar? No, assuredly not. But, you see I am not so particular on this point; it is enough," he added in bitterness and with a flushed look,

"it is enough if I emancipate myself from the ignominy of being the subject of a woman. My blood really boils to see Ahalya—only my heart melts as I think of Muktha Bai."

Further progress of the conversation was checked by the appearance at the threshold, of Gomojirao who came accompanied by his friend.

"Oh! is it indeed the Kotwal that has honoured us by his visit—may be to send us to gaol, eh?" accosted Jaswantarao in a jocular mood, enjoying its humour, while he made a wink at Hari Hara Pandyajī enjoining silence upon that blunt and bluff companion of his in respect to their previous conversation, "But who is that worthy gentleman behind you, pray?" he asked in a half serious tone.

"While you hatch plots against the queen, is it the part of honest folk eating her salt to stand by unconcerned, and suffer you in your progress?" responded Gomojirao in the same humorous vein; then in a business-like manner enquiring if Daulatrao had arrived, he explained as regards his companion.—"This is a friend of mine; he resides in Vasīa, and is one with us in the business. He goes by the name of Sakaram."

Scarce was the introduction over, when they were greeted by Daulatrao who advanced with his friend Dundirao like Kali in conjunction with Dwapara. The worthy host after receiving them with warm cordiality, led them to a chamber upstairs where they were all seated. Every one of the company seemed to recognise the other; but there was one at whose expense side-glances, curious and wistful looks were exchanged. It was Sakaram who sat beside Gomojirao. They hesitated to speak in his presence but Gomojirao dispelled their fears and set them at rest and the secret conclave at once entered into their deliberations.

"Friends," said Jaswantarao addressing the company, "you have known why we are met here tonight. The demise of our Sovereign, Mulharrao, and the cruel deprivation of an heir in the untimely death of his son and grandson, have occasioned us great sorrow and pain. Be that as it is; grieved at the idea that in the absence of an heir, the Holkar dynasty would cease, I strove hard to effect an adoption by our queen—Alas! my tongue falters to call her queen, I would fain refer to her as Ahalya.

She flatly refused to adopt. And why? With a view to rule over us. Then she treated me to the most slanderous abuse."

"Ah! did she?" exclaimed Gomojirao, "Oh the audacity Oh the Times—that a woman should wield the Sceptre! It was a feast to her, the death of her father-in-law and son" said Daulatarao with a sardonic smile, "who but the most hard-hearted wretch," he added, "would think of reigning within a third month of her son's death?"

"Neither the sorrow of a bereaved mother," continued Jaswantarao, "nor the sense of shame for the scant justice she is doing to her deceased son's memory, has any pang for her. Alas! the love of kingdom and the passion for sway renders one callous of shame and sorrow alike."

"It would be as well to come to the point at once" interrupted Dundirao.

"What I wanted to tell you therefore," resumed Jaswantarao, "is this:—We are all Maharattas born to brook no insult. Our ancestors, as early as from the time of Sivaji, prized honour more than their lives. Of that who among you is not aware? But what a wretched pass we have come to! We are powerful; we are wise, and yet Alas! the irony of fate! we tamely bow our heads to the rod a woman's hand holds. Being the subjects of a woman, shall we not forfeit all claim to self-respect? Have you no manliness in you? Shall you be dastards? Aye! do you not share the blood of your fathers? If you do, arise, dash her down from the throne, and baffle her at every attempt to regain it. Will you?"

"Why, need you ask it, friend?" exclaimed Daulatrao, "see you not how low I hid my head in shame aging two months now in a woman's reign? Command me as you will. To frustrate her designs," he continued, "it behoves us to make allies of the Bhills in the Province and raid the country. Then will she yield."

"It's n't wise" returned Jaswantarao, "to visit the inoffensive people with the retribution for the resentment which she provoked. Fight as we may," he added, in strong accents, and then slowly so as to carry conviction to his hearers, of which he seemed to possess a large share, "fight as we may, but the country shall not be destroyed and the happiness of the people shall not be disturbed."

"Aye! So thought I," said Gomojirao, "I have ere now considered this subject and have come to the conclusion that it is the best of the plans to negotiate with the Maharana of Udaipur to invade the country, and to render him such help as he desires. I have already drawn Bhathal Singh to think with me."

"But Rajputs," hastened Jaswantarao to observe "are the sort of people with whom the less we have to do the better. When once we bring them in, it is well-nigh hopeless to get rid of them. We should not therefore invite them. But" he continued after a brief pause "if at all we are well-advised to seek any ally outside, there is Raghunatharao whom we can depend upon."

"Not so bad after all," interjected Daulatarao with a shrewd smile, and turning to his friend Dundirao, he whispered in the latter's ear "you see how Jaswantarao is trying to bring in Raghunatharao to gratify his own ends. We should not forsake the Bhills."

"But, Sir, did you hear this?" interposed Dundirao addressing Jaswantarao "Rathakantarao and his young parasite, Syam Sunder Dutt are pledging their souls to know our secret; mind they will expose us one day."

"Ha! I forgot to tell you" said Daulatarao grateful to his friend's allusion to Syam Sunder "I forgot to tell you that the young scamp is wagging his tongue quite unrestrained. I say, Gomojirao, can't you bring him into the scrape some-how and see to his end. You are the Kotwal, and can manage, I can swear."

"Indeed," exclaimed Gomojirao in response "And I heard he is bearing tales to the queen against me. By Heaven! I shall not spare him. But is n't it time for us to disperse?" he observed as the ire he lashed himself to, cooled down.

"Now that you have all responded to me in words which bespeak your concurrence," rejoined Jaswantarao, anxious to bring the interview and the plan of operations to a decisive and successful termination before the company rose, "I will directly proclaim our hostility towards her and will decline her service. I will send an ultimatum saying that we abjure all sorts of friendly relations with her, since she set herself against adoption."

"Well and good" said Gomojirao nodding approval "but pray do not mention my name in the letter. Even as Kotwal I can help you. Why should I renounce my office in advance?" he added quite naively.

"Bravo! Friend, wonderful courage, yours!" exclaimed Jaswantrao with a grim roar of laughter to cover the acridity of his remark. "Now I hear you are going to marry your brother's widow, Daulatarao," he said, addressing the worthy who bore that name. "By God, I must dissuade you from that, man, lest we should forfeit the confidence and the good-will of the people."

"Oh! Don't be bothered, we shall see to it later on—no hurry now." Daulatarao cut him short, and that this discourse might not be prolonged, he exhorted the company to disperse.

The customary exchange of parting salutations over, the little knot of friends left the rendezvous each choosing his own way. The total reticence of Sakaram, who sat in their midst as fixed and immutable as an idol in the temple, never opening his mouth, coupled with the fact that he was a perfect stranger to many of them, ruffled not a little the equanimity of Jaswantrao. Much as he wished to satisfy himself in that respect, he forbore asking questions till it was too late and the company to a man had gone.

"Am I the idiot to kick off my service and hang my fortunes upon these selfish and unscrupulous wretches?" said Gomojirao in whispers to Sakaram as they both gained some distance? "Who knows how the tables may be turned?" He continued, "Jaswantrao and Daulatarao have their own ends to gain by this stratagem. I am no fool not to be able to see through. However" he added lowering his voice, "Beg the Rana to come down to Nimbapur and encamp there." Gomojirao then bade good-bye to his friend and proceeded homewards.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You have not for me that regard which is due to your chief councillors. If you had had, you certainly would have heeded my advice. To adopt, and thus rescue the Holkar house which otherwise would be extinct, is all that I advised. Surely no harm lurks in that. This counsel, salutary as it is to you, you have not relished, nay, avoided it as if it were poison. Confiding in the words of an old wolf of a dotard, and the weak enthusiastic ravings of a youth,—ravings as transient as the sparks lit of reeds,—and depending upon them, you have discarded me and those of my stamp who have rendered immense service to you and to the state these many years.

But the day on which their treachery will be unmasked is not distant, and then you, in your repentance, will invite us and restore us to that position that is ours. Pray, therefore, cease to entertain any hope whatever that I am yours as before. Since you have not deemed me a friend to you or to the state, so shall I be. If you are not inclined to adopt, I am prepared to abandon your service. I pen these lines in solemn earnest and after full deliberation, and they shall abide."

Scanning the above lines embodied in the letter she held Ahalya Bai was seated in one of her suites of apartments, now and then giving vague and meaningless replies to her daughter's queries regarding the epistle, but intently reflecting over the future. Rathakantaroo whose presence the queen was evidently awaiting, soon made his appearance; and after rendering his obeisance to her, took the seat intended for him. Mukthabai from her girlhood, behaved towards Rathakantaroo with the easy familiarity and unceremonial regard due to a parent; and she therefore knew no restraint to moving and conversing in his presence with the freedom of one immune from Purdah observance.

"You see the dodge they are up to," said the queen bending her look towards Rathakantaroo, "here it is I read it for yourself," and she threw the letter into his hands.

"What! has Jaswantaroo come to this!" exclaimed Rathakantaroo astounded, as he finished reading the epistle. "I could never dream that he would. Well, my Lady," he added with an intonation of voice which sounded the double note of alarm and warning, "it is a strange pass things have come to, and it needs all the vigilance we have at our command."

"But I will not be menaced," ejaculated the queen, hissing furious scorn, while the expression of her face changed to one of defiance and contempt. "No, not a thousand and one tricks of these base villains will ever frighten me. Their sands are run and their sanity is fast losing hold of them and is driving them to certain destruction. If they do not yield to my service, their lives, at any rate, cannot but yield to my sword. Well now, "she demanded, softening her rage, "name all those that remain staunch to us."

"Sivanana is a friend to us," replied Rathakantaroo overwhelmed with admiration for the courage which the queen's words

displayed. "Sivanana is a friend to us and your Majesty has done well in retaining him in Nimbapur. Gomojirao too is a good man, so I think. And then, Tukaji Holkar is as faithful as a dog, there is no doubt about it. Being of low extraction, however, he should not be placed in an enviable post."

"What matters it if he is low-born?" interrupted the queen. "Tukaji bears an excellent character, and his loyalty is remarkable. I will entrust him with the command of the army. Respecting Gomojirao, I have my own doubts. You will keep an eye on him. But let alone these," she continued in a melancholy tone, as if overcome by a sudden depression of mind and spirit, "let alone these, I am more sorely troubled in mind on account of Mukthabai. She is gloomy and morbid and seems to have too much taken to sorrowing over the dear little boy in the grave. There is no cure for the sickness of the mind you know, and I do not know how to bring her round."

"Yes, really she looks sickly," responded Rathakantaroo evincing much concern. "She needs to be constantly engaged with entertaining words to keep her mind off from brooding over the loss of her brother. You have little time for it. I have however a young damsel in my service. Her head is full of interesting stories and she can make one in tears roar with laughter. I will send her to your ladyship and let her bear company to the princess and she will surely recover. Now may I take leave?" Rathakantaroo rose with the queen and was about to say good-bye, but he stopped short and, as if the recollection of Kamala's affair suddenly dawned upon him, he asked, "What is your majesty's decision as regards Daulatrao? If in a woman's reign," he added in a manner which was bound to exercise upon her pity and rage, for he knew to strike while the iron is hot, "if in a woman's reign, a woman has no security of her person, really people will be disposed to ask 'what next?' There is no use when the hand of protection is stretched too late. Ere the flower of chastity is plucked, ere she terminates her life by violent means, must your succour go to her."

"Sir," she said subduing the feelings of mingled anger and compassion which the old man's language gave rise to, and which surged in her bosom, "Sir, while there is life in me, not a hair of Kamala's head shall be injured. I will presently send for

Daulatrao and warn him. You may rest assured, my dear Sir, I will save her at any cost. Now you may retire. Daulatrao may be coming."

Rathakantarao, delighted with the effect of his words on the queen and the assurance she gave him, went home with a light heart. No sooner had he reached it, than he sent his wife to enquire of Kamala's welfare and to make her acquainted with certain matters which, he thought, Kamala should know. Thus he took all care of the helpless girl. A few minutes after Rathakantarao left the royal mansion, Daulatrao arrived there, and remaining at the main entrance managed to let the royal lady know of his arrival. The queen conveying through a domestic, her willingness to see him, he assumed a bold look and a set face and concealing in the folds of his robe the dagger he brought with him in case he wanted it for self-defence, approached the lady and fell prostrate on the ground. Rising anon he stood before her meekly awaiting her pleasure to speak. The queen could not withdraw her eyes from him for a few seconds and then she asked him to be seated.

"We are very sorry for the death of your brother," she began, "and this is the seventh day? You are doubtless in great distress."

"What can we do?" replied Daulatrao in a measured tone of deep affliction and with his head hung down. "His time had come."

"Where is his wife," she enquired softly, "he lately married, did he not?"

"She is here," he replied drily, his body quivering with agitation. "They say he did not marry her."

"Pshaw! What do you mean?" She exclaimed in great indignation, her eyes shooting anger and reproach "you tell the same tale to me? Are you not trying to force her into marriage with you? now, Sir, don't perpetrate such a scandal in my kingdom; such a man will know no pardon at my hands. Are you not ashamed to marry your brother's wife?"

"I have never contemplated such vicious designs respecting her, your majesty," protested Daulatrao quite naively, "Your majesty deems fit to condemn me for the tales borne against me behind my back. Am I capable of such an atrocity," he went

on with the eloquence which a deliberate falsehood inspires and which a liar knows when to make use of, "Is not a brother's wife held in the same esteem as is due to a mother? I meant to wed her because I thought she was unmarried. If there is truth in the matter of her marriage, I will abandon her."

"Well," said the queen after a brief pause, changing the topic, "Jaswantrao has proclaimed hostility towards us. Are you too in his camp? and how many more such fools as you.....?"

"By God! I am innocent" he remonstrated, "I am utterly innocent, I swear by your feet. And if your majesty so commands, I will hand him up."

"Well, well," she cut him short, "tell Jaswantarao that he should give up all hope of life. And you and those of your ilk cease to think that you are in the land of the living. You can withdraw now."

As merrily as a lamb which escapes the clutches of the tiger, Daulatrao hastened home saving himself from the ire of the queen by resorting to falsehoods which he could call into service without the least effort. As he thus reached home, his heart bounding with ecstatic joy, he found to his great delight, his wife was not there. This temporary relaxation of the guard upon Kamala gave him an opportunity to prosecute his (amours) suit with the beautiful captive in his house, and he resolved to make the best use of it. He forthwith repaired to where Kamala was, and falling on her feet, implored her in divers ways to bestow her hand on him. When Kamala saw Daulatrao prostrate on the ground clutching her feet, a scream burst from her lips at the sudden and unexpected appearance of her persecutor and as the first feeling of terror passed away, the warm blood of indignation and anger surged up to her cheeks. Armed with the temporary courage which anger and a sense of outrage inspired in her, she kicked him off with her feet, and levelled on him the most galling imprecations which, had he not been harder than a rock, would have melted him into thin liquid. But the dogged obstinacy and the brazen hardihood of the man, callous alike to shame and compunction, struck her with a terror which paralyzed her for a moment and kept all her senses in abeyance. Daulatrao was not slow to take advantage of the momentary relapse into which she had fallen, and maddened by the

devouring passion at the sight of the young girl looking more charming than ever, he caught her in his arms and sought to revel in the bliss of an embrace. Nerved by the energy which is often furnished by despair, Kamala like the hind at bay, like the affrighted cat, started to her feet and struggling furiously and desperately to tear herself away from his embrace, ran her fingernails all through his body till blood oozed profusely from every part of it and rent the air with her screams till the echoes rang. Suddenly a violent knock on the door fell on her ears; and Kamala, at once recognising the hand of Durgabai, opened the door, Durgabai stood, unable to speak, staggered at the appalling and chaotic condition in which she found her husband. Recovering herself after a few seconds, she heard from Kamala the diabolical conduct of her spouse, and filled with shame and humiliation that she should be the wife of such a husband, consoled the helpless girl, hurling on her husband at the same time the most crushing thunders of reproach. Daulatrao was proof against them all, and without deigning to vouchsafe a syllable in response, was revolving in his mind as to how best he could subjugate her. Scarcely had his meditations come to an end, when the setting sun descended into the western horizon and irradiated it with his glorious purple hues. Night came on, and, when the hour of repose approached, the inmates of the house like all the animal world without, retired to rest. Half the night waned; Daulatrao left his room and stalked into that of Kamala with a glittering sabre in hand. "Wretch," he addressed the beautiful form wrapped in slumber, "Kamala, you are of no service to me. What matters it if you live or die? and die you shall," And he raised the sword and flourished it in the air. With one single blow he would sever her head off her body; he placed it on her neck and took aim. One instant and the murderous act would have been accomplished. But lo! he suddenly stopped short and desisted. Was it the radiance of her countenance as it lay calm and placid that dispelled the glooms of his anger? "No," thought he to himself, "not now. I will spare her and see. After all she may, in the fulness of time, come round and become mine. If not, well, her doom is sealed." The fond hope that Kamala would sooner or later be forced to accept his proposal, kept him back from the foul attempt, and he retraced his steps towards his chamber,

In one of the waning hours of the same night, when not a soul seemed astir, Kamala enveloping her person in a spacious cloak issued forth from the house, without taking any one of the inmates into her confidence as to her intentions. Where she had gone nobody knew. When the day dawned, Daulatrao and Durgabai, confounded at the mysterious disappearance of Kamala, sent Dundirao and Laxmun in quest of her. Dundirao, succumbing to the potent leaf of *ganja*, slept away the whole time and returned in the evening not a whit better informed than when he went out. A few minutes later Laxmun entered with a hasty step and gasping breath, and carried the sad tale in whispers to his master.

"She is dead, sir," he exclaimed in broken accents bringing his voice to as low a pitch as possible, "she is dead,—a watery grave; you know the well in the tope yonder, there sir, on the other side of the village, Yes I saw it, the corpse is afloat just now."

Daulatrao heard the news with perfect composure and shook his head, neither face nor voice betrayed any emotion or feeling. "So she did to herself what I meant to do for her. Well, see to her cremation and let nobody know it, do you hear" and he gave four rupees for the purpose. As Laxmun and Dundirao who accompanied him at the instance of his master, reached the well, they found an old man and a youth weeping at the sight of the corpse that was floating on the water. "Is it that you may die a voluntary death I had given you in marriage to him?," Bewailed the old man "if not what else could have rendered your husband's brother so cruel to you?" The young man beside consoled him and, urging that it was not the occasion for him to bemoan the death, as some people were seen advancing towards them, hurried him to leave the place, and they both walked away at a rapid pace. When they had gone, Laxmun and Dundirao betook themselves to their commission and lost no time in dragging the corpse out and consigning it to the fire.

V. L. NARASIMHAM.

*SAVITRI—SATYABAN OR DEAD HUSBAND
RESTORED TO LIFE.*

(A SKETCH FROM THE MAHABHARATA.)

I.

In the kingdom of Madra,* once reigned a king named Ashwapati, who was a pious and generous prince. He reached very old age, but no issue was born to him; and this alone lay heavy on his heart. To be favoured with children, who might perpetuate his name and dynasty, Ashwapati was propitiating for long eighteen years the Goddess Savitri. At last the Goddess appeared to him and expressed her satisfaction and asked him to take a boon. In responding, Ashwapati, prayed to her for a number of sons. But the Goddess replied, "No, you will get only an excellent daughter. And I say unto you, be satisfied and speak not a word more." Ashwapati thankfully accepted the boon and was reconciled to his fate. The Goddess departed. A few days after, the first queen showed signs of pregnancy and in due time she was brought to bed of a nice daughter of good fortune. The ceremonies pertaining to birth, were all performed with *edat*, having regard to the position in life of its parents. To gratefully associate the name of the Goddess the merciful donor of the precious gift, the child was named Savitri. It grew day after day as the increasing moon. The child in her proper age, was placed under reputed teachers and was trained very carefully in every branch of education that might fit her in life. However Savitri soon reached to her youthful age; and it seemed, age had lavishly showered charms and beauties on her. Along with her personal charms, she became the happy possessor of the profound suavity of manners. Both her charms and gravity of manners lay so intermixed together and lent such a dazzling beauty that no ordinary man could look at her. One day, Ashwapati thought, how pretty

* A kingdom formerly under the present Punjab.

a damsel Savitri had grown to be ; and felt ashamed that he had not yet tried to get her married to a suitable husband. He frankly told Savitri, that he was very sorry that no demand for her hands had yet been offered. But as she had reached to her pretty marriageable age, she might, according to the injunction of the Sastras, herself look for a good husband ; and persisted to be told, on her return, all about her choice, that he might offer her in marriage. So saying the Maharaja asked some of his ministers to accompany Savitri.

Savitri soon got ready for her journey and making a bow to her father with crimson cheek, ascended on a gold chariot and proceeded first to the cottage of the Maharajas, who retiring from the world, had taken to devotional lives ; and second to all the holy shrines or pilgrimage.

One day while Maharaja Ashwapati was conversing with the heavenly anchorite, a few days later, at his Court chamber, Savitri, suddenly accompanied by the Court Ministers, made per appearance, and made for obeisance to both the anchorite Narad and her father, touching their feet by her forehead. Looking at Savitri, Narad asked the Maharaja to know whether had his daughter gone and why had he not given her in marriage yet. Ashwapati in reply said that for the purpose of selecting her spouse she had been sent out and had just been returning. The Maharaja requested the divine anchorite to hear of her that she had to say about her selections. The good Savitri began in this way:— There was a king of the province of Sal, named Dymmat Sen who was a very pious prince. Within a few years of his reign, he totally lost his eye-sight. His only son was then a mere child. Taking advantage of their helpless condition, several of the Maharaja's enemies, overran the kingdom and drove away the father, the son and the family. The poor Maharaja was thus too glad to purchase his escape with family to a wilderness and has since been engaged in devotional prayers. That son of the Maharaja has now reached to a vigorous youth and is named Satyaban. He was born at the town but has been brought up at the cottage. Him I have thought worthy of me and I have in my mind taken him to be my husband." Hearing this Mahirsi Narad said in reply to the Maharaja as follows :—" Maharaja, what a mistake has your daughter committed in having been

mentally wedded to Satyaban without due caution?" The Maharaja was deeply engrossed in his own thought and what had been said by the anchorite escaped his thought; and he asked his holiness as to whether or not Satyaban was the possessor of vigorous strength, mental capacity forbearance and filial piety. Narod in reply said, "Satyaban is as vigorous as the Sun, as sensible as the Brihaspati, as courageous as the Indra, and as forbearing as the Earth.

The Maharaja again asked "Is Satyaban, generous, pious, good-looking, lovable and liberal in views?" In answer Narod said most rapturously and enthusiastically of the good qualities of Satyaban and further added, that there was no man equal to him in good qualities. Ashwapati was highly gratified, but yet asked the holy sage, that he was only speaking of the good qualities of Satyaban; but as a man, he must have human frailties, about which his holiness was silent. Narod in deep despair replied that Satyaban had one great drawback, and that one had engulfed all his rare qualities, and that drawback was unsurmountable. He said, "Satyaban shall have to live only a very short time here on Earth. From that day within a year, Satyaban would be nowhere." Now turning to his daughter, the Maharaja said, "My darling, my all in-all, you have just heard, what his holiness has said about Satyaban. Now how can you marry a man destined to live for so short a time on Earth. I ask, go and select another." But Savitri proved inexorable. She proudly said, "Father, no matter whether Satyaban is long-lived or short-lived. As I have already mentally taken Satyaban to be my husband, he is forever—in death or life, mine." Having heard of Savitri, Narod said, "Maharaja, your daughter is unrelenting. She seems not to swerve an inch from her determination. It is as such better, that you should give your daughter to Satyaban in marriage." The poor Maharaja had no other alternative than to submit to fate; and said pensively to Narod, "I shall never go against your will. I shall give Savitri to Satyaban." Narod in departing showered his choicest blessing upon the suspensive Maharaja and asked him to perform the ceremony in good spirits.

II.

Now when all things were arranged, the Maharaja, with his

daughter, Brahmins and his priests, made for Dyummatsen's cottage, and found him seated on a sacred *kushashan* under a huge tree. There saluting first, Ashwapati informed the blind Maharaja as to who he was. Dyummatsen expressed himself highly honoured but regretted that he was not then in a position to extend what hospitality he ought to have extended to an august guest like him; and recieved him with most cordial feelings. When formalities were over, Dyummatsen expressed his desire to know, what led the Maharaja to pay him a visit in his poor cottage. Ashwapati told his object and prayed to him to accept his daughter Savitri for his son's wife. But the ex-Maharaja could not believe his ears—that Maharaja Ashwapati then in the zenith of his power, should be willing to bestow her only daughter in marriage to the son of a blind ex-king, who had been robbed of his kingdom and everything on Earth. But he was soon to believe it; and both Satyaban and Sabitri were joined in sacred wedlock. Unlike the present days of education and civilization, there was no contract made between the parties for a dowry or half the kingdom. During the days of which we are speaking, the marriage was an affair of union between soul and soul but what now? Let education and civilisation reply. Now let us follow the thread of our narration. Both the husband and wife, it seemed, were happy in their union and Ashwapati left for his palace; and no sooner did he leave, Savitri the daughter of the mighty Maharaja divested herself of the jewellery and the fine dress he wore, and betook to the bark of trees that clothed the inmates of the cottage and began to serve the parents of her lord with great devotion. Thus passed a few months. But the day the fatal day, pointed out by Maharsi Narod, was fast approaching and Savitri grew pensive but cautious.

But whoever in this world of miseries, ever got immunity from danger and casualties, however anxious and cautious he might be? From the beginning of the world up to now, how many unfortunate men have not to deliver up the best and beloved of their friends—their "life and light" to the cruel jaws of the mighty death? Oh, how many hearts still lie bleeding never to be remedied? But has death ever shown mercy?

III.

At last the day was almost come when Satyaban was to die. Only four days remain and the pious and dutiful wife took to ceremonial fasting for three consecutive days to devote to worshipping gods praying to avert the imminent doom. The parents of Satyaban tried their best to dissuade Savitri from such a self-torturing ceremony. But Savitri in reply very humbly said, "Father be not sorry and dissatisfied with me. I shall be able to overcome the privations for the sake of my gods. Perseverance is the only means of reaching heavens. I assure you, I shall feel no difficulty to perform it."

However the privations left their mark in the delicate body of Savitri. She considerably lost in flesh and charms. Only a single day now remained for the fatal day, and Savitri spent the night in utmost agonizing mental torture, praying to God to save her from the impending calamity. The day dawned as usual—as it does, never minding what befalls to a man in its course. She made her ablutions, and offered up her prayers to Gods and made her obeisance to her father and mother-in-law and all the pious sages who were there. They all wished her happy life and eternal conjugal bliss. Savitri looked above and raised her arms and prayed to the Almighty Father in saying, "Father, be it so." Now the ceremony was over and the parents of Satyaban were urging their daughter-in-law to break her fast; but she denied saying that it was his resolution to dine after sun-set that day. In the meantime Satyaban, with an axe in hand was ready to go to forest to collect fruits for his parents and to gather a quantity of fuel-wood for the feeding of the ceremonial fire. Savitri prayed to accompany her husband, as she said, it was not proper for him that day to go anywhere alone and expressed her determination in the matter. Satyaban tried in vain to keep her back, as she was weak and unaccustomed to the troubles of the forest. But nothing availed. She was unrelenting. On the other hand, Satyaban was not his own master. He had his parents, whose wishes were paramount, and to whom he wished Savitri to get permission before starting with him. She went according by to her father and mother-in-law and said, she wished to accompany her husband to the forest as that alone would close the ceremony to her own benefit. Besides she said, the captivating nature would cheer up her drooping spirits. The

old king and his queen thought as during the year Savitri had been with them, she was never accustomed to ask for anything, her present desire to visit the forest, should be acceded to. Now the permission being obtained, both the husband and the wife left for the forest and Satyaban began to direct her gaze to the beauties of the Dame Nature to restore the normal condition of her spirits. The flowing silvery streams, the frolicsome deers, the beautiful dancing peacocks, the love-making doves, the flowering creepers and above all the ice-clad majestic hills were there, but it seemed, Savitri was not there. Nothing could give Savitri any internal repose. Now they reached to a very beautiful spot, wherefrom Satyaban procured a basketful of fruits and was now engaged in collecting woods. But abruptly he descended from the tree and showed profusely perspiring. He told to his good wife that he was feeling very unwell of a sudden attack of headache; and that he could not move any further. He expressed his desire to have a nap hoping that might refresh him after the day's labour. Savitri grew beside with anxiety and sat down and took the head of her husband upon her thigh and began to air him with a portion of her wearing bark. She was earnestly praying to God to save her from the impending ruin. Suddenly she espied at a little distance, an unearthly figure clad in yellow, strongly built and of green complexion, approaching her with a net in hand and intently gazing at Satyaban. Savitri gently removing the head of her husband from her thigh, stood up in all reverence and made her obeisance to the figure before her and asked him to know, who he was, and what his business was there. The figure replied, "My lass? I am the Yamaraja—(Pluto of the Greek mythology) and have come to take the life of your husband, who has this day completed his course of life on earth." "But why you, Sir," asked Savitri. "While you have got legions of messengers for the work you come personally"? "But," replied Yamaraja "for a man so pious, talented and truthful like Satyaban, it would have been most unbecoming for any other than myself to have come to translate him to heaven." Saying this, Yamaraja deprived Satyaban of his animation and began proceeding on his way. The body lay disfigured on the earth. But Savitri, without saying a word began to follow the Yamaraja, who asked her to stop and return to perform the last rite of a faithful wife to her departed lord. But

Savitri would not return, she said, "A wife is inseparable from her husband. She should accompany her lord, wherever he may go. Besides, of the four stages of a man's existence, the one of religious studentship or Bramhacharya is suitable for those alone who have their cravings subdued. But those who have not yet been able to subdue the cravings of their senses, must continue to domestic lives, as that is just and proper for them. Besides domestic life is the spring of all wisdom. It is for this that men like us, cling more to domestic lives; and the sages call them the best." Yamraja was highly gratified at what the good *Savitri* had said and asked her to pray for a boon excepting the life of Satyaban. Savitri responded. She prayed that her father-in-law, was driven out of his kingdom and was blind, and wished that he might regain his lost eye-sight and grow as powerful as the Sun and Fire. Yamraja granted her prayer, and wished her to retire as she seemed much weak. But Savitri had her own ways. She said it was better to live in the company of the sages than anywhere else. The wise sayings of Savitri pleased Yamraja very much, who wished her to pray for a boon more except the life of Satyaban. She said that her father-in-law, had lost his kingdom; it was as such her prayer that he might regain it and continue in his virtuous ways. Yamraja said, "Be it so," and directed her to return. But Savitri still followed, and said "Lord, it is you who punishes the wicked and stimulates good men to work. The ways of the sages and the good, are to do good to every body—even to the enemies. Yamraja was highly satisfied—and he asked Savitri to ask for another boon. The talented Savitri prayed with her folded hands, that a hundred sons might be born to her father, who had no sons. Yamraja was right glad to say "Amen" and proceeded. But still Savitri followed, saying, "Lord, my saviour, where shall I go, leaving my dear husband at such a distant land. To your even handed justice men are subject, and you are as such named "Dharmaraj"—King of Righteousness, you say I am tired; but I am never to go. I am never far off. I am still close to my dear spouse, and my mind still soars higher to a region than this." Yamaraja was exceedingly elated at what the princess had said, and in his exuberance of feelings wished Savitri to ask for another boon. Savitri was too quick—she prayed that a hundred sons—long-lived and full-bodied and nice children might be born to her.

Yamaraja who was carried by the persuasive and powerful speech of Savitri and wandering what a model wife she was amongst the female denizens of earth, failed to weigh carefully what Savitri had prayed and pronounced his assent and very gently wished her to return in the midst of her dear relations and friends, as she had come a great way off and grown awfully sick and tired. Yamaraja quite ignorant was thus overcome by a Hindoo lady, who now breathed very lightly and felt comforted. She spoke at some length on the ways of the sages and the virtuous, who never altered, changed or retracted what once said. This pleased Yamaraja, and feeling for the intelligent lady, asked her to pray for another and last boon. The good Savitri was not foolish, and she pit at the right moment. She said that as Dharmaraj had graciously granted her the boon of begetting children, how without restoring the life of her husband could that be possible. Besides without her Lord Satyaban she would not be content either with happiness, wealth or with life; and she accordingly prayed for the restoration to life of Satyaban. Yamaraja now realised what his boon meant. He was in a fix. What could he do? He was the Lord of Righteousness himself, and he could not take to the course of wicked men. He found, he had no help. He restored Satyaban to life, and wished well of both the couple and vanished. Satyaban rose as if from a long slumber and asked of his wife why she did not awake him earlier, as night had advanced. The helplessness of his parents, and their natural anxieties for them, came uppermost in his mind; and he grew very disconsolate. But the good Savitri, encouraged her husband and taking him by his waist, proceeded slowly towards the cottage.

IV.

In the meantime, at the cottage the old and blind Maharaja had suddenly got his eye-sight restored, and the parents and their neighbours were wondering through what divine power, such a miracle had been effected. But their pleasure soon ended into deep sorrow. The poor parents, coming out of their cottage, were diligently seeking for their only son and his bride, as to where they might be in the darkness of night amidst the prowling ferocious beasts. Several of their friends—the sages, engaged in that forest in divine meditation, joined them. But nothing availed. There were no Satya-

ban and his bride to be found. The poor grieving parents were led to the cottage, and there they were giving vent to their sorrows at the supposed death of their only son and his bride. But suddenly at a little distance the grieving parents heard the footsteps of men which were felt as if they were of their son's and daughter's; and they lay in the tip toe of great expectation. Shortly Satyaban and his bride, entered the cottage with a basketful of fruits and a bundle of wood, amidst the showering of good wishes of their parents. The good neighbours joined and there was joy all around, on questioning as to why they even so late at night on returning, Satyaban who was still ignorant of the event said that he had a sudden headache, which made him so ill, that he was obliged to lay down for a while to have a refreshing nap and that alone was responsible for the mischief. But some of the sages suspected that there was something more as the countenance of Savitri beamed most ominous. However it was almost about the small hours of the morning and they all left and retired to have some rest.

V.

Next morning ablutions over and prayers said, all the sages gathered at the cottage of Dymatsen and there was a pretty large assembly. At the request of her father-in-law Savitri began to relate what happened on the night previous; and of her meeting with Yamaraja and of the five boons, she had been favoured with, by one—by which the eye-sight of her father-in-law was just restored. There rang a loud applause for the achievement of Savitri—whom all of them said to be the model chaste wife. While showers of applause and blessing were showered over the couple, suddenly a man in armour peeped in to the cottage and knelt down to say “Maharaja—my liege, your enemy has been routed and subdued and the crowd awaits your arrival.” Now at the head of a vast army and joyous people Maharaja Dymatsen, his queen, son and daughter-in-law proceeded towards the capital where they were installed as the king, queen and the prince with great *eclat*. Savitri and Satyaban lived long lives of bliss; begetting sons and daughters who also reigned as king and queen.

Even to the present day, elders wishing well of youthful brides pray of her to be “equal to Savitri.” (Savitri samana bhaba.) Hindu knows nothing more valuable for a wife to achieve than

to be equal in merit to Savitri. Even today wives in Bengal generally observe the ceremony of "Savitri Brata," on the fourteenth day of the new moon in the month of May, when Savitri recovered her lost husband from the grip of Yamaraj. He was brought back from a region from whose bourne no traveller returns, wishing a long, blissful connubial life. The widows even often observe the Brata wishing continued conjugal life unlike her present on her next birth.

In order to stimulate the present generation of womanfolk, the professional singers, have rendered the story of Savitri-Satyaban into a very beautiful theme of songs, and sing it generally all over Bengal which helps a good deal to shape the conduct of the fair sex in devotion and constancy to their husbands. The Hindus are fortunate of the land of their birth—the country of the "Satis"—the land of chaste wives.

B. C. GANGOOLI.

MORAL CULTURE.

I have been for some years reading a number of works on Education in which I have found a great many valuable hints as to the best means of promoting intellectual education but I have not been so successful in meeting with practical suggestions for the education of our religious and moral feelings. The only thing left to me is to record here the result of my reading and reflection on the subject and go on thinking and prosecuting the enquiry. The great desideratum is that the person who would wish to throw light upon the subject should possess a thorough knowledge of the human mind without which his suggestion as to how it should be disciplined would be of little use. In this I feel my deficiency awfully and almost despair of extending my own knowledge on the subject, unless the Great Source of Light enlightens my understanding.

The first thing to be done is to impress upon young minds the knowledge of *Godhead*, the immortality of the soul by analogy with matter, from our moral constitution and the strong presumptive evidence of rewards or punishments. The highest concern of man is to prevent the soul from being impured and continue purifying it till it arrives at the state intended by the Creator. We conclude this from the fact that God is the Source of all goodness and whatever is good is pleasing to Him in as much as it is calculated to ennoble the soul. The faculty approving instinctively what is right and disapproving what is wrong is implanted in us and as this faculty is improved by doing what is right and avoiding what is wrong, the purification of the soul goes on in that proportion. Those who take care in the cultivation of this faculty become so right-minded that they at once abhor the idea of doing anything that is wrong at the very mention of it whatever may be the sacrifice they have to make; while others who allow this faculty to be blended by

compromising themselves do not often perceive what is right more especially when it involves considerations of interest &c., The practice of goodness is therefore of paramount importance. Goodness or virtue is what is pleasing to God and badness or vice is what is hateful to Him. The practice of goodness or virtue purifies the soul. The practice of badness or vice impures it.

Manu says. To a man contaminated by sensuality neither the *vedas* nor liberality nor sacrifices nor strict observances nor austerities ever procure felicity (II 97). But when one among all his organs fails; by that single failure, his knowledge of God passes away, as water flows through one hole in a leather bottle (II 99). He, who perseveres in good actions, in subduing passions, in bestowing largesses and in gentleness of manners, who bears hardships patiently, who associates not with the malignant, who gives pain to no sentient being, obtains final beatitude (IV 246). Alone, in some solitary place, let him constantly meditate on the divine nature of the soul, for by such meditation he will attain happiness (IV 258). By forgiveness of injuries, the learned are purified; by liberality, those who have neglected their duty; by pious meditation, those who have secret faults and by devout austerity, those who least know the *vedas* (V 107). Bodies are cleansed by water; the mind is purified by truth; the vital spirit by theology and devotion; the understanding by clear knowledge (V 109). Let him bear a reproachful speech with patience; let him speak reproachfully to no man; let him not, on account of this frail and perishable body, engage in hostility with any one living (VI 47). Delighted with meditating on the Supreme Spirit, setting fixed in such meditation, without needing anything earthly, without one sensual desire, without any companion but his own soul, let him live in this world seeking the bliss of the next (VI 49) Let him thus, by such suppressions of breath, burn away his offences; by reflecting intensely on the steps of ascent to beatitude let him destroy sins; by coercing his members, let him restrain all sensual attachments and by meditating on the intimate union of his own soul and the divine essence let him extinguish all qualities repugnant to the nature of God (VI 72). Thus having gradually abandoned all earthly attachments and indifferent to all pairs of opposite things, as honor and dishonor and the like, he remains absorbed in the Divine Essence

(VI 81). Content, returning good for evil, resistance to sensual appetites, abstinence from illicit gain, purification, coercion of the organs, knowledge of scripture, knowledge of the Supreme Spirit, veracity and freedom from wrath, form their tenfold system of duties (VI 92). Let a man continually take pleasure in truth, in justice in landable practice, and purity (IV 175). By truth is justice advanced, truth must therefore be advanced by witnesses of every class (VIII 83). The soul itself is its own witness, the soul itself is its own refuse, offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme interval witness of Him (VIII 84). A wise man should constantly discharge all the moral duties, though he performs not constantly the ceremonies of religion never he falls low, if while he performs ceremonial acts only, he discharge not his moral duties (VI 204). Equally perceiving the Supreme Soul in all beings and all beings in the Supreme Soul, he sacrifices his own spirit by fixing it on the spirit of God and approaches the nature of that sole divinity who shines by his own effulgence (XII 91). Thus the man who perceives in his own Soul the Supreme Soul present in all creatures, acquires equanimity toward them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest of essence, even that of the Almighty Himself (XII 126).

P. C. MITTRA.

A SYNOPSIS OF YAMA GEETA.

Yama said :—A man, not even certain of his brief lease of life, desires for the possession of seats, beds, carriages, clothes, houses, etc., as if he is an immortal being. What more wonder can there be? The holy Kapila sang of yore, that the power of beholding one's own self, is a higher privilege in a man than the capability of gratifying his senses at will. The holy sage Panchasikha, inculcated the truth that equal conduct to all, equal estimate as regards all things at all places, annihilation of all desires, renunciation of all company, are the highest good in human life. A true knowledge of the miseries of birth, youth and old age, is the highest good in life, according to the doctrines of Ganga-Vishnu. According to Janaka, the *summum bonum* of life consists in guarding against the recrudescence of the three-fold evil, known as the Adhyatmika, etc. According to Brahma, highest happiness consists in perceiving the oneness of the Supreme Self, though simultaneously manifest in different individuals. According to Jaigishavya, the highest good consists in discharging one's duties according to the directions of either of the Saman, Rik, or Yajur, as laid down for the spiritual clanship he belongs to. According to Devala, the highest felicity is incidental to destruction of one's all acts or propensities. According to Sanaka the knowledge which proceeds out of one's renunciation of all desires, leads one to Brahma, or the highest good.

Karnapura lays down that of the two modes of operation and non-activity, the latter should be deemed as identical with Hari, the Supreme Self. O, thou best of beings, the knowledge which is restricted to the Purusha, does not perceive any separate or discontinuous existence in the universe, and beholds the one-ness of the Supreme Soul. By dint of Tapas a man may acquire theistic tendencies, perfect knowledge, good luck, personal beauty, or anything he sets his mind upon. There is nothing superior to Vishnu as an object of contemplation, and there is no higher

penance than the vow of fasting. There is no boon which can equal the bliss of a sound health, and there is no river equal in sanctity to the Ganges.

A man can have no better friend than Vishnu, the adored one in the universe. The god Hari, is both the inside of a man, and lies at his outside also. He is both in the front and the back, and at the extremities of all senses and in all minds and all organisms. The man who departs this life contemplating the omnipresence of Hari, is assimilated in his divine essence after death.

The god Vishnu is situated in the hearts of all, in the shape of God, or of Supreme Brahma. Some invoke his presence in his capacity of the lord of sacrifices. Some invoke him as Hari, some as Hara, some as Brahma, some as Indra, some as eternal time, some as the Sun, and some as the Moon. All created beings from the smallest protozoon to the mightiest creator of worlds, are but the manifestations of that Supreme Self. He who has once attained to Vishnu, never reverts to life. A man may acquire such a state either by such great gifts, as gifts of gold, etc., or by ablutions in sacred pools, or by means of meditations, or by hearing of sacred texts.

The self is the king in the chariot of the body. Intellect is the driver or the charioteer, the mind is the rein, the senses are the horses and their objects are the whips. The self in conjunction with the mind and the senses, is the enjoyer. He who is not wise, thinks only of the objects of sense-gratification, and thus fails to attain to the Supreme Divinity of Vishnu, and reverts to life and its miseries. He, who is truly wise, constantly meditates upon that Supreme Being, and is elevated to a state from which there is no retrogression into life. The man who employs his intellect as his charioteer and places the reins of mind in his hand, travels to the end of his journey and gets into the region of the Supreme essence of Vishnu.

Desires are higher than their respective organs of gratification ; the mind is higher than the desires. Intellect is higher than the mind. Self is higher than the intellect. The Mahat is greater than the Self (Jivatma). The latent or potential energy (Avyakta) is greater than the phenomenal Mahat, and Purusha or Brahma is the highest of them all. There is nothing greater than the Brahma.

He is the culminating point of all perfection. This hidden Self or Brahma (Gudatma) reveals himself in all created beings. Men of perfect vision, behold him with their spiritual eyes, and the Supreme Self in its turn, fills the mind of the seer with perfect peace and perfect knowledge. The man who is cognizant of the communion between his Self and his Supreme Prototype, is sure to be merged in Brahma by means of Yama, etc. The practices which lead to a knowledge of the Brahma, are annihilation of all killing propensities, truthfulness, non-stealing, celibacy, refraining from receiving all alms, self-control, regimen of conduct, practice of Asanas, reading of the Vedas, practice of Pranayama, control of the vital winds, abstraction of mind from the external world, Dhyanam and Dharana. As the space or sky enclosed within the cavity of a pitcher, lapses into the universal sky after the destruction of the pitcher, so the Self or the Jivatman liberated from the fetters of life, is merged in the Supreme Brahma. The Jiva (animated personality) deems himself Brahma only through knowledge. A liberated Jivatman experiences the fact of its immunity from death and decay.

Said the Fire God.—O Vashistha, I have finished narrating the Yama Geeta, a perusal whereof grants prosperity and liberation from life.

M. N. D.

HIGHER ASPIRATIONS OF MAN.

Man occupies the highest position in the creation of the Almighty; for, of all creatures, man only can acquire, by culture, a knowledge of the relation existing between him and his Creator. He is superior to other creatures, for none else is conscious of this relationship. From the consciousness of this relationship proceeds the sense of responsibility which a man has towards his kind and other creatures. This idea of consciousness and responsibility presents before a man, a number of duties which he, as a responsible being, has to discharge. The questions may naturally occur to a person who really gives his thought to higher questions of existence. "What is the highest duty of a man?" The most pertinent answer is to be found in chapter 250 of the Shanti Parvan of the Mahabharata. There the Rishi Su'ka put the following question to Vyasa:—

"May your reverend self describe what is the foremost of all duties, indeed that duty than which no higher one exists in this world."

Vyasa replied:—

"To withdraw the mind and the senses from all unworthy objects and their due concentration upon higher objects is the highest penance. That is the highest of all duties. Indeed that is said to be the highest duty."

The fruit or ultimate issue is the criterion which can determine the position and character of duty. The acquirement of liberation in this life is the highest object of human existence. A duty which leads to its acquisition, is undoubtedly the highest; for it secures for a man the highest object of his life. How liberation ultimately proceeds from the withdrawal of the mind and the senses from unworthy objects, has been thus described, step by step, in the same chapter.

"Directing, by the help of the understanding, the senses having the mind for their sixth, and without, thinking of wordly objects

which create innumerable kinds of thought, one should live contented with his own self.

"When withdrawn from the fields where they generally run loose, the senses and the mind return for living in their proper abode, it is then that you will see in your own self the Eternal and Supreme Soul.

"Those great Brahmanas who are endowed with wisdom succeed in seeing that Supreme and Universal Soul which resembles a blazing fire in effulgence.

"As a large tree enveloped with numberless branches and filled with many flowers and fruits, does not know in which part it has flowers and in which it has fruits, similarly the Soul, as modified by birth and other qualities, does not know whence it has come and whither it is to go. There is, however, an inner Soul, which sees every thing.

"One sees the Soul with the help of the lamp of knowledge. Seeing therefore, yourself with your own self, cease to regard your body as yourself and acquire omniscience.

"Purged of all sins, like a snake that has cast off its slough, one acquires high intelligence here and becomes free from every anxiety and the obligation of acquiring a new body.

"Having its current spread in various directions, dreadful is this river of life carrying the world onward in its course. The five senses are its crocodiles. The mind and its objects are the shores.

"Cupidity and bewilderment of judgment are the grass and straw that float on it, blocking its bosom. Lust and anger are the dreadful reptiles which live in it. Truth forms the landing stage by its miry banks. Falsehood forms its surges, and anger its mire.

"Originating from the Unmanifest, rapid is its current and incapable of being crossed by persons of impure souls. Do you, with the help of the understanding, cross that river having desires for its alligators.

"The worldly concerns form the ocean towards which that river runs. Genus and species form its unfathomable depth that none can understand. One's birth, O child, is the source from which that stream originates. Speech forms its eddies.

"Only men endued with learning, wisdom, and understanding, succeed in crossing it which is so difficult to cross. Crossing it, you

will free yourself from every attachment, acquiring a tranquil heart, knowing the Soul, and becoming pure in every way.

"Depending then on a purged and elevated understanding, you will succeed in becoming Brahma's self. Having estranged yourself from every worldly attachment, having acquired a purified Soul and conquering every sort of sin, look you upon the world like a person looking from the mountain summit upon creatures creeping below on the Earth's surface! Without being subject to anger or joy, and without making any cruel wish, you will see the origin and the destruction of all created objects."

"Wise men consider such an act to be the foremost of all things. Indeed, this act of crossing the river of life is considered by the foremost of pious persons, by ascetics conversant with the truth, to be the greatest of all acts that one perform.

"This knowledge of the all pervading Soul should be delivered to one's son. It should be inculcated unto one who is of controlled senses who is honest in conduct, and that is docile or submissive.

"This knowledge of the Soul, which I have just explained to you, O child, and the evidence of whose truth is supplied by the Soul itself, is, indeed the greatest of all mysteries, and the very highest knowledge which one can acquire.

"Brahma has no sex,—male female, or neuter. It is neither sorrow nor happiness. Its essence is the past, the future, and the present.

"Whatever the sex may be, male or female, the person who acquires the knowledge of Brahma, hath never to go through re-births. This duty (of Yoga) has been described for acquiring Liberation from re-birth.

"These words which I have used for answering your question, lead to Liberation in the same way as the various other opinions held by various other sages who have described this subject. I have explained the subject to you in the manner in which it should be explained. Those opinions sometimes yield fruit and sometimes not.

"Therefore, O good child, when asked by a contented, meritorious, and self-controlled son or disciple, a preceptor should, with a delighted heart, explain, according to their true import, these instructions which I have delivered for your benefit, my son."

"From the extract given above it is clear that by withdrawing the mind and the senses from unworthy external objects by the

help of understanding or higher sense, one gradually acquires a mastery over his mind and the maddening senses. From the control of the senses, which is acquired by continually withdrawing them from their objects, proceeds mental concentration which forms the most essential element of Yoga. A man can never practise Yoga unless he is in a state of tranquil mental consciousness. Therefore when the mind is properly subdued, a man is qualified and competent enough to perform Yoga. This Yoga is the continued meditation on the Supreme Self, to determine the relation existing between it and one's own individual soul, *i.e.*, the relationship between Paramatma and Jivatma. When by the continued practice of Yoga, higher consciousness is developed in a man, his spiritual eyes are opened up and he sees, as if in vivid colours, the affinity between his own soul and the Universal Soul. This knowledge, which is the outcome of meditation, is the true spiritual knowledge which is earnestly and eagerly sought by an aspirant of spiritual culture. And from this knowledge of the soul and the All-Soul proceeds liberation which is the *summum bonum* of human existence. This is the highest knowledge that a man can acquire by spiritual culture and it reveals to him that there is divinity in every human being and that there is an eternal and ever-abiding relationship between the human soul and the Divine Soul. A man does not perceive this relationship so long his mind is covered by the coating of *avidya* which disappears with the advent of true spiritual knowledge as the mist of darkness is dispelled by the rising colour rays. Liberation, according to the Hindu Rishis, is not what is attainable unto a man after death. They do not keep a religious aspirant in darkness by the veil of death. It is not the exclusive property for any individual being. Every one can acquire it and that even in this life if he steadfastly sticks to the spiritual discipline which is absolutely necessary for its acquisition. When *Moksha* or true liberation is gained, a man is above happiness and misery and all earthly disturbances. He enjoys a state of beatitude, *sat, chit and ananda*.

Thus we see that in this chapter although abounding with similes and allegories, the entire system of spiritual culture has been explained. The first step, in this system, is the restraint of the senses. This, one can secure by withdrawing the senses from their objects. One must continually essay to do the same,

and one will be successful in the long run. Struggles there are no doubt; but every work, in this world, is beset with struggles proportionate to its nature and importance. The work of controlling the senses is undoubtedly the most difficult in comparison with every other secular work.

The second step consists in governing the mind which forms the most disturbing element even when the senses are conquered. In order to control one's mind, one must withdraw it from external objects and try to concentrate it upon its internal operations. If one continually tries to withdraw the mind from the outside world and fix it upon itself, one will ultimately be able to acquire mental concentration. These two steps form the preparatory course. They as it were, prepare the ground for Yoga exercises. The beginning of every work is difficult and the attempt to control the senses and the mind is an uphill work in comparison with others. So a man must take some time and suffer innumerable difficulties in preparing himself for the higher spiritual culture.

With the third step, namely Yoga or meditation begins the higher course. When a man has controlled his senses and the mind, he does not experience any difficulty in carrying on religious meditation. Supposing we are to find out a new theory which requires continued thought. But before we engage in thought we must so arrange that nothing may disturb our mind. We must find out a solitary place so that people might not disturb us. Being secure against outside disturbances, one begins to think about one's theory; and by continued meditation, one ultimately succeeds in finding it out. Similarly the mind and the senses form the two most powerful sources of disturbances to a spiritual aspirant. And therefore first of all one must control them and then begin the process of meditation.

The fourth step begins when, by Yoga or meditation the aspirant acquires spiritual knowledge. With the acquisition of which he finds what is necessary for acquiring liberation—the goal of his hard-wrought spiritual exercises. He sees the abiding relationship and affinity between his soul and the Divine Soul. He sees what is useless in this world and what is really useful. He sees the nothingness of this earth and the All-Real and the Eternal. This is not a matter of theory and practice. This is not a mere passive belief or faith which one acquires by

reasoning. But it is a real and life-like realization. With spiritual vision, which is acquired by Yoga, one sees spiritual things as we, with human eyes, see the objects around us. Thus when the fourth stage, namely, the acquisition of spiritual knowledge, is attained, one comes to the goal of his spiritual exercises—the liberation, which is the blessed fruit of his lifelong labours—the golden reward for the many troubles taken by him. *Moksha* or liberation is a state of pure and absolute blessedness, in which, a man shorn of earthly attachments, sorrows and miseries, enjoys the bliss of heaven.

S. N. D.

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*THE DEATH OF SULTAN BAHADUR, THE KING
OF GUJARAT.*

The violent death of Sultan Bahadur is one of the tragedies of the west coast of India. He was killed by the Portuguese near Diu on 13th February 1537 under circumstances which do no honour to their nation. Bahadur was by no means a model sovereign for he was cruel and given to drink, but he was young and vigorous and he was the last real king of Gujarat and so his people long mourned his untimely end. There are many accounts of the murder, both in Portuguese and in Persian, but they are conflicting, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain exactly what occurred. The Portuguese writers endeavour to make that Bahadur meant to assassinate their Viceroy, and that he was justly slain while the Indian authorities, with more probability, state that he was foully slain while on a friendly visit to the Viceroy's ship. One of the earliest and best accounts of the affair is that given by Mir Abu Turab, a Gujarate gentleman, who wrote a history of his native country which was published in 1909 by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, under the editorship of Dr. Denison Ross. Abu Turab was a contemporary, though he was not an eye-witness of the occurrence and he seems to have got his account chiefly from the Italian renegade Khwajah Safer who was in Bahadur's foist at the time and was the only one of the party who escaped. Barros, the Portuguese historian says that he was the son of an Albanion by an Italian mother and that

he was born at Brindisi. According to another account, Strants was his birth-place. He was killed at the siege of Diu in 1546.

The circumstances, which led up to Bahadur's death, are as follows:—He was the younger son of Sultan Mozaffar II, the king of Gujarat, who seems to have been an excellent ruler, and was the last one who died a natural death, if we except Bahadur's sister's son Mahammed Shah, who only reigned about six weeks. His death too was hardly natural, for it is said that he died of grief at the murder of his uncle, Sultan Mozaffar was succeeded by his son Sikandar. His jealousy of his younger brother drove Bahadur out of the country and he wandered about for a time in Rajputana and the neighbourhood of Delhi. In the course of his travels, he witnessed the battle of Panipat in April 1526 and was greatly impressed by Babar's victory. Meanwhile his brother Sikandar was assassinated and he returned to Gujarat and ascended the throne. For a time he was prosperous and he won the admiration of his people by the rapidity of his marches. But he fell out with Humayun, the father of Akbar, on account of his harbouring disaffected Moghuls and Afghans, and a very rude and acrimonious correspondence took place. This led to a war in which Bahadur was defeated and was forced to ask help from the Portuguese. This must have been much against the grain for Bahadur hated Europeans and spoke of them in his letter to Humayun as "accused Feringhis." But shortly after he had implored them help and been promised it, a change took place in Bahadur's affairs. His people took fresh courage and recaptured some forts, and Humayun was obliged on this account and also of troubles in his own dominions to leave Gujarat. Consequently, Bahadur had no need of the Portuguese and was by no means pleased when he heard that the Viceroy had arrived with a large fleet at Diu. He resolved to give them no territory and meditated how to get the Viceroy into his power. With this view he invited him to come ashore, but the latter was wary and made the excuse that he was sick. Thereupon Bahadur took a resolution which was about as foolish and fatal, as that of Charles the First, when he went to arrest the Five Members. Though it was the Ramzan and late in the day so that Bahadur must have been fasting for several hours, he ordered his boat and insisted upon rowing out to the Viceroy's ship which was about a league off

the shore. This extraordinary procedure especially when he had been told that the Viceroy was sick, would seem to indicate that Bahadur was intoxicated. But this is hardly likely for it was the afternoon of the third day of the Ramzan and Bahadur was probably too bigoted a Mahommedan to eat or drink during the daytime on the sacred month. It is possible, however, that he was still crapulous from a debauch on the previous night.

I shall now leave Abu Turub to speak for himself.

"Sultan Bahadur had asked help from the Portuguese in order that he might put down the Moghuls and had been looking for their coming. Now that their assistance was not required, he wanted to be near Diu so that when they came, he might by some subterfuge avoid giving them any territory. With this idea he was engaged in hunting near Diu when suddenly the news came that the Portuguese had arrived with a number of ships. They had nearly 200 *barsha*,* galleons and junks which are the sea-equipages of the Firinghi, and there were about 5 or 6000 soldiers. When the Sultan heard of this, he left off his hunting and came to Diu, and sent people to the Warandur† who is the Portuguese chief, to welcome him and to invite him to an interview. The latter feigned sickness and said he would come tomorrow or next day. The Sultan believed that he was afraid to come and considered how he should remove his fears. So he imagined a new desire and went off on a boat accompanied by seventeen men in order that he might bring the Governor ashore. This happened on the third day of Ramzan. His courtiers and servants represented to him that the time‡ of breaking his fast was near at hand and that it would be better to wait till next morning. He did not agree to this and acted incautiously.

When the Portuguese became aware that the Sultan was approaching, they discharged many cannon and muskets in token of joy, and the Governor hastened to wrap himself in bed-clothes so as to support his story of sickness. When the Sultan entered the cabin he put his hand on his pulse and perceived that he was

* Perhaps this is a corruption of the Portuguese *barca* a ship.

† Should be Govardur, the Portuguese Governador.

‡ Meaning that it was near evening.

shamming. Then he put his hand on the Governor's back and pulled his arm, saying, "Come, let us go to the palace." The Governor drew himself away and the Portuguese Qazi* intervened and begged the Sultan to come on deck and look at the presents, they had got for him. The Sultan declined and was going off to his own boats when the Qazi blocked his path made a disturbance. The Sultan got angry, drew his sword, and cut the Qazi in two. The Portuguese then sounded their *safuri* which is kind of whistle (*safir*) and which makes a shrill noise, and is a summons to battle. So many boats collected on all sides that the Sultan's *ghrab* was quite surrounded, and a hot fight ensued. Rumi Khan Khwajah Safr, who was of European origin, and had fallen into the hands of the Turks and been a comrade of the Rumi Khan who had been defeated in the Mandeswar battle, used to tell how the Sultan got into his own boat, put on his cruise and rowed off rapidly. Then the whistle sounded on board the Governor's vessel which was signal to the other boats to assemble. There was a fight and the Sultan fell into the water. Another report was that the Sultan tried to get into his boat, but that it was pushed away, and the Sultan fell into the sea. When his head emerged, a Portuguese struck him with a lance, and he again fell in and disappeared. As I was well-acquainted with their language, I called out for quarter, and they seized me and took me with them. I was long in this company, and was hail fellow well met with them, and joined them in their cups, and convinced them that I would never leave them. But one day when they were about to weigh anchor, and were having a drinking bout, I got into a boat in the early morning, and came safe to shore. Then I went to Surat and managed to get possession of the merchandise *etc.* that I had there.†

*This is the word used by Abul Fazl and others. It probably means the Governor of Diu fort, Manuel de Sousa. But see Whiteway, 240 n. 2. Abul Fazl probably took the word from Abu Turab.

†Though Abu Turab was a contemporary of Bahadur, he did not write his book till some fifty years after the murder, Ikhteyar Khan, the poetical Governor of Champanir, made a neat chronogram on Bahadur's death—Sultānu-l-bar, Shehidu-l-bahr "Monarch ashore, Martyr a sea." This yields 943 A. H. Another Chronogram was Earingeyau Bahadur Kash "Franks. Slayers of Bahadur."

The Latin history of India by T. P. Maffei S. J. of Bergamo gives some interesting details about Bahadur Shah's death. Maffei was never in India, but he had access to good sources of information and he wrote his book on the 16th century. I quote from the Cologne edition of 1593. He tells us at p. 211 that Nuno da Cunha went to Diu on the beginning of 1537 with thirty ships in which there were 500 Portuguese. He was aware of Bahadur's evil intentions and so cleverly feigned sickness (*morbam egregie simulans*) as an excuse for not waiting on the king. Bahadur, however, came on a small vessel to see him, dressed in a green hunting suit, with a dark coloured tiara on his head, and a gilded sword at his waist. He had with him Mannel DeSousa, whom he had invited from the force to join him, and fifteen companions, two of whom were pages carrying his dagger and his quiver. Four boats with other servants followed him. When he reached the ship, Nuno waited on him at the ladder, bare-headed, and took him into his cabin. Only the interpreter, and one page and three courtiers were permitted to be present, but there were 200 Portuguese soldiers in other parts of the ship. Both host and guest were silent, the one meditating his evil deed, and the other becoming apprehensive of his danger. At last, Bahadur went off to the ship's side, followed by Nuno. The former jumped into his pinnace, verily thinking that he was now safe, but Nuno, no longer feeling the obligations of a host, now called out in a loud voice to have Bahadur seized. The soldiers, who had been long prepared to slay him, leapt into their boat and barred the king "passage." Mennel de Sons was one of the first to enter the king's barge, but he was speedily killed by Khwaja Saffar's son-in-law known as the tiger of the world, and thrown into the sea. A hot fight ensued and Bahadur's page killed eighteen more with his arrows before he was himself slain by a bullet. Bahadur tried to escape in his pinnace, but was stopped by the shallows, and by the ebbing

tide. He now leapt into the sea and swam towards a Portuguese boat and begged to be taken on board. The Portuguese officer was preparing to take him when a common sailor struck him with a spear, and killed him. His body, after floating for a time, sank and was never recovered. Meanwhile thus swift royal boats from Mangalore, in which there were Turkish soldiers, broke through the Portuguese boat and tried to rescue or avenge Bahadur. But the Portuguese were too numerous, and the Turks and the crews were slain to a man. Some of Bahadur's companions were saved, and among there was Khwija Safar. He was wounded, and Nuno had his wounds dressed and sent him into Diu to quiet the inhabitants who were fleeing from the city.

H. BEVERIDGE.

POSITION OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA.

THE general belief of the West is that the Hindus do not treat their women well. They think that they do not show respect to their females as people of the West do. There can be no more erroneous belief formed by them of the manners and customs of the Hindus than this. There may be some men amongst us who do not treat their wives and sisters well, but there is no want of such men also amongst other communities. For the enlightenment of our readers we beg to publish the following extract from the Mahabharata which will clearly prove how our fore-fathers used to treat their women.

They, who know the ancient history, recite the following verse of Daksha, the son of Prachetas, *viz.*,—That maiden, for whom nothing is taken by her kinsmen in the form of dower, cannot be said to be sold.

Honor, good treatment, and everything else which is agreeable, should all be given to the maiden whose hand is taken in marriage.

Her father and brothers and father-in-law and husband's brothers should show her every respect and adorn her with ornaments, if they be desirous of reaping benefits, for such conduct on their part always produces considerable happiness and advantage.

If the wife does not like her husband or fails to please him, from such dislike and absence of joy, the husband can never have children for increasing his family.

Women, O king, should always be adored and treated with love. There, where women are treated with honor, the very gods are said to be propitiated.

There, where women are not adored, all acts become fruitless. If the women of a family, on account of the treatment they receive, indulge in grief and tears, that family soon becomes extinct.

Those houses which are cursed by women meet with destruction and ruin as if scorched by some Atharvan rite. Such houses lose their splendour. Their growth and prosperity cease, O king.

Manu, on the eve of his departure from this world, made over women to the care and protection of men, saying that they are weak, that they fall an easy prey to the seduction of men, disposed to accept the love which is offered them, and devoted to truth.

There are others among them who are full of malice, covetous of honours, fierce in nature, unlovable, and impervious to reason. Women, however, deserve to be respected. Do ye men show them honor.

The virtue of men depends upon women. All pleasures and enjoyments also entirely depend upon them. Do ye bend your wills before them.

The begetting of children, the nursing of children, already born, require their help.

By respecting women, ye are sure to acquire the fruition of all objects. Regarding it a princess of the house of Janaka, the king of the Videhas, sang a verse. It is this :—

Women have no sacrifices ordained for them. There are no Shraddhas which they are called upon to perform. They are not required to observe any fasts. To serve their husbands with respect and willing obedience forms their only duty. Through the satisfaction of that duty they succeed in conquering Heaven.

In childhood, the father protects her. The husband protects her in youth. When she becomes old, her sons protect her. At no period of her life is a woman free.

Women are deities of prosperity. A person, that desires affluence and prosperity, should honour them. By cherishing women, O Bharata, one cherishes the goddess of prosperity herself, and by afflicting her, one is said to pain the goddess of prosperity.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

In Act IV of Kali Das's *Sakuntala*, Kasyapa says to Sakuntala :—

"You, then, having from this place gone to your husband's, serve with respect your superior; towards the rival wives of your

husband, show the behaviour of a dear friend. Never in anger go against your husband, even when treated with slight and harshness; (by him), towards the attendants, be kind and courteous; and be not puffed up in times of good fortune. In this way do young women get the place of the mistress of a house. Those who act in a contrary way are pest of the house.

Although Sakuntala was brought up in the hermitage, the great sage Kasyapa gave her very sound advice before her departure to her husband's place.

There are many proverbs current in various languages about women. Let us quote a few of them. Proverbs about women are common in every language, but particularly so in the East. In Japan they say "Where the hen crows, the house goes to ruin." But in China, "A bustling woman and a crowing hen are neither good for gods nor men" while the Persians believe in adapting the means to the end, as indicated by the expression, "If you be cock, crow; if a hen, lay eggs." In Russia, "it never goes well when the hen crows," and another thought is pertinently expressed in the proverb, "The wife does not beat the husband, but her temper rules him." The Chinese, however have perhaps the meanest saying about women ever written; "There are two good women; one dead, the other unborn." A woman as a wife is not less the object of proverbial attention. The Talmud says, "Though the wife be little, bow down to her"—that is, listen to her advice; while the Chinese say, "A good man will not beat his wife"—a self-evident proposition, the truth of which is not affected by the Persian proverb, "A bad wife is like a fig tree growing on the wall"—which undermines the walls by its roots. In China, "The widow is like a rudderless boat: "and in Siam, "He who marries a wolf looks often to the forest." In Russia, "A wife is not a guitar," which will be silent when you have done with it; while in Ceylon. "A wife is like the morning flower"—to be tenderly handled. The Talmud, however, sums up the whole case: "God did not make a woman from man's head, that she should rule over him; nor from his feet, that she should be his slave; but from his side, that she should be near his heart."

ANCESTOR-WORSHIP IN JAPAN.

It is not saying too much to call ancestor-worship the primæval religion of Japan, says Mr. Alfred Stead in the course of an article in the *Monthly Review*. It has existed from the earliest days, some 2,500 years, and is universally practised to-day. There are three kinds of ancestor-worship in vogue at the present time. The worship of the First Imperial Ancestor, which is carried on by all the people and may be regarded as the national religion; the worship of the patron-god of the locality, which is a survival of the worship of clan-ancestor by clansmen, and the worship of the family ancestors by the members of that house-hold. Of these three kinds of worship and their practice by all Japanese Mr. Hozumi writes :

"There are two sacred places in every Japanese house: the Kamidana or "god shelf" and the Butsudan or "Buddhist altar." The first named is the Shinto altar, which is a plain wooden shelf. In the centre of this sacred shelf is placed a Taima or Omusa (great offering), which is a part of the offerings made to the Daljingu of Ise or the temple dedicated to Amaterasu Omi Kami, the First Imperial Ancestor. The Taima is distributed from the Temple of Ise to every house in the Empire at the end of each year and worshipped by every loyal First Japanese as the representation of the Imperial Ancestor. On this altar the offering of rice, sake (liquor brewed from rice,) and branches of sakaki-tree (*chyera Japanica*) are usually placed and every morning the members the house-hold make reverential obeisance before it by clapping hands and bowing; while in the evening lights are also placed on the shelf. On the shelf is placed, in addition the charm of Ujigama or the local tutelary god of the family, and in many houses, the charms of the other Shinto deities also. In a Shinto house-hold there is a second god shelf or Kamidana, which is dedicated exclusively to the worship of the ancestors of the house. On this second shelf are placed

cenotaphs bearing the names of the ancestors, their ages and the dates of their death. These memorial tablets are called "Mitama-shieo," meaning representatives of souls," and they are usually placed in small boxes shaped like Shinto shrines. Offerings of rice, sake, fish, sakaki-tree and lamps are made on this second shelf as on the first. In the Buddhist household there is in addition to the Kamidana, a butsudan on which are placed cenotaphs bearing on the front posthumous Buddhist names, and on the back the names used by the ancestors during their lifetime. The cenotaph is usually lacquered, and is sometimes placed in a box called "Zushi"; while family crests are very often painted both on the tablet and on the box. Offerings of flowers, branches of shikimi-tree (*Illicium religiosum*), tea, rice and other vegetable foods are usually placed before the cenotaphs, while incense is continually burned, and in the evening small lamps are lighted. The Butsudan takes the place of the second god shelf of the Shinto household, both being dedicated to the worship of family ancestors."

The above extract shows what an immense national force the practice of ancestor-worship is, and the effect it must have in producing loyalty to the Emperor. The Emperor is the living representative of the First Imperial Ancestor, and contains in himself all the virtues and all the powers of his ancestors. It is difficult to imagine people more loyal, if loyalty consisted only in the outward form of loyal actions, for the people of Japan do reverence every day to the representatives of the First Imperial Ancestor. The very fact of this continuous reverence cannot fail to set a seal upon the loyalty of its subjects, and mark it out from that of other peoples. And the same worship which gives to them this feeling of loyalty causes them to love their country to an almost abnormal degree. Recall the pride which old country families have in England, with a line of ancestors stretching back perhaps a thousand years. These ancestors are not regularly venerated, nor is there any veneration to the head of the State; indeed, this would be impossible owing to the constant breaks of dynastic change. Contrast this with the Japanese 2500 years of actual veneration for ancestors and Imperial Ancestors, and it is easy to understand the difference. It is no uncommon thing for an Englishman, bereft of all his relations to say to himself, "What

is the good of remaining on among the old scenes? I will go away to a new country." No Japanese would, or could, ever feel that. He might go away before he was the sole representative of a family, but it is very improbable that he would ever wish to do so when the whole duty of family and national worship rested upon his own shoulders.

In connection with the worship of the First Imperial Ancestor there are three places set apart. These are: The Temple of Daijingu at Ise; the Kashiko Dokoro in the Sanctuary of the Imperial Palace; and the Kamidana, which is to be found in every house. In the first two places the Imperial Ancestor is represented by a Divine Mirror. This mirror was given to the First Imperial Ancestor, so tradition says, accompanied by the injunction that her descendants should look upon that mirror as representing her soul, and should worship it as herself." It may be remarked here that the First Imperial Ancestor was a woman, a fact possibly not without significance. It is, at all events, remarkable in a country against which one of the commonest accusations has been that there was no respect paid to women. Originally the Divine Mirror was worshipped at the Imperial Palace, but it was later removed to the Temple at Ise, its place being taken by a duplicate. Although all the people worship the First Imperial Ancestor at home, they look upon it as a necessity to visit the Temple at Ise at least once during a lifetime. It is no unusual event for schoolboys and young men to secretly desert their work in order to walk to Ise on a pilgrimage, and do worship. It is to the Japanese people very much what Mecca is to the Mahomedans, with this deference, that it is in the power of every man or woman who can walk to visit this holy place.

The occasions for the worship of family ancestors by the members of a household are of three kinds. These are the sacrifice days, which are the days, in each month corresponding to the day of the ancestor's death; the sacrifice months which are the days of the month corresponding to the day and month of an ancestor's death; and the sacrifice years which are the certain years in which on a day of the month corresponding to the death of an ancestor celebrations are held. The sacrifice years vary among Shintoists and Buddhists. In the majority of celebrations only the members of the house and ear relatives

take part, but on some occasions there are feasts, and relatives and descendants of ancestors are invited to take part. For both, Shintoist and Buddhist priests officiate, but among the former the services are held in their private house, while among the latter they sometimes also take place in the temples. The respective rituals differ somewhat in the two religions. Mr. Hozumi thus describes them :—

“ Shinto offerings consist of sake, rice, fish game, vegetables and fruits for food and drink, and pieces of silk and hemp for clothing, while branches of sakaki-tree and flowers are also frequently offered. The priests who conduct the ceremony clap their hands before the altar and the chief priest pronounces the prayer or “norito,” the words of which vary on different occasions. The prayer usually ends with the supplication that the spirit may protect and watch over the family, and accept the offerings dutifully submitted. After this, each of the assembled party, commencing with the head of the house, takes a small branch of sakaki-tree, to which is attached a piece of paper representing fine cloth, places it on the altar and then claps hands and makes obeisance. In the ceremonies of the Buddhists the offerings usually consist of tea, rice, fruits, cakes and flowers, either artificial or natural, the most usual being lotus. Fish and meat form no part of the sacrifice because of the doctrine of abstinence from flesh embodied in Buddha’s commandment not to kill any animate being. Whether the ceremony takes place in the temple or in the house, priests officiate, and recite sacred books. The assembly in turn burn incense and prostrate themselves before the altar, the order of procedure being the same as in the case of Shinto worship.”

Besides these regular ceremonies, there are “three appointed times” in the year when the people offer sacrifices to the spirits of ancestors, both at home and at the grave. Mr. Hozumi says :—

"The worship of ancestors is not limited only to the festival times. When a young student goes to Europe to pursue his studies, when a soldier sets out on a campaign, when an official is sent abroad on some Government service, or when a merchant undertakes a long journey on business, he invariably visits the graves of his ancestors in order to take leave of them. In many Shintoist houses the offerings of sake and sakaki-tree are continually made; and in Buddhist houses flowers are offered every day and incense is continually burned in Butsudan. In fact, the worship of the spirits of ancestors forms a part of everyday life of the people."

ASIATICUS.

THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

A SKETCH OF HABIBULLAH.

Born at Samarkand in 1872, Habibullah is smaller in stature and much sallow than his father, to whom he bears a marked resemblance. He wears his clothes with clumsy dignity, and is evidently particular about their cut, finish, and condition. He is already inclined to stoutness, but the heaviness of his features is concealed in part by a beard and moustache. In conversation his face lights with an engaging smile, but he has great reserve of manner and not usually wears an air of abstraction or pre-occupation. His knowledge of our language is meagre, and he understands English better than he speaks it. In every way milder than his father, who was as quick to read character as he was to resent injury, the discernment, judgment, and courage of the older man are wanting in the son, although the two share in common a certain grimness of humour. This faculty occasionally manifests itself in unexpected directions, as was lately disclosed to the Amir's chief body servant, Ahmad Rashid. This worthy, whose duty it is to take care of the Royal wardrobe, was becoming neglectful, when one morning Habibullah noticed a black scorpion, whose sting is unusually agonising, in a boot that he had been about to put on. Summoning Ahmad to his side, the Amir complained that the boot pinched his foot, and ordered the servant to stretch it by drawing it on his foot. The pain of the bite was not the more readily forgotten from the fact that nothing of much consequence could be done to relieve it. Incidents of this description tend to make service in the royal household somewhat of a trial; but even in the harem his playfulness is found to conceal a pointed barb. The Amir recently dispensed with the services of a European medical attendant who was specially detailed to his Court by the Viceroy of India. Shortly after this officer's departure from Afganistan Habibullah was visited by an attack of his old enemy—gout. The seizure, an usually sharp one was protracted and brought many sleepless nights to the august sufferer. The *hakims i. e.*, the native practitioner, had bled their patient, but the fever and inflammation were not appreciably relieved

by these efforts when the Shahgassi, the Court Chamberlain, heard of the arrival of a Indian Hospital Assistant. At the request of the Shahgassi, this man prepared a very potent sleeping draught for the Amir containing in proportion the correct ingredients, but calculated to serve for several days. Returning posthaste to the couch of the Amir, the Shahgassi gave the medicine to Habibullah who, with his customary mistrust of foreigners, administered half the contents of the bottle to some servant, comforting the man with the remark that if Allah were on the side of the infidel, no harm would result.

A few days passed, the Hospital Assistant was summoned to the Hindustan Palace, and at the same time warned that the gout had run its course, and that the condition of the Amir had consequently improved. Rejoiced to find that his preparation had been so efficacious, he was awaiting his reward when the Amir suddenly produced the remaining half of the mixture.

"One half of this," said Habibullah, exposing the bottle to the affrighted gaze of the Hospital Assistant, "has killed my servant Abdul ; the other half, by the grace Allah, has been preserved. Drink, and may your sleep be sound !"

The unfortunate man presented with no alternative, obeyed and would, no doubt, have suffered a similar fate to that of the Amir's servant, if a European workman in the Amir's service, and present at the Durbar, had not, with great presence of mind, administered an emetic.

If there has been any note of uncertainty in the foreign policy of the Amir, it is of interest to reflect that since ascending the Throne, Habibullah's domestic policy has been remarkably benevolent. Abuses in the collection of "Octroi" have been remedied, certain taxes abolished, and, to give an impetus to trade in Afghanistan itself, merchants are now permitted to obtain advances from the Kabul Treasury on proper security—a concession very greatly appreciated, as it enables traders to evade the usurious rates of interest levied by Hindu money-lenders. Clemency of a striking description, too, has been displayed by issuing invitations who return to Afghanistan to those members of the tribal families who were frightened out of the country by the measures of Abdur Rahman. Very possibly this generosity is a species of political charity intended to spread the good name of

the new ruler and to impress the Government of India, but it is at least a revelation of the changes occasioned by the establishment of a stable government and the formation of a bureaucracy. The existence of this latter, an evolution from the unquestioned despotism of his predecessor, has brought about the creation of a Supreme Council, known as the Durbارشahi to which the more important officials belong, and a more popular assembly described as the Khawānin Mulkhi. Three classes—certain Sirdars as belonging to the Royal House; the Khans, as the representatives of the country; and the Mullahs—find the members for these bodies, while the details of the civil administration now embrace a Board of Trade with which the Caravan Department and the Customs are affiliated; Bureaux of Justice and Police Offices of Records, Public Works, Posts and Communications; Departments of Education and Medicine as a separate organisation, and a Board of Treasury, divided into four departments of revenue and expenditure—northern, southern, eastern, and western—in connection with which there are a State Treasury and a Private Treasury. The State Treasury, controlled by a State Treasurer and Councillors of the Exchequer, renders daily statements of revenue and expenditure, which, countersigned by the heads of the departments concerned, are submitted every evening to the Amir. The Private Treasury is occupied solely with the revenues of the Royal Family. Under the military administration are grouped, besides the army militia and the tribal levies, all departments concerned in the manufacture of war material and the industries associated of war with each. At the same time, the workmen employed in these undertakings and all foreigners whose services are retained by the Amir, come within its jurisdiction. Payments in connection with the military administration are made monthly, but civil disbursements are tendered annually, or, with certain exceptions, bi-yearly.

Unlike his father, Habibullah takes but little interest in military affairs, preferring to be regarded as the director of things spiritual. Even Abdur Rahman, who accepted the title Zia-ul-Millat-wuddin—Light of the Nation and Religion—found himself sorely pressed by Kabul fanaticism, but his successor, too weak to head the current and too zealous a Mahomedan to question the teaching of the Mullahs, has disclosed a subserviency to priestly control which has reacted with unfortunate results upon his people.

A. HAMILTON.

THE OPIUM AGREEMENT.

Much has already been written with regard to the Opium Agreement which has just been ratified between Great Britain and China and it may perhaps appear superfluous to make any further comment on a subject that has been so fully discussed.

The Anti Opium Party are doubtless jubilant over the result of their efforts in agitating against the Opium Traffic, but little do they reckon what far reaching results may arise from their short sighted and narrow minded policy.

The loss in Revenue to India will be enormous and it is going to be a very serious problem as to how the loss is to be made up.

It of course means increased taxation which will have to be borne by the Indian tax payer which is obviously unfair.

As the Statesman of the 11th May last very tersely puts it.

"The agitators in Great Britain, have enjoyed the moral favour of abolishing a great industry. It is mean to leave others to pay the bill." Quite so—those who call the tune should be prepared to pay the Piper, and this is just exactly the last thing the Anti Opium Party have any idea of doing.

It is absurd that vital questions such as this should be deferred to the decision of fanciful cranks and faddists.

Opium like alcohol has its uses and abuses but it is, only the latter that is pounced upon and exposed in lurid colours to an ignorant and gullible public.

In many parts of India such as Assam, where large feverish tracts of jungle land are met with the inhabitants have found that a small quantity of opium consumed either daily or occasionally is an excellent febrifuge, a preventive of bowel complaints, and a resuscitator and tonic for the system after extreme fatigue.

Any number of men consume opium in this way in India and without doubt likewise in China without going to excess and it is no more harmful to them than is the daily whisky peg to the average European.

Opium is no more insidious than is alcohol and provided the main consumer of either is of average strength of character there is no more danger of his becoming an opium maniac in the one case than a confirmed drunkard in the other.

Turning again to the question of how the matter affects the tax payer it is somewhat amusing to note Mr. Montagu's reply to Colonel Yate as reported by Renter when he says "that it is a fact that the Indian Govt. has decided to stop, as soon as possible; the sale of opium to China and I can see no indication of unwillingness on the part of the Indian tax payer and cultivator to participate in this meritorious policy."

Does Mr. Montagu realise that still waters in India, as elsewhere run deep, and that the class of whom he speaks, the Indian Cultivator has been taught through centuries of oppression that the least said is the soonest mended and to accept the inevitable. The ryot is as patient and long suffering as his plough oxen and in fact is typical of the country he is "dumb as a lamb before its shearer and opens not his mouth." He has borne so much in the past that a little extra taxation on his shoulders will not matter much.

The unrest in India has so far been confined more or less to the educated classes of the people, but with an increasing burden of taxation looming ahead for the poor ryot the outlook is not reassuring.

Readers of Forbes Mitchell's "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny" will recall that in the appendix at the end of his book he devotes a whole chapter to the Opium Question and he states therein that from Enquiry he learned that "the main reason why the village population of Oude joined the city population of Lucknow was owing to the oppression caused by our introduction of the opium tax among the people" and "he goes on further to say that his informant considered that the Anti Opium Party a most dangerous set of fanatics who would set the whole country in rebellion again if they could get Government to adopt their narrow minded views." And this, it may be remarked, is only with regard to the taxation of opium and did not mean as at present the total abolition of the industry.

Forbes Mitchell was a man who had had several years experience of India and had many opportunities of getting in touch

with the people and their views and so he does not write with the ignorance and bias of Kepling's travelled idiot who will calmly sit down and write a book on India after possibly sojourning a few weeks in the country.

The whole question in fact is one that gives grave cause for anxiety and requires to be carefully pondered over as some satisfactory solution of the difficulty will have to be found to make up the heavy deficit and in simple fairness and justice it should be otherwise than by imposing fresh burdens on the cultivator.

T. W. H

*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

CHAPTER VI.

(VII)

Wilson patronised English education as well. It was through his influence that the Hindu College attained its eminence. The institution remained a lower grade school upto 1822. It had then not even a building of its own. Opened at the house of Gorachand Basak at Garanhatta, it had during the first seven years to be removed from place to place—from Gorachand's to Rupcharan Ray's house at Chitpur and thence to the house of Kamal Basu nicknamed Firingi Kamal. Wilson readily lent his helping hand to the institution. He took it under the ægis of the Committee of Public Instruction in 1823. He was planning a building for his Sanskrit College and thought it advisable to locate both the institutions together, that the highest eastern and western knowledge might be imparted side by side. The Government, which had recognised its educational responsibility recently, could not be expected to meet the entire costs of the two seminaries. Again, the Hindu aristocracy came forward to endow their academy. A large sum was collected within a short time. The subscription list was headed by the Maharaja of Burdwan. Next came Gopi Mohan Tagore. The Sobhabazar family and other houses of Calcutta contributed handsomely. David Hare made a free gift of a valuable piece of land. The foundation-stone of the grand edifice in the two-storied centre of which the Sanskrit College and in the one storied wings of which the Hindu School is located, was laid amidst great enthusiasm. The founders were made hereditary councillors. The hereditary right was also conferred on each of nominating a free student. It soon rose to the status of a high college. Distributed into two departments, junior and senior, it comprised the modern standards of matriculation, Intermediate in arts and degree examinations of the Calcutta University. It secured an eminent staff of professors and began to impart a very sound knowledge of mathematics, science, philosophy, history geography and above

all English literature. Dwarka Nath Tagore, and Prasanna Kumar Tagore belonged to the early batch of students at the time of Anslem and Halix. It rose to eminence by 1826 when DeRozio joined the staff. The East Indian was a prodigy. He was born in Calcutta in 1809 and was educated at Drnmond's Academy in the city. He mastered the literatures of modern and ancient Europe when he was scarcely 18 years old. He was not only a scholar, but a journalist, philosopher and poet. His *Fakir of Jungheera* shows his power to ascend the heights of Pernassus. His *Hesperus* and *East Indian*, though short-lived, are permanent landmarks of Indian journalism. Though he was the fourth teacher, his erudition, frankness, and mode of teaching attracted all the students. His influence over them was, indeed, magnetic. They used to flock in his house from distance even scampering through rain and thunderstorm. He did not think his duty done by explanation of this or that passage of the prescribed books. He sincerely endeavoured to make his pupils think for themselves and express those thoughts in pure English. His class has been characterised as the Academus of Plato in miniature where the professor and the pupils had a free interchange of thought. He made his boys familiar not only with Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Burns, and Scott but with Locke, Reid, Stewart, Bentham, Adam Smith, Hume, Robertson and Gibbon. He encouraged them to write in his journals and speak in debating clubs. He allowed them to discuss freely all questions, political, social, philosophical, moral, and religious. As the class was not fit for such discussions, and his drawingroom was too small to accommodate all the boys who crowded there, he secured for them the house now occupied by the Wards' Institution, and opened a debating society under the name of Academy. Here he placed in their hands such books as the College authorities would have shuddered to place. This effort to make them think and judge for themselves and express their thoughts in artistic spech and writing was not improper. But he was a freethinker, and had little faith in God. His students also became freethinkers. They began to question the very existence of the Maker. No creed commanded their respect. The Hindu religion was regarded as unreasonable. Their veritable god, DeRozio, had no knowledge of Sanskrit, and no insight of a philosopher. With all his literary attainments he

never applied his mind to, nor could divine the beauties of the Hindu philosophy and of the huge social and religious structure raised on that sound basis by the mighty minds of old. It was impossible for the boys to grasp those high truths themselves. In their admiration for the secular ideas of the West which dazzled and bewildered them at the first sight, they shut their eyes to the grand divine ideas of the East. They could not find anything good in their old institutions which had withstood the ravages of age and foreign incursions. The manners, customs, usages, religion, morality, literature and even the language of their forefathers, were looked down as barbarous. They revolted against them and became abject worshippers of European customs and fashions, minus their energy, punctuality, morality and godfearingness. To eat, to drink, to dress, to sneeze, to sit, to cough, to talk, to laugh like Europeans became their sole object. They gloried in taking the food and drink which were forbidden by the sages of Ind out of the best sanitary and moral motives. The college authorities held DeRozio responsible for this heterodoxy, and dismissed him forgetting that it was the inevitable result of western secular education without the equipoise of eastern spiritual culture. DeRozio did not survive the dismissal long. His meteoric career was cut short in the twenty-second year. But the effects of his teaching were durable. The students of the Hindu College began to spurn Hinduism the more, the more they began to study the western literature. Once the religious restraints were removed, the path to immorality was open. Desultory drinking for the sake of fancied civilisation of the west developed into an inveterate habit of drinking. Irreverence for the religion of the ancestors degenerated into atheism. Defiance of the authority of the sages turned to defiance of the authorities of father and mother. Other vices of the foreign society followed. They were so common that with the young Bengal, to read in the Hindu College became synonymous with eating beef, drinking wine, spurning God, showing insolence to parents and seniors, spouting Shakespeare and Byron, and despising their mother tongue. But though morally lowered it must be admitted that the students of the Hindu college, became masters of English literature under the tuition of such literary giants as Captain Richardson, K. M. Banerjee, Ramgopal Ghosh,

Peary Charan Sarkar, Dr. Rajendralala Mitter, Michael Madhu Sudan Dutt—the best products of the institution—are the best products of English education from literary point of view. Thus the Hindu College proved in every sense of the word the *alma mater* of the so-called educated Bengal—strong in the history, philosophy, and literature of the foreigners, but quite innocent of the same of their own, eager to adopt the customs of others and give up the manners of their ancestors, addicted to the vices of the west but devoid of their virtues, in one word an entirely denationalised and irreligious race of scholars. This current ran in full force for half a century and even after the Hindu College was developed into the first and foremost State College of Bengal, Kisorī felt its fringe though he was not dragged into its vortex. The first serious check to this stream came from such masters as Kuthumi Babu who spread their sway over the Brahmans of West and through them over the people of this country. Trailanga Swami, Ramkrishna, Shyamacharan, Lahiri and others worked directly on their countrymen. Vivakananda and his friends went to plant the Hindu spiritual flag on the West. The foremost of the subtle workers on the mind of the living generation without the vehicle of speech is the holy Lord Bama, known as *Kshapa* Bama or Bama mad after God. Through the influence of these *Mahatmas*, the Indians are beginning to turn their eyes to the inexhaustible treasures of their spiritual mines and instead of being drowned in the occidental culture of matter is making it a means to realise the spiritual grandeur of their mother land.

In 1825 the Government established the Delhi College for giving instruction in Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit.

The example of the Serampore brothers was catching. In the early twenties Bishop Middleton founded the Bishop's college because according to him the time had arrived when it was desirable that missionary endeavours should have some connection with the church establishment. It was thrown open to the general students in 1830. It prospered under Principal Dr. Milland Kay. It was the only institution where Homer and Virgil were taught in original. Rev. K. M. Banerjee joined it as a professor and proved himself an acquisition. The college was closed in spite of the scholarships founded by Principals Kay and others. The gothic

edifice near the Botanical Gardens is now utilised by the Government for the Shibpore Engineering College.

In the year in which the Bishop's college was thrown open to the public, there arrived a powerful missionary destined to exercise no mean influence on English education. Dr. Alexandre Duff came in May 1830 to Calcutta as a representative of the Mission of General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He was a keen observer and found the time opportune for his purpose. Persistent work for five and thirty years by the Serampore mission not attended with the expected success, had, at any rate, created a field for the missionaries in Bengal. The Hindu College though founded to oppose the current of Christian training, had propagated un-Hindu ideas to such extent that its students openly raised the cry of 'down with Hinduism.' Their leader, K. M. Banerjee, was pouring out vituperations week after week on the creed and customs of his ancestors in his newly started journals, *the Enquirer* and the *Gnananveshan*, the one being written in English and other in Bengali. Duff hailed this laxity of the educated youngsters in the faith of their forefathers as a good sign for catching them in the dragnet which he was about to cast. The first fish he caught in November 1832 was K. M. Banerjee who was the most vehement in attacks on his society.

After his arrival Duff, in co-operation with Messrs. Adam and Hill of the London Missionary Society and Mr. Deltry afterwards the Bishop of Madras, arranged for the delivery of a course of lecture on Christianity. The introductory lecture by Hill, delivered in August 1830, was well attended. The novelty being worn out, the lectures failed to draw audience later and so had to be discontinued. Duff from the beginning understood the soundness of Carey's plan of opening free school for drawing young pupils over whom he might stealthily work to make them abjurors to their faith. He contracted friendship with Ram Mohan Roy. The Brahmo leader was a genius and more than a match for the host of the missionaries. Though an enemy to them in the religious arena, his catholic heart did not prevent him from stretching his friendly hand to them. When Duff expressed unto him his desire of setting up a school, he warmly accepted the proposal and promised all help. True to his word, he secured at a moderate rent the house of *Firingi* Kamal at Jorasanko for Duff where the General Assembly's Institution was opened in

August 1830. The scheme was not ambitious. It began with only five boys. The curriculum was, like that of the institutions of Serampore brothers, sectarian and secular mixed together. The school began at ten o'clock with the Lord's prayer repeated in presence of all the boys assembled in the hall. Duff himself compiled a series of English class books for it under such names as the *First Instructor*, the *Second Instructor*, the *Third Instructor*, etc. He used to teach himself in almost all the classes. He had an inexhaustible fund of energy. Besides, his daily tutorial labour for hours together in the institution, he delivered weekly lectures on religion in his own house, and conducted the *Calcutta Christian Observer* started by him and his missionary friends to further their cause. We learn from Lal Behary that he never walked into the class room but rushed into it and kept his feet and hands moving incessantly "like a horse of high mettle." He insisted upon the development of the student's faculties of observation and reflection. Catechising was his mode of teaching. Through his earnest endeavour the school could create a name by 1833 and came to be ranked with the Hare's institution. Its free-education drew many pupils. Lal Behary Dey was admitted in it in 1834.

A few months after Duff opened his institution, Gour Mohan Addy, an energetic citizen of Calcutta, established in 1831 the Oriental Seminary, which helped materially the spread of English education in preuniversity days. It was conducted ably on literary basis. It could secure the services of Captain Richardson and Dr. Nash. Its brilliant *alumni* of the early fifties are Dr. Sambhu Chuudra Mukherjee, Kristodas Pal, W. C. Bonerji and Justice Sambhu Nath Pandit. It is still existing as an efficient institution teaching upto the matriculation standard of the University. May its prosper and keep the name of its founder green !

While private enterprise was thus creating a field for the systematic study of English literature, the battle between the orientalis and anglicists began in the Committee of Public Instruction, which ended in the triumph of the anglicists and ushered the fourth period of English education. When the Committee was organised in 1823 for the purpose of "considering and, from time to time, submitting to Government the suggestion of such measures as it may appear expedient to adopt with a view to the better instruction of the people, to the introduction of useful knowledge, includ-

ing the sciences and arts of Europe and to the improvement of moral character," its work was not heavy inasmuch as it had then two colleges, the Madrassa of Calcutta and the Sanskrit College of Benares under its supervision. Within the next two years the Calcutta Sanskrit College, the Hindu College, and the Delhi College came under its protection. The policy of the Committee was determined by that of its energetic and erudite Secretary, Dr. H. H. Wilson. Himself an oriental scholar, he had naturally a predilection for Sanskrit and Arabic, and tried to give an impulse to the studies of the classics of the East. He devoted a large portion of the educational funds for publication of oriental texts and their English translations. As these renderings were done by English scholars innocent of Sanskrit with the help of Pandits innocent of English, they were, no doubt, defective. But with all their defects they are invaluable treasures of the Asiatic Society. Macaulay might have jeered at them but the importance of presenting the Indian classics into English has been recognised with the English rendering of Mahabharata by Ganguli. They are the true mirrors of Indian heart. Apart from their literary importance, they have a political significance. The more they are known, the better the ruled are understood to the rulers. Be it as it may, barring his tendency to spend much for the dissemination of Indian classics and to give stipends to their students, Wilson's policy was as advanced as that of the Great Despatch of 1854. He wanted to patronise the eastern and the western education. It was he, under whose fostering care the Hindu College bloomed into prosperity as much as the Sanskrit College. "I am," he rightly remarked in his letter to Ramkamal Sen dated September 35, 1835 after his policy was reversed by Macaulay & Co., "as friendly as they are to a wide extension of English and promoted it far beyond what they will ever accomplish. They write about it. I worked at it as you know; but I saw no incompatibility between the cultivation of the classical languages of India and English."

Wilson's scholarship commanded the respect of all his colleagues, and his social virtues, endeared him to the entire Anglo-Indian society. He was "the life and soul of social gatherings." He was called "the father of the Indian Drama," and established the first regular stage in the city. He was a master of histrionic art. Under his banner flocked the high and low civil and military officials as amateur players,

The performances were so successful that not a single ticket was left unsold on every alternate Friday and the Governor General had a State Throne reserved in the theatre for him. It was no wonder that the voice of such a leader was implicitly obeyed in the Committee and outside. Soon after his commanding personality was removed by his retirement to England at the ending 1832, a difference of opinion arose among the public guardians of education. A member, who was then well known in the journalistic world as Indophilus, strongly attacked the practice of printing oriental books and of paying stipends to big boys for learning Sanskrit and Arabic from the educational funds. He indecently characterised this payment of stipends as bribing the boy to study their sacred languages. He advocated that the Committee should patronise only English education. He could soon win over some of his co-adjutors. But the majority including the President, Sir H. Shakespeare and the Secretary, Mr. Sutherland, who were admirers of Wilson, were for continuing the old practice. The minority began a vigorous campaign both in the press and the committee room. In their zeal for their cause they denounced the patronage of Sanskrit and Arabic as fostering 'unhealthy literature,' 'questionable ethics' and 'false science' and showed bad taste in pouring forth phillipics on the devoted head of Wilson without understanding his catholic policy, for no other fault than his devotion to the oldest and grandest of the languages of the world wherein mysteries of life and death are solved by the inspired brains. The uncharitable attack on him behind his back drove his friends and admirers to guard up their lonis. The result was the war of the orientalisists and the anglicists. Both sides were excited and tried more to maintain their theories than to grasp the educational problem in right earnest. The orientalisists pointed out the capacity of Sanskrit rightly declared by competent critics as more copious than Greek and more perspicuous than Latin. They were right in contending that Sanskrit and Arabic could be fine mirrors for reflecting all shades of human thoughts. The anglicists, on the other hand, extolled the merits of English and pointed out that its demand was rapidly increasing in India. They were, doubtless, wrong in inferring from this demand, actuated by motives of lucre, that English was in any way better adapted than Sanskrit in expressing human ideas. The orientalisists also took their stand on

the Charter of 1813. They argued that as it set apart a fund "for the revival and promotion of literature and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories," it meant the encouragement of classical lore of India and unless the Charter was reversed the Government of India was precluded from following any other course. The anglicists contended that the Charter meant the encouragement of only the western education. The correct interpretation seems to be that it wanted to foster both. If Wilson had been at the helm, the dispute might have been settled. He would have readily accepted the proposal of the anglicists to relegate the task of printing oriental texts to the Asiatic Society. What he wanted was their publication and it would have been all the same to him whether the Committee or the Asiatic Society achieved the desideratum. But his followers were not for yielding an inch. It would have been, no doubt, impossible for Wilson to accede to the proposal of stopping all scholarships to students of Sanskrit and Arabic. But his conciliatory spirit might have found a way to solve the difficulty. The tactlessness of the orientalist led to a fight to the finish. The rank of the anglicists swelled. They were supported in public press by persons like Dr. Duff. The members were at last equally divided over the controversy. The President, H. Shakespeare, the Secretary Sutherland, James Prinsep, Thoby Prinsep, and W. H. Macnaghten, were orientalist, while Bird, Saunders, Bushby, Charles Trevelyan, and J. R. Colvin were anglicists. All business came to a stand still. The dispute was, therefore, submitted to the Supreme Council in January 1835. The chief point was the interpretation of the educational clause of the Charter of 1813.

ASIATICUS.

THE FREAKS OF LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

The sun had sunk down the Western horizon, which had been tinted with a deep red glow. The bright luminous orb was gradually disappearing majestically, and the shades of the evening were growing denser. The enchanting hour of twilight had set in, birds were merrily chirping, and hovering about their respective nests to take rest for the night, and all nature was hushed up in repose.

Just at this time, a handsome young man was sauntering listlessly in a beautiful garden, whose situation beggar's description. Two rivers singing the music of the unseen flowed past, on both sides of the garden, and a chain of hillocks covered with greenery were to be seen in perspective on the rear. On the south of the garden lay the town which was dotted with gardens laid out artistically. The exhilarating smell of flowers, wafted by a gentle wind, was pervading and surcharging the atmosphere. In one of these gardens studded with marble statues, and adorned with rippling fountains, the youngman walked to and fro for some time and feeling somewhat tired, took a seat by the side of a fountain, and placed his chin on the palm of his left hand. He had closed his eyes and was perhaps, mentally enjoying a sweet vision. He was suddenly roused from his reverie by the flapping of wings. A white pigeon fell at his feet half dead with fright, as it had been pursued by a hawk. He tenderly picked the pigeon up and rose from his seat, with a view to keep it safe in his pigeon cote. Just as he was putting the bird into the cage, he perceived a bit of paper tied in one of its wings. He untied the paper, and hurriedly retired to his drawing room to read it. He naturally took the note for a billet doux. The contents were as follows :— "Whoever finds this, for God's sake come at once without fail. My life and honour are at stake, rescue me, from rack and ruin. God will reward you, I am a prisoner at 24 Samson's Lane in Guria Bazar." The young man ran to his father and taking per-

mission from him departed, saying that he had an important business to transact.

It is necessary, that I should not keep the reader in the dark, about the parentage of the young man the hero of this story. Abhoy Charan Roy was a rich man, and a high caste Hindu, he had two issues, a son and a daughter. Haranath was the name of his son and heir. Haranath took his M. A., degree from the Calcutta University in 1882. He was a young man of twenty one summers, and recently came back from Calcutta, with a view to take a short respite in his hearth and home after a series of stiff examinations, though he came out with flying colours in all of them. He had a mind to compete for the Civil service. But unfortunately his mother stood in his way, consequently he had to give up the idea nolens volens. He was petted and patted by his parents. He was exceedingly amiable and always behaved with his elders respectfully and treated his inferiors with kindness and suavity. His purse was open always to alleviate pain and suffering.

Haranath sent for his servant. The servant appeared before him to carry out his orders. He ordered him to fetch a hackney carriage. A few minutes after the sounds of wheels announced, that a vehicle had arrived at his door. He took a money bag and a loaded pistol, and placed them carefully in his pocket. He was thus armed to the teeth. He prayed fervently with folded hands, to God, and then came down. Directing the jehu to go towards the southern part of the town, and the wheels of the vehicle rolled on clatteringly. He reached his destination at 8 P. M. and directed the coachman to wait for him. Haranath entered a blind alley, and searched for the house in which the poor girl was kept. After a quarter of an hour's search he found it out. It was a three storied house in the entrance of which two giant like men with big lathies in their hands were patrolling. Haranath stopped short, and reflected for a while and saying to himself, "it is useless to make a forcible attempt I must find out another ingress," Haranath could find none and was at his wit's end. He stood motionless, at the back of the building. On seeing a big teak tree, a thought flashed across his mind and he put it into action. He climbed it up cautiously, and took hold of a branch, which was over hanging towards the terrace, and effected an easy entrance on it, without being seen by anybody.

CHAPTER II.

Haranath discerned a bright light issuing from an open window, he noiselessly went there and saw a beautiful girl crying bitterly. He was struck with her divine loveliness, and was riveted to the spot, he gazed on her intently for sometime, and then summoning up resolution and courage to his aid, he tapped the window gently. On hearing the noise the girl started and wiped her tears away by the border of her *sari*, she looked up, and on noticing a handsome young man beckoning her, from the window, got up from the sofa, on which she was sitting. She hastily set her *sari* aright, and with a sweet smile, said "good Heavens! you have come to my rescue." She then kneeled down and with folded hands, thanked God fervently. After finishing her prayer she said softly, "Sir I beseech you to save me from this awful captivity. Oh do deliver me," and then she burst into a flood of tears. Haranath put his finger on the lip, and signing her to be silent, said "I have come for that purpose, so do not be disconsolate. Pray unbolt the door noiselessly, and come out without delay." The girl obeyed him. He said, "mount on by back and keep hold of my neck tightly, I will carry you safely." At first she hesitated, but Haranath insisted on, and said "if you lose the precious moment, you shall have to repent for it. If an inmate of the house get scent, that I am here, he will pounce upon me, like a tiger, and make a hue and cry, and awaken everybody in the house. So do not be silly and girlish make haste." The lady with much trepidation, and bashfulness, complied with his request. He got down, from the tree with his charming burden on his back. No sooner had he set his foot on terra firma, it so happened that a sentry came close to the tree to answer a call of nature. As the night was pitchy dark he descried a spectre suddenly coming down the tree. He was terribly frightened and cried out, Ram Ram thrice, and took to his heels. Haranath laughed in his sleeves, on seeing the valour of the door keeper. He then wended his way towards the carriage almost breathless, and the girl dismounted from his back. He helped her into it, and followed suit. The coachman lashed his horse with a whip and the carriage rattled with a furious speed.

Haranath reached home at mid-night. The members of the house were all asleep excepting a servant, who was waiting for his

young master. As the carriage stopped before the portico, the servant with a lantern opened the door. He helped the young lady to alight from the hackney carriage and grasped her delicate hand, and led her into the house. She was conducted into his own bed chamber, which was comfortable, and nicely furnished. He requested her to sit down on the bed-stead. She acceded to his request. Haranath respectfully asked her. "If she inclined to answer him a few questions, or else he will put off the matter till tomorrow? She replied with a smile saying "you are at liberty to ask any question you like."

He said "May I ask your name and antecedents?" She said "my name is Bidwadhari Devi, my father's name is Umesh Chandra Sen Gupta, I am by caste a Vaidya, my father is a wealthy man, I am his only child." Haranath said, I presume from your dress, you are not married? She replied in the negative. How did the fiend entice you in his house? "He is a neighbour of mine, his father was an intimate friend of my parent. He used to come to our house very often, and played with me during my childhood as we grew old, we naturally become intimate with each other. One day his mother called on my mother, and earnestly requested her, to marry me to his son. My mother replied, that she can not make a promise on that score, however she will let her know hereafter."

By chance, I was on the point of entering the room, and overheard the conversation though against my will since then I avoided the lad, he coaxed me with toys to play with him, but he was balked in his attempt. He persisted to be familiar with me as before but was unsuccessful. In this way time rolled on, and two years elapsed. The lad was called Bhola. He came to my father, one day in an agitated manner, and informed him, that his parents were suddenly attacked with cholera, and asked his advice. He sent for the best physician of the town then and there and accompanied him to see his old friend once more whilst still in the land of the living. But alas! nothing could cure him and he succumbed to the fatal disease that very day. My father out of pity took great interest, in the affairs of the unfortunate youth who showed great respect to him for sometime and then fell into bad company. At first my father tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose. Since then my father did not allow him to enter our house

One day as I was coming out from the tank after my usual evening ablutions, two ruffians pounced upon me unawares from behind, and caught hold of me tightly, and gagged me in a trice. They carried me forcibly into his house. I was kept a prisoner there for three days. The villain used to visit me in a drunken state, and threatened to outrage me, if I did not comply with his base proposal. I took a week's time from the rascal, to think over the matter, in the hope that God in His infinite mercy save me or else I intended to commit suicide. You delivered me and I am here, I thank you from the core of my heart. May God shower upon you His choicest blessings. Haranath said, "I have only done my duty, and I deserve no thanks." As the night is far advanced, go to bed please. Saying this, he left her.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, as the maid servant entered the room in which Bidwadhari was kept a prisoner, to awaken her, she found the door wide open, and the place empty. She screamed loudly, and on hearing her cry, Bhola came out and asked what was the matter. She said that Bidwadhari has disappeared. He was thunder struck with wonder, and could not utter a word, for some time. He stamped his foot with rage, tore his hair, gnashed his teeth, and angrily said, "search every nook and corner of the house and you will find her concealed somewhere, go immediately, and bring her here, I will reward you handsomely." The maid left him to carry out his orders. He summoned his servants and asked them one by one, if they knew anything of the whereabouts of Bidwadhari? They one and all said that they were quite ignorant of the matter. Bhola dismissed them with great disgust. The maid servant returned, and said the lady could not be found in the house. Her master angrily said "be gone, you stupid woman. She left him in a huff. After meditating for some time Bhola sent for his chum Kala, and informed him about the difficulty he was in. Kala attentively listened to his recital and said "Never mind Bhola," and patted his shoulders in a patronising

way. I will trace her out and make her your serving maid give me the wherewithal, for the purpose." Bhola drew out a hundred rupee note from his pocket, and handed it to him, and entreating him to expedite the matter, for the sake of old friendship, as his heart was broken and he may turn mad. Kala said "Do not be impatient and childish trust me I will bring her back by fair means or foul. Bhola said he was prepared to spend his whole fortune, provided he gets her, Kala replied "leave the matter entirely to me, I will look to it," the rascal took leave of him, with a view to put his evil design into practice."

In a small neat snug house, Kala was awaiting for the arrival of his mistress. Within a quarter of an hour the young woman arrived, and entered the drawing room. Kala at once got up, and saluting her, said, "Darling Kusi I have been waiting for you for a long time, where have you been all this while?" Kusi replied, "I had been to my friend Kamal's place." Pray what do you want? He replied "I am in a fix, so I have come here to ask your advice. If you do not lend me a helping hand, I will not be able to get out of the difficulty." She asked, "What is the matter, explain at once," He replied, "you know my friend Bhola, who is over head, and ears in love with the charming daughter of Umesh Babu, the woman hates him, can you persuade her to be reconciled with Bhola, if you succeed I will reward you" Kusi replied, "It is not an easy job, however, I will make an attempt, give me something by way of earnest money, and I will set to work." He paid her twenty-five rupees, and requested her to take up the matter in hand immediately. She answered certainly, I will do it. "Now Kala said give me some refreshments," "I am famishing, bring the eatables here please." She offered him something to eat, and he did justice to the food. The woman said let us make ourselves merry. Will not you have a drop of wine? Kala replied with the greatest pleasure, thank you. They helped themselves to a couple of pegs, and then retired for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

Haranath rose from bed early in the morning, and washing his face, and hands, went to see Bidwadhari. She was sitting on

the cot, her jet black curly hair was dishevelled, hanging over her shoulders down to the hip, and her face had a serene loveliness, her shape was slim, and the contour of her bust was perfect, she was in her teens, and in deep reverie, consequently, when Haranath entered in the room, she did not notice him. On setting his foot in, he stopped short, and said to himself, "Oh how charming! Is she a nymph or a heavenly goddess, I have never seen the like of her. Shall I disturb her no, I had better stand here, and admire her beauty. As he was gazing at her, she raised her head, and her eyes met his, and both felt a thrill of joy. A deep blush over-spread her face, she bent down her head with maidenly bashfulness, and suppressing her emotion she said, with a tremulous voice, "I was quite unaware of your presence, and am sorry, that I kept you waiting unwillingly, please excuse me." Haranath replied, "Do not mind me, make yourself quite at home, I came here a few minutes ago, I had not the heart to break your brown study. How are you? I hope you have had sound sleep last night." She said "thank you, I am quite well, and slept soundly." "Haranath asked her, will you go home now or in the evening? She said, "I intend to go immediately. He replied very good, be it so. Come with me, I will introduce you to my parents, and then I will escort you to your father's. She followed him, and entered his father's apartment, Haranath introduced her to them. They were both struck with her surpassing beauty, and warmly received her. After a few minutes conversation she took leave of them. A sort of attachment sprang up into the hearts of Haranath's parents, they felt a great pain in parting with her so soon, Bidwadhari too left the house sobbing.

Haranath ordered his coachman to get the carriage ready and accompanied her. On reaching her father's place there, he alighted first, and then helped her to get down. As soon as she alighted from the carriage, a maid, saw her from the window and exclaimed "good Heavens! Dear *Chotodidi* is come, "Oh *Mathakrun*, come quickly, and look here." On hearing her voice, the mistress of the house, came out running from her room, and asked what are you calling for? she replied, "Only to inform you, that *Chotodidimani* has come back home." She saw her daughter coming up stairs, and hastened to receive her, and embracing her warmly, shed tears of joy. When their feelings were somewhat com-

posed she asked her daughter, the cause of her sudden disappearance, she briefly stated the misadventure, and about the deliverer who saved her from the sad plight. Bidwadhuri's mother at once informed her husband, and related all the circumstances in detail in connection with Biddwadhuri's disappearance. He bade her not to disclose the matter to anybody, for fear of a scandal, and then cordially received Haranath, and expressed his gratitude in befitting terms. Haranath replied, "that he deserved no thanks, and anyone, under the circumstances would have done likewise." Bidwadhuri's father did not let him go without taking breakfast with him, and requested him, not to divulge anything to any anybody, as it will create a great scandal, and it may stand in the way of his daughter's marriage. "Haranath promised to do so, and got up to depart. Bidwadhuri's father extracted a promise, from him that he will visit him as often as he conveniently could. He acceded to his request and saw a pair of shining eyes, gaze shaped, peeping from the key hole of the opposite door and beckoning him. He intentionally went towards the door, and asked in a whisper. "Have you anything to say?" She replied, "Pray do not forget me, do please come to see us. He answered in the affirmative and went away. On resuming his seat in the carriage a deep sigh escaped him and he returned home in a dejected sorrowful mood.

CHAPTER V.

Bidwadhuri was seated on a grass plot, in the middle of the garden. She was in a pensive mood, and was slowly repeating the words, "Oh God why did I meet him, my heart was free and I would have remained as gay as ever, now, another's image is engraven on my heart, will my love be requited, if not I will remain unmarried for life, which I will devote in the service of my parents. Oh how fascinating his manners, and the cut of his face has a heavenly grace, the like of which I have not seen in my life. When he speaks his eyes twinkle sweetly. Let me recall the sweet memory, of his companionship when he carried me on his back, I felt a heavenly bliss, my heart leaped with joy. I shall never forget the memorable day. The more I see of him the more

I am attached to him ; how is this," "Is it love at first sight." May be, I can not account for it? Her sweet reverie was broken suddenly, by an intruder, she was a young woman, and had a basket in her hand. She came up to Bidwadhari, and accosted her,— "young lady do you want crystal bangles ribbons, and toys? She replied, "show me your stock, if I require anything, I will make a selection." The new comer accordingly showed her wares to the lady, she selected some articles from them, and asked, what she shall have to pay for them? The woman asked five rupees in all, Bidwadhari bade her to follow her into the house. As she entered her apartment, the woman said—young lady, you are exceedingly pretty. Are you married? She said, no I am not. The woman exclaimed oh! Good heavens! It is very strange! a girl so handsome and rich too goes abegging in the matrimonial market, whereas the demand, for beautiful girls are great. How is it? Bidwadhari replied, the reason is not far to seek. "You know, birth, death, and marriage are in the hands of Providence, and when He will think that my time is come for matrimony, He will do it, in his own good time." The woman said if I were you, I would have conquered the hearts of a thousand lovers, they would have come down on their bended knees, and adored me. By the bye, you do not know that hundreds of suiters are aspiring for your hand, they can sacrifice their lives for your sake. But it seems to me, that you do not care for them. For instance, I know an unhappy youth who is dying for you. He is pinning away, alas, he will die in despair. Madam, will you not stretch a point in his favour and save a poor man from the grave. Heaven will reward you for this act of kindness." Bidwadhari was taken aback on hearing such impudent and improper proposals. She in an excited manner said,— "Woman how dare you speak thus. Shall I call the maid to thrash you by a broom stick or will you take yourself off at once, saying this, she tossed the money on the floor. The woman picked them up, and replied do not take it amiss madam, if I offended you, in any way, I beg your pardon. Perhaps you have heard, that a Sadhu has come here, who can fulfill any one's desire, by his blessing. Bidwadhari replied no I have not. Where is he putting up now? The woman replied, he is staying in the garden of Dallian the jeweller. Can you take me to him? She replied that it can be

arranged easily. On the fixed day, I will come and accompany you. Bidwadhari asked her how many hours it will take to reach the place? The woman replied "twenty minutes will be more than enough but you must go alone, if you take anybody else excepting me, the Sadhu will not see you." Poor Bidwadhari was as innocent as a child, she could not understand the sinister motive of the bad woman so she agreed to visit the Sadhu. When the woman departed she said muttering, now I have caught you in the hip. I shall pay you in your own coins and break your proud heart.

CHAPTER VI.

Haranath was reading a book in his study, suddenly he started up, and threw it, across the table, and said to himself how is it, that I can not settle my mind, my heart yearns for her night and day. I can neither take any food nor go to sleep. Oh! I have never come across a beauty like her, shall I ever be able to call her my own. I must go and court her, I can no longer bear this, oh! if I get her I shall be the happiest man in the world. Just at this moment a servant entered the room, and handed over a letter to him. He opened it quickly, and as he persued a few lines his face changed colour, he began to tremble with rage, the letter dropped down from his hand. He said muttering between his teeth, I shall teach the villain a lesson this time, saying this he opened his drawer and took a revolver from it, hastily dressed himself and departed. As he was going out of the gate he met a servant, and directed him to inform the *Kartababu*, that he will come back after three or four hours.

Bidwadhari accompanied by the woman, as arranged, was entering a garden, as they were passing, a little bush, two ruffians attacked them with drawn swords, the woman took to her heels, Bidwadhari followed her example, she ran with great speed, the miscreants chased her, and was over taken within five minutes she bawled out with all her might—saying if there is any one hard by save me from the hands of these robbers. They threatened her that. "If she bawls out any more, they will strike her head off the body then and there, she was overwhelmed with

terror, and could not utter a word. They bound her hand, and foot, and gagged her. One of them ran to fetch a palanquin, and the other stood there as sentry. A few minutes after, the sing song noise of bearers was heard, they brought a palanquin. The above mentioned two men, raised her up from the ground, and placed her inside it. The bearers carried the palanquin quickly. On the way the wicked woman was lying in wait—cried out to Bidwadhari, "I have punished you, for you insulted me the other day, now look here, I have paid you in your own coins," on hearing these taunting words, Bidwadhari's heart was touched to the quick, tears trickled down from her cheeks. The bearers walked a mile or so and set down the *palki* in front of a two storied house.

CHAPTER VII.

In a room on the second floor, Bidwadhari was shedding tears, her eyes became red with crying. She knelt down, and with folded hands, prayed in the following manner "Oh! God, I have none to look up to, excepting Thee. Thou saved the chastity of Draupadi and preserved her modesty in the open court of Durjadhan. Wilt Thou not deliver me likewise. Oh Almighty Father, wilt thou not make an end of my misery. "At this time the door was opened with great noise. Bhola stepped in, in a tipsy state, and accosted her—Oh beauty, why are you weeping, be cheerful, I will give you wealth, costly jewels, ornaments, and gorgeous cloths, and make you happy." She got up, and her nostrils dilated with rage, her eyes were glowing like fire and stamping her foot on the floor she said—"How dare you speak thus, hold your tongue, cursed wretch; may the wrath of Heaven confound you." He said—Oh Bidwadhari do not curse me, I love you since my infancy, but you always spurned me, have pity on me, I offer my life, and soul at your feet, do not reject me, will you not fulfil my desire, and he tried to catch her feet. She drew aside and said—may the humbler of the proud, and preserver of the weak chastise thee. Maddened with rage Bhola ran up to her, and stretching his hands caught her waist, and drew her forcibly towards him. She tried with her might and main to disengage herself from the grasp of the friend, and screamed

loudly. At this moment Haranath entered, and exclaimed "Oh bloody rascal, I have caught you at last, now I must punish you. Suiting his words to action he kicked the rascal with such force, that he dropped down on the floor unconscious. Haranath without losing a moment drew Bidwadhari by the hand and departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bhola was found in an unconscious state by his favourite servant Dama. He raised a hue and cry, and all the inmates of the house hastened to see, what was the matter. They found Bhola on the door senseless. They were surprised beyond measure to find him in that condition. Bidwadhari too was nonest, and could not be found. They could not account for what happened and wondered who was the author of the crime. They sent for one of the best Doctors of the town. In due course the physician arrived, and on examining the patient, pronounced the case to be hopeless. They spared neither money nor pains to save the life of Bhola, but in vain. He regained his senses for a few minutes, and then again became insensible. The symptoms suddenly took a bad turn, delirium set in, and a couple of hours before his death, those who were present in the room saw a strange phenomenon, it was as follows :—

It was an *Amavasha night*, (new moon) as the clock struck twelve, the chamber was diffused by a bad odour,—Suddenly they saw a spectre, in human shape, and dressed in a loose black robe, he was dwarfish, and shrivelled. He carried on his shoulders a heavy axe. He stealthily approached the patient, and deliberately aimed a blow at Bhola. Every-body in the room screamed with horror. The ghost vanished, and Bhola breathed his last. Those who were tending him remained huddled up, in the room in great fright. They could not eat or do any work for sometime.

Bidwadhari and Haranath were talking together teteatete on a marble seat in the garden, they conversed pleasantly for sometime. When Haranath said. "Darling Bidwadhari, I am thinking to communicate you a matter of life and death, but I did not get the opportunity. From the day I saw you, I loved you.

You do not know how much I adore you. Can you take me, as your husband, although I know, that I am not fit to be your life companion. I offer my heart, and soul at your feet. I trust you will not refuse me?" Bidwadhari remained silent, but her face beamed with delight, and she shed tears of joy. Haranath thought, silence was a sign of consent. So he thought his desire fulfilled. He clasped his arm round her waist, and gently drew her towards him. She placed her face on the shoulders of Haranath. He asked her—Tell me you will be mine dear and make me happy. She answered very faintly in the affirmative. A week after this happy event, Haranath and Bidwadhari were joined in happy wedlock, and the newly married couple left the same night by the Madras Mail for Puri for their honeymoon.

SIVA NATH ROY.

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HYDROPHOBIA IN THE EAST.

The dog holds a unique position in the scheme which was once styled the "Brute Creation." He is emphatically our friend and companion, and for many of us a dogless world would be quite intolerable. A French cynic has said "The more one sees of men and women, the fonder one grows of dogs." Naturalists ascribe this marvellous sympathy to the wild dog's habit of hunting in packs under the guidance of a recognised leader. By a curious survival the domestic animal has transferred to his human master all the obedience and devotion which his remote ancestors displayed towards their captains in the chase. It is one of Nature's darkest mysteries that a creature which possesses a conscience, is capable of reason, and has assimilated not a little of our civilization, should be transformed by disease into an engine of destruction tenfold more dreadful than the hooded cobra.

As is the case with all infectious maladies, the spread of hydrophobia is largely a matter of geography. In the United Kingdom it has been stamped out by the wise and courageous measures adopted by the present Government ten years ago, in the teeth of a selfish agitation set on foot by certain dog-owners. Thanks to the quarantine imposed by a long sea-voyage, it is unknown in Australia and New Zealand. But an insular position affords the only safeguard against canine rabies. It is endemic in Southern Russia, owing to the abundance of wolves, which are very subject to this pest. In India, too, hydrophobia rages amongst the jackals and the hordes of masterless dogs which haunt every town and village. Few indeed are Anglo-Indians in the interior who have never heard

the blood-curdling cry, "Pagal Kutta !" It was raised, many years ago, in the veranda of a Bengal bungalow, whereat I was one of a merry Christmas party. In a twinkling every guest leaped upon the table, working havoc among their hostess's glass and dessert-dishes. Hardly had we gained this coign of vantage ere a large black dog staggered into the room, with hair erect and ropes of of bloody saliva hanging from his jaws. He was evidently in the last stage of the disease, for he seized a chair and worried it with raucous growls. At length one of the group which clung together on the table slew the intruder with a well-aimed decanter.

A few weeks later, I was "eating the air" with a friend on the station race-course, when our discussion was interrupted by a pariah which brushed between us, nearly capsizing both. "Hulloa !" I remarked, "what an impudent dog !" Our amazement became terror when the animal turned abruptly to the right and killed one of our judge's turkey-cocks which was strutting on the green ; then he sped onwards into the neighbouring town, attacking every living thing he met. In this case there were thirteen human victims, of whom three afterwards succumbed to hydrophobia.

The mystery which, until lately, attended this awful disease has given birth to a host of quack remedies. A family in the North of England lived comfortably for years on the produce of a secret recipe, which turned out to be nothing more than an infusion of box-leaves. The Indian's untutored mind believes that a strip of red cloth tied round the bitten limb, with appropriate incantations, will guarantee the sufferer from infection. Others pin their faith on a porous stone applied to the wound, which is supposed to imbibe the venom, and fall off when replete with it. Champions of these ridiculous nostrums point with pride to many apparent cures. But hydrophobia is invested with a degree of terror which is out of all proportion to its ravages. It is a very rare disease. The virus is often absorbed by the victim's clothing, and statistics prove that it operates in only 10 per cent. of the cases in which the dog was really rabid. Certain canine diseases, notably distemper, have characteristics which may easily be mistaken for rabies, and a spurious hydrophobia is often excited in the human subject by sheer nervous terror following dog-bite.* It is certain that the vaunted cures belong to one or the

* A clever assistant surgeon once recorded deaths from hydrophobia in his district as due to "dogbitis."

other of these categories. An absurd notion prevails that an injured person will contract hydrophobia if the animal, which attacked him, goes mad subsequently; hence it is a common practice to destroy dogs which have administered a bite, thus insuring months of agonizing suspense for the sufferer. If a dog suddenly changes his whole nature; if he refuses food, hides in corners, drops his tail; if his eyes becomes set and staring, his barking hoarse; if he snaps at children and others with whom he was on the best of terms, he should be tied up and kept under observation. Should hydrophobia develop itself, the dog's throat will become inflamed, there will be a copious discharge of saliva, and he will be unable to swallow water, though he eagerly laps it. All doubt will now vanish, and the poor creature's torments should be cut short by a charge of No. 6 shot.

About thirty years ago, a much-respected Eurasian official of the old school, who had risen to the rank of Small Cause Court Judge, went on circuit as usual, accompanied by his wife. At one of his halting-places he was returning from court to the dak bungalow, when a mad dog issued from the jungle and fastened on his arm. A plucky peon who followed his Honour came to the rescue, and was severely mauled. The judge did all that science suggested. His devoted spouse sucked the wound; it was cuterised with a red-hot skewer, and the bitten portions were afterwards excised *secundum artem* by the local assistant surgeon. After a few weeks, only a scar remained to remind him of the catastrophe; but when the brave peon succumbed to hydrophobia, his master's nerves gave way. He procured all the medical works in Messrs. Thacker and Spink's famed repository that treated of the dreaded disease, and gave his leisure to studying them diligently. Thus he learned that the first symptoms which might be expected at the end of the incubatory period were irritation, with slight redness, at the seat of the wound. But months passed by without their occurrence, and the judge's fears began to evaporate. One night, however, while again on circuit, he was roused from uneasy slumber at the same dak bungalow by a terrible itching in the injured arm. He sprang out of bed, lit a candle with trembling fingers, and examined his limb. Yes! the old scar *was* red and inflamed. His hour had come! Should he waken his sleeping wife? No, poor thing! she would learn the truth only too soon. So the unhappy man spent hours in

pacing the veranda, and jotting down his testamentary dispositions in pencil. At length, as day broke, he again sought his couch, and utter exhaustion produced sleep. His first waking thoughts flew to the doom which awaited him ; but, lo ! the only trace of inflammation was a series of bumps on the arm, which told a tale not unfamiliar to occupants of overpeopled dak bungalow beds.

Some clerks of my office in a Northern Bengal district were returning at dawn from a wedding-party at the house of a colleague, when a jackal emerged from some jungle near the distillery, and attacked the draggle-tailed cortege with fury. They fled in all directions, not before a round dozen had been severely bitten. The first news I had of the disaster was a sheaf of petitions for their vacant posts, for all R—had made up its mind that the injured *Keranis'* days were numbered. I spent the morning in visiting the patients at their homes. All were in a state of abject collapse, and my words of comfort were unheeded. Then I bethought me of a native prophylactic, consisting of a weed, styled in Bengal *dhanmoni*, which thrives in the purlieus of ruined building. A store of this herb was quickly collected, and each of the sufferers was obliged to take a copious dose of the infusion, while the spent leaves were employed as poultices. After several months had passed without claiming a victim, I communicated the facts to the *Calcutta Englishman*, and my story provoked an animated correspondence. Alas for my optimism ! Subsequent occurrences proved that local *feræ naturæ* were wont to devour the grains or spent wash ejected from the distillery. This particular jackal had assailed my clerks in the sheer lightness of heart provoked by intoxication !

I have alluded to a few of the quack remedies for hydrophobia ; some words now on those suggested by science and common-sense. Unlike the poison of snake-bite, that which is communicated by the saliva of a rabid animal, lies dormant near the wound for several weeks. Forty days is, I believe, the average incubatory period ; but it is extended in special cases to months, and even years. The first step, therefore, should be to improvise a tourniquet, with a piece of string or a handkerchief bound tightly round the injured part above the seat of the wound. The latter should then be vigorously sucked by the patient, or if he cannot reach it, some friends may perform the kind office. There is no danger of infection if the mouth be in a normal state. Excision

of the flesh and tissues round the bite is the next step, or, if the sufferer will not submit to the knife, the wound must be cauterized with nitric or sulphuric acid, with caustic potash, or a red-hot iron wire. If these simple remedies be applied at once, the danger of infection is almost infinitesimal. M. Buisson's hot vapour bath, repeated on seven consecutive days, has had many advocates, who believe that the poison is carried off by the profuse perspiration, resulting from the application of steam at a relatively high temperature. This system, however, tends to lower the patient's strength, which should be maintained by a light but nourishing diet, and it has been discredited by many failures. A larger measure of success has attended copious bleeding from the arm. There are authentic cures on record following this system, even after hydrophobia had set in. One was related in the Madras newspapers of 1812, in which the agents employed were extensive blood-letting, mercury, and opium. This success prompted the authorities of the Native Hospital at Calcutta to try what bleeding alone could accomplish. In May of that year Amir Bhisti, employed as water-carrier by a European family of Chauringhi, was admitted suffering from all the characteristics of hydrophobia in its most aggravated form. Two pints of blood—another account specifies 40 ounces—were straightway taken from his arm. The tremendous spasms ceased, and before the vein was closed Amir stretched out his hand for a cup of water, though a few minutes earlier the mere approach of liquid had thrown him into stronger convulsions. He regained his senses, and was able to explain that, seventeen days previously, he had been bitten by a mad dog at Russa Pugla. He then fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for two hours. On awakening he exhibited the unmistakable symptoms in a milder form, whereon he was again bled till he fainted away. On recovering consciousness, he was practically free from the disease and ultimately regained perfect health.

Less fortunate was Sergeant Clarke, in garrison at Trinshinopoly. In the spring of 1813 he, too, was admitted to hospital in the throes of hydrophobia. After a severe bleeding from the arm, he became quite calm, and was able to enjoy a draught of water; but the symptoms afterwards returned with violence, and he succumbed. The failure in this case, must be ascribed rather

to the patient's idiosyncrasies than to the heroic remedy. Sergeant Clarke's constitution had suffered much from the Indian climate and more from his intemperance. Before admission to hospital, he had absorbed the morning dram of ardent spirits, which was *de rigueur* in those bad old days.

There remains the well-known preventive treatment by inoculation, championed by the illustrious Pasteur. A storm of controversy still rages round this discovery, and it was provoked by the amazing faddists, whose misplaced energy is a sore stumbling-block in the path of English students. This question lies in the proverbial nutshell. Vivisection for the mere purpose of demonstrating established facts is, I think, unjustifiable; for all God's creatures have claims to our respect and pity, and such practices undoubtedly tend to harden the hearts of those who indulge in them. Moreover, the dog has won a unique position in the sentient world, and one's conscience revolts at the thought that his living organism should become a *corpus vile*, to be prodded and hacked by the dissector's knife. But if we may lawfully slay animals for food, we may surely experiment on their bodies, the nervous system having been deadened by anæsthetics, in order to trace the origin of diseases in the human subject. It is impossible to ignore the fact that vivisection was the basis of Pasteur's discoveries, and of many others which have revolutionized surgical treatment, and have incalculably lessened the volume of human suffering. It is high time that a little common-sense were brought to bear on this question, for English research is heavily handicapped by the clap-trap indulged in by extreme anti-vivisectionists. All who are qualified by training and an open mind to pronounce on Pasteurism agree that it is based on scientific principles, and that, if given fair play, it affords practical immunity from hydrophobia. Colonel C. P. Lukis, I. M. D., who is now officiating as Principal of the Calcutta Medical College, has favoured me with the following notes, which summarize the latest conclusions of experts in bacteriology:—

"Diseases due to the action of micro-organisms are of two kinds: (a) Those in which only the toxin or poisonous matter produced by the micro-organisms is introduced into the body of the subject; and (b) those in which both toxin and living micro-organisms are introduced. Ptomaine poisoning, which is caused by the toxins of various putrefactive bacteria, is an excellent example of the first

class, while all infective diseases are instances of the second. The main point of difference between the two is that in the one case there is no evidence of *increase* of poison; whereas in the other it is manufactured by the living micro-organism in such large quantities that, after the death of an animal which has received a minimum lethal dose of toxin *plus* its causative organism, the tissues of the animal will be capable of producing the disease in a large number of other animals. Thus the production of the disease can be carried on through an infinite series.

“Artificial immunity may be produced by repeated—

- (1) Injections of attenuated organisms;
- (2) Sublethal doses of virulent organisms;
- (3) Sublethal doses of toxin free from organisms.

“As the result of this series of injections, there are produced in the blood of the animal experimented on certain substances called ‘autitoxin,’ which have the power of protecting the economy from subsequent lethal doses of virulent micro-organisms. It is obvious that such immunity can only be slowly produced, and that therefore it can only be used for protective, and not for curative, purposes. When produced, it is however, practically permanent, and is therefore called ‘active immunity.’ Moreover, it has been discovered that the blood of animals that have attained to active immunity can confer temporary protection upon non-immune animals if it be injected into them subcutaneously. Such immunity is spoken of as ‘passive’ because there is no active formation of anti-toxin. As its effects can be produced without delay, it is largely used for curative purposes—*e.g.*, the diphtheria anti-toxin.

“The best-known protective inoculations, all of which aim at the production of active immunity, are :

1. Vaccination.
2. Pasteur’s treatment for hydrophobia.
3. Pasteur’s vaccination against anthrax.
4. Wright and Temple’s anti-typhoid inoculation.
5. Haffkine’s anti-cholera inoculation.
6. Haffkine’s anti-plague inoculation.

“Inasmuch as the principle of all these treatments is identical, they are technically termed ‘vaccines’ to distinguish them from

the anti-toxin and anti-bactericidal sera employed for *curative* purposes.

"Hydrophobia.—Although up to the present no micro-organism has been detected as the causative agent of this disease, there are at every point striking analogies between it and the bacterial maladies, the most striking being the protective inoculation methods which constitute the great work of Pasteur. Everything, in fact, points to a micro organism being the causative agency. This may be so minute as to evade observation with the aid of microscopes at their present strength, as in the case with the bacteria of scarlet fever, measles, and smallpox. That organisms may be extremely minute is proved by the recent work of the United States Commission, which has shown that the germs of yellow fever can pass through the pores of the Berckfeldt filter, which are sufficiently fine to render any infective fluids completely bacteria-free. Judging from our knowledge of similar diseases, we would strongly suspect that the germ of rabies is actually present in a living condition, chiefly in the saliva and central nervous system; for by no mere toxin could the disease be transmitted through a series of animals, as we shall presently see can be done. Moreover, the poison of rabies does not exist in the blood, as would certainly be the case if it were merely a circulating toxin.

"*The Prophylactic Treatment of Hydrophobia.*—Until the publication of Pasteur's researches in 1885, the only means adopted to prevent the development of hydrophobia in a person bitten by a rabid dog consisted in the cauterization of the wound. The whole treatment was revolutionized by Pasteur's discoveries. He started with the idea that, since the period of incubation in the case of animals infected by intracerebral inoculation from the nervous system of mad dogs is constant in the dog, the virus has been, from time immemorial, of constant strength; and this virus of natural intensity is called by him the *virus de la rage des vues*. He found that by passing this virus through a number of monkeys in succession, it gradually lost its virulence, as evidenced by the lengthened periods of incubation, until it finally lost the power of reproducing rabies in dogs.

"On the other hand, he found that, by a similar method of *passage* through a series of rabbits or guinea-pigs, its virulence increased until a constant strength was attained (which would

kill a rabbit with paralytic rabies in ten days). Beyond this point no further increase in strength could be attained; he therefore called this product the *virus fixe*.

"Thus he had at his command three distinct strengths of virus—namely, that of natural strength, that which had been attenuated, and that which had been exalted.

"He further found that by commencing with injection of the attenuated virus, and gradually increasing the strength, he could immunize dogs and other animals against lethal doses of virus at its natural strength, which would, prior to their immunization, have certainly produced fatal results.

"Pasteur's next discovery was that the exalted virus of the rabbit could be attenuated to such an extent as no longer to produce rabies in dogs when subcutaneously injected. This was done by drying the spinal cords of rabbits in air over caustic potash, the diminution of virulence being proportionate to the length of time during which the cords had been exposed, until those which had been thus treated for fourteen days were found to have no toxic properties whatever.

"Accordingly by taking a series of these spinal cords, kept for various periods of time, he was supplied with as many vaccines of different strengths, and he argued that, as there is in man a comparatively long period of incubation between the bite and the appearance of hydrophobia, this might be taken advantage of to vaccinate the patient with gradually increasing strengths of virus, thus producing in time active immunity before the gravest manifestations of the disease took place.

"This chain of reasoning has been proved to be correct; and Pasteur's prophylactic treatment of hydrophobia speedily gained the confidence of the scientific world. It is, however, essential that the immunization should be complete before the manifestation of symptoms, as the treatment is in no way curative, and it is useless to attempt it when hydrophobia has been established in a patient. The incubation period in man averages forty days, so that in most cases there is ample time to secure active immunity by means of the *virus fixe* before the well known symptoms of hydrophobia make their appearance."

Until very recent years residents in India, who had the misfortune to be bitten by a rabid animal, were compelled to undertake a journey to Paris in order to undergo preventive inoculation. One dark night in the spring of 1890 a Captain in a Bengal cavalry regiment was hurrying to mess with the doctor. They were late, and took a short-cut across an intervening field. In negotiating the ditch, this young officer's leap landed him in the very jaws of a huge black pariah dog lurking in the excavation. It sprang at him, inflicting fearful wounds on his thigh. Then the animal ran amok, biting many troopers and their steeds, amongst the latter being the charger of the first victim. After undergoing primary treatment he was sent to Paris, without a day's delay, by a medical board specially convoked. On the P. and O. steamer, which he just managed to catch, he encountered an attentive and skilful medical officer, who, on probing the deepest wound, extracted a large piece of cloth buried in the bite. Pasteur's famous laboratory was reached in twenty-one days, and its illustrious chief, who was still amongst us, took the sufferer under his immediate charge. His interest was excited by the fact that this was the first case from India, and by its very unfavourable adjuncts. An intensive treatment of great severity was adopted, and after undergoing many subcutaneous injections applied at the waist, the patient was at length discharged as immune. On returning to London, he was brought to death's door by blood-poisoning, but no symptoms of hydrophobia have since made this appearance.

By way of contrast, I may mention the recent instance of a young engineer officer engaged in constructing a bridge on the Murshidabad-Ranaghat Railway. He, too, was bitten by a rabid dog; but as his work was at a critical stage, he refused to leave it for recourse to the Pasteur Laboratory at Kasauli. Excessive devotion to duty was attended by fatal results for the sufferer.

When hydrophobia has once manifested itself there is little hope of recovery. I will not harrow your feelings by recounting the various stages of this awful malady. On two occasions I have watched its progress, powerless to cure or even to alleviate, and those death-bed scenes have burnt themselves deeply into my memory.

Upwards of thirty years ago a young Calcutta barrister, named M—, went to Barrackpur to spend a week-end with Colonel T—, commanding that pleasant little station. He kept the other guests waiting for dinner long after the gong had sounded, and when he made an appearance everyone remarked that he was not himself. His face was flushed, he seemed to gasp for breath, and the muscles of the throat twitched convulsively. When soup was served M—shuddered, and, laying down his spoon, said, "I can't bear the sight of this." The host remarked that he must be suffering from fever, and advised him to lie down and take a dose of quinine. With many apologies, M—retired to his room. A gloom was cast on the meal by his departure, and as the ladies had withdrawn, the Colonel went upstairs to see how the patient was progressing. He found the poor fellow in violent convulsions, and sent for the station doctor. The latter prescribed a calming potion and iced water, but the patient could swallow nothing. At length he became comparatively calm, and laid his head on the pillow in apparent exhaustion. The doctor took advantage of the cessation of spasms to diagnose the strange symptoms, and asked M—pointedly whether he had been recently bitten by a dog. After a few moments' reflection, the patient said that a month previously he had accompanied Mrs. T—to the Viceroy's pretty suburban retreat hard by. In the stables there was a large collection of pet dogs, to which Lady Mayo was very partial, and amongst them a foxterrier with a litter of puppies. M—tried to fondle one of the latter, but the mother bit him slightly on the thumb. He sucked the wound, and bound it with a handkerchief; but it healed in a day or two, and had been completely forgotten. On examining the scar, our doctor saw that it was very much inflamed, and frankly told his patient that if he had any affairs unsettled he should lose no time in arranging them. Poor M—received his death sentence with equanimity, dictated his will, and was barely able to sign it when the convulsions returned. He sunk at day-break from complete exhaustion.

Very little can be done in such cases. The patient should be kept in a darkened room, protected from noise and draughts of air. There is an eruption under the tongue which is believed to be characteristic of hydrophobia; if this be found, the vesicles should be pricked. Hourly doses of a drachm of bromide of

potassium in 6 ounces of distilled water should be given, with 10 grains of chloral every four hours. Liquid nourishment is essential if the throat-spasms admit, and the patient can sometimes manage to swallow if he close his eyes. As a last resort, recourse may be had to the old-fashioned expedient of copious bleeding from the arm. But prevention is proverbially better than cure. In all cases of a bite from any animal known or suspected to be rabid, the victim should adopt the primary treatment outlined in this paper, and should then betake himself to the nearest institute or laboratory where Pasteur's "vaccine" treatment is available.

F. H. SKRINE.

TRAVELS IN CASHMERE AND TIBET.

So much interest attaches to the countries situated to the West and North-West of the Indies and those which that great stream traverses in its upper course, that every work relating to them is read with eagerness. The extensive journeys of Mr. Vigne, who, besides his visit to Affghanistan, crossed the mountains from the Punjab to Little Tibet three times, passing through Cashmere in his way, and resided in some of the principal places a sufficient space of time to allow of his collecting much information concerning those little known countries, created no small expectation from the work which he presented to the World.

Sir Alexander Burnes, in September 1841, "looked out with great anxiety" for it, and Mr. Vigne has not hurried himself in its preparation. The occasional intimations given in the Indian papers, and at home, of the remarkable discoveries it would announce, did not, any more than the meagreness of his first work, tend to lessen the sanguine anticipations of the public. Whether it be that our expectations have been too highly raised, or whether it be owing to some obtuseness on our part, we have been grievously disappointed with this book.

The perusal of which excited but little interest and imparted scarcely any information. Mr. Vigne was an unskilful narrator, and he employed too much time upon the work to justify our attributing the many negligencies and solecisms of his style to haste; but these deficiencies were not so serious a drawback upon the value of his work as the small quantity of real knowledge which it has communicated. The gentleman who sacrifices his fortune and his ease, and incurs perils as well as discomforts, by endeavouring to extend the limits of geographical

*Travels in Kashmere, Ladak, Iskardo, the countries adjoining the mountain course of the Indus, and the Himalaya, North of the Punjab. With a Map, and other illustrations. By G. T. Vigne, Esq. F. G. S. Two vols. London.

science, deserves a measure of public gratitude; but a critic, in passing his judgment upon a work, is under a tacit obligation to pronounce an honest one, and betrays his trust if from tenderness to an author, he deceives his readers.

Mr. Vigne prefixed to his first volume some "Observations on the late and now passing events in Affghanistan," which we read with some avidity, expecting to find that a gentleman who had recently travelled in that country could tell us something we knew not before. They turned out, however, to consist of little more than extracts, very ill put together, of the Parliamentary Papers. As Mr. Vigne embodied his journeys in one narrative, without laying down a connected route (with which we find no fault), we find it difficult to accompany him, even with the help of his very excellent map, which the Court of Directors (with their characteristic liberality) had caused to be engraved at their expense. It will, therefore, be more convenient to notice Mr Vigne's account of some of the most remarkable places he visited. We may here observe, that the back of the work is made up of descriptions of the routes and roads, and most of them are so indistinctly and confusedly written, that it is often painful to read them, and they leave scarcely any defined images upon the mind. We may further remark, that for much, and that not the least important part, of his matter, Mr. Vigne seems, by his qualifying expressions of "as far as I can remark," &c., to have written from recollection, not from notes.

Of Cashmere, Mr. Vigne has said a great deal, more than one-third of the entire work being occupied with the details, which, however, are as indistinct, confused, and unsatisfactory as the rest. We subjoin the following extracts :—

The valley of Kashmir is, generally a verdant plain, ninety miles in length, and twenty-five and a half in its greatest width, which is at the southern end, between the cataract of Arabul and the ruins of the great temple of Mortund: surrounded on every side by snowy mountains, into which there are numerous inlets, forming straths on a level with the plain; but all having a lofty pass at their upper extremity. In consequence of the disposition of the mountains near Baramula, where the Jylum makes its exit, the walls of the valley appear, excepting from very near the place itself, to be there as unbroken and undivided as in every other

part of the horizon. And there are many elevated points of view, from which this extraordinary hollow gave one, at first sight, an idea of its having been originally formed by the falling in of an exhausted volcanic region. One infer from its general appearance merely, as such a theory is not, I think, confirmed by an examination in detail.

I infer from the foregoing data and observations, that the basaltic ridges around Kashmir have been raised from beneath, and through extensive beds of limestone in the deep ocean; that the mountains near Shenkur Gurh in the Baramula pass, which would otherwise have opposed the exit of the waters altogether in that quarter, were rent asunder at the same time; but that the lower accidental barriers, such as that immediately below Baramula, at Uri, and below Nushera, although also, and particularly the latter, partially divided more or less by convulsions, were yet sufficiently elevated to oppose the free passage of a great part of the alluvium carried by the flood in its course down the pass, and consequently, the pass was, as it evidently has been chocked up with deposit, over and through which the waters from the newly-formed lake have gradually formed a deeper channel for themselves. Further, that in consequence of the occasional barriers of hard rock, a succession of pools and head waters, such as at Nushera, have formed above them; that these have disappeared as the bed of the river becomes more uniformly level; that below the gap at Uri, where the action of the river is observable on the perpendicular walls of the rock for a height of fifty or sixty feet above it, the cross action of the Punch Panjab river has very materially contributed suddenly to deepen the bed of the Jylum, as it flows through the amphitheatre in the mountains immediately below the gap; and that as this must have taken place beneath the western face of the soiled rock, it is probable that the Jylum once poured its waters over the ledge, in a cataract of great magnificence.

The broad Herculean build and manly features of the Kashmirian peasant, contrasted with his whining complaints and timid disposition, if considered apart from the effects of a long-continued subjection to tyranny and despotism, may, perhaps, form a subject for physiological speculation. I think it would now be difficult to induce the Kashmirians to rise alone, and unassisted, against

their oppressors Mahmud of Ghuzni, it is said, was at first foiled in his endeavours to make himself master of Kashmir; though he afterwards took it. The great Akbar took it after, I think, two unsuccessful attempts; and, tradition says, that in order to subdue the then warlike spirit of the inhabitants, he made them doff their more material habiliments, and wear the large plain cloak of the Afghans; and, also, in furtherance of the same plan, that he forced them to eat their bread stale—which, in these countries, where the cakes are swallowed hot as soon as made, caused them, it is said, to have only “stomachs to eat, and not to fight.”

“Many fowls in a house will defile it, and many Kashmiris in a country will spoil it.” “If you meet a snake do not put it to death, but do not spare a Kashmir.” “Do not admit a Kashmir to your friendship, or your will hang a hatchet over your doorway.”

In this spirit are the remarks of the neighbouring nations, when speaking of a Kashmirian; but the same want of courage that obliges them to have recourse to artifice and dishonesty, has caused their other faults to be regarded in a still more unfavourable light; for as far as mere morality is concerned, I should say that the Kashmerian had very much the advantage of both the Sikh and the Pathan. “Give a dog a bad name and hang him,” is fully exemplified in the manner in which they are spoken of. They are certainly a lying and deceitful race of people; but when detected in a fault, their excuses are so very ready and profuse, and often so abound in humour, that it is impossible to abstain from laughing, and to attempt an exhibition of anger becomes a farce.

Many of the women are handsome enough to induce a man to exclaim, as did the Assyrian soldiers, when they beheld the beauty of Judith, “Who would despise the people, that have among them such women?” Their dress has already been described: a red gown with large loose sleeves, red fillet on the forehead, over which is thrown a white mantilla. The hair is collected in separate plaits, then gathered together, and a long tassel of black cotton is suspended from it, almost down to the ankles. The Hindu women usually wear a white rolled cloth tied loosely round the waist.

In Kashmir, there is no *purdha*, or concealment of the features, excepting amongst the higher classes. I do not think that the beauty of the woman has been overrated. They have not often that slim and graceful shape which is so common in Hindustan, but are more usually gifted with a style of figure which would entitle them to the appellation of fine or handsome women in European society. They have the complexion of brunettes, with more pink on the cheek, and that of the Hindu women has often too much of the pink and white in it, and in this respect, they resemble the Armenians and Turks of Yarkund. But, whatever the other features may be, they have usually a pair of large, almond-shaped, hazel eyes, and a white and regular set of teeth. I am not speaking of the unbeautifulying effects of dirt, poverty, and misery united; and the Kashmirian women are, of course (the enamorata of Gil Bals, at Algiers, is an exception) wholly deficient in the grace and fascinations derivable from civilization and accomplishment, but for mere uneducated eyes I know of none that surpass those of Kashmir; to the natural brilliancy and softness to (of) which the length of a black eyelash, and a little *surna* or antimony is (are) a great addition.

The inhabitants of the boats, male and female, are perhaps the handsomest people in the valley, and this is in accordance with the general opinion. I have been also much struck with the beauty of the Watul tribe. They are, I believe, gipsies, and have all the manners and appearance of gipsies.

They live in tents, or rather small huts of thatch, which are easily rebuilt when occasion requires it, and by reason of their indiscriminate use of any food, they have no caste, and are looked upon both by Musalman and Hindu with the greatest contempt. I heard nothing worth recording of their history. Many of their beautiful children are sold and sent as slaves to the Punjab; and I believe that many of the prettiest of the *natch* or dancing girls are born of to Watul parents.

Whilst at Kashmere, on one of his visits, he determined to proceed to Iskardo, the capital of Little Tibet, "which had never as yet," Mr. Vigne says, "been visited by any European," Ahmed Shah, the rajah, or Jylfo, having expressed an anxiety to see an English sahib. This wish was gratified, and Mr. Vigne seems to have been treated with much hospitality by the rajah. He says:—

The Little Tibetians are by no means equal in beauty to the Kashmerians. The eyes of the latter are usually large, those of the little Tibetians are smaller and more elongated, and their high cheek-bone would seem to be that of a race of Tartar origin. Female beauty is common in Kashmir, but comparatively rare Little Tibet, and still more so, I should say, at Ladak. The pink and white complexion of the Kashmirians is very uncommon in Little Tibet, where the inhabitants are perhaps as fair, but more sallow. The Jelof's eyes were not large, but dark and penetrating, his eyebrows large and black, his nose and mouth well-formed, his beard a little silvered, and his expression highly indicative of shrewdness and intelligence; of which, considering the nature of his country, and that he had never quitted it so as to be able to gain one single correct idea of any other, he was certainly possessed of (sic) to a surprising extent.

The Little Tibetians are short of stature. They are not Buddhists, like the Ladakees, but Shiah Mahomedans. Caste distinctions exist amongst them, a proof of their Hindu origin. The cottages of the peasants, or little landholders, are usually built of stones and mud, divided and supported by a frame-work of wood.

They are bound by their tenure to perform military service. "If a Tibeti sepahi dies," a contingency which must, we presume, happen to all of them, "his widow takes half his property, the rest reverts to the rajah; if one or more children, she retains all, and perhaps some is added by the rajah." This is a specimen of Mr. Vigne's loose way of expressing himself. The following is their mode of making tea :—

Tea, made or rather boiled with water, as in Europe, is called Moguli Cha, or the tea of the Moguls, as they call the Persians. But Tibeti Cha, or tea as made in Tibet, is a very different composition, for which the following is the *recipe* for a party of five or six people; A teacupful of the finest green tea is put into three pints of water, and upon this is strewed a large spoonful of soda, and all three are boiled together. About a pound of fresh butter or ghi, and a pinch of salt, are then placed at the bottom of the milling churn, and part of the boiling contents are poured out and milled like chocolate; a little cream or mild is then added to what has remained in the saucepan, and on this

the milled tea is poured and boiled again, and part of it again transferred to the churn, and so on till it is all properly milled. All that then remains to be done is to strain it through a clean cloth.

Much depends upon the quality of the tea, and the manners of making it. I have nowhere drunk it so good as with Ahmed Shah. It was always made before or after a March, and on a cold morning, I found it, after a little time, quite as palatable as tea made in the ordinary way, and for more nourishing. When well made, it resembles chocolate in appearance, in consequence of the reddish tinge imparted to the tea by the presence of the soda, which prevents it also from cloying. Sutu, or the flour of roasted barley, is frequently eaten with it.

From Little Tibet, Mr. Vigne proceeded to Leh, in Ladak; but for some reason or other, though what we cannot clearly make out, he was interdicted from moving about, and he refers to his "grievances" in a vague manner, as an apology for "not having said more on the subject of the Buddhist religion, of Ladak, of the path to Tarkund, and the plains of Chang Thung," which was owing to "the wanton defeat of all his schemes for roving over the country with gun, pencil, note-book, &c." Something, however, might have been gleaned by an observant man upon the spot; but we have nothing worth in notice.

In his philological speculations, which are pretty numerous, Mr. Vigne is singularly infelicitious. The little of Gylfo, borne by the chief of Little Tibet, he thinks, may be the origin of the name of our royal family; "I repeat," he says, "that it is by no means improbable that the word may be the same, and perhaps gullph ought to be written Gylf." A Ladakee, of whom he inquired the meaning of the name Kurukurum, applied to certain mountains, told him the word signified "sweetmeat" or "sugar-palm" antithetically, "in consequence of the length of the ascent, and the additional fatigue to be undergone on account of the shortness of breath brought on by the exertion of walking." Another person would have laughed at such an interpretation; but Mr. Vigne is "inclined to think it the true meaning!"

*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

(VIII)

When the trumpet of war was first sounded in the Committee of Public Instruction, the time for renewing the charter of the East India Company was ripe. The ideas of free trade had established themselves firmly by the twenty years that had elapsed from 1813. The ministers had recognised them. The old navigation lands of England which had been counted as the foundation of her maritime strength and had been approved by Adam Smith, had fallen before the triumphant march of public opinion. A wave of liberalism as huge as the Atlantic surge swept over the United Kingdom. The Reform Bill was passed in 1832 in spite of the strenuous opposition of Dame Partington as Sydeney Smith with his characteristic wit dubbed the House of Lords. The reformed Parliament met on January 29, 1833. Leeds turned a whig member to it—Thomas Babington Macaulay, who had cut a figure in the literary and the political field. He was received as a subordinate member of Lord Grey's Government and signalised himself as an orator by his maiden speech in championship of his party. The East India Bill was introduced and passed in the first sessions. The new charter of 1833 not only broke the Company's monopoly of trade with Chiana, but divested it of all commercial character from April 22, 1834. To compensate the Directors, the Home Government bought up the assets and liabilities of the Company and gave adequate dividends which were charged on the Indian revenue. The East India Company was made real rulers of India under the strict supervision of the Board of Commissioners and through them of the ministers. The powers of the Governor General were enlarged. The relation between the Supreme and the Provincial Governments in India were clearly defined. Agra was made a separate

province from Bengal. A fourth member to be appointed from persons not in the service of the Company was added to the Supreme Council. A law commission was appointed to draft codes for the whole of India. All disabilities by reason of religion, descent and colour were removed. Slavery was abolished. New bishoprics of Madras and Bombay under the Bishop of Calcutta who was made the metropolitan in India, was created. The honour of the first lawmembership was conferred on Macaulay and he arrived at Calcutta by September 1834. The educational dispute was naturally referred to the Law member. With all his brilliant talents and education he was not not acquainted with Sanskrit or Arabic. Persian was also a sealed tongue to him and Urdu he learnt from his *khidmadgars* during the few days he was in India. He had naturally a predilection for his mother tongue in which he could express himself with lucidity and force. Ignorant of her classics he had not that regard for India which he had for Greece and Rome in the classics of which he was deeply read. He had a poor idea of India and Indians and this explains his wellknown caricature of the Bengalis. He had already formed the opinion that without English education India could not be regenerated. In his wellknown speech in support of the East India Bill on July 30, 1833 during its second reading in the House of Commons he had in glorious periods gave vent to his ideas of Indian education. It is an imperishable monument of the breadth of his views and is almost a prophetic vision of modern India. "We are free," said he, "we are civilised to little purpose; if we grudge to any portion of human race an equal measure of freedom and civilisation. Are we to keep the people of India ignorant that we keep them submissive? Or do we think that we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition? Or do we mean to awake ambition and provide it with no legitimate vent?.....I have no fears. The path of duty is plain before us and it is also the path of wisdom, of national prosperity and national honour. The destinies of our Indian Empire are covered with thick darkness. It may be that the public mind in India may expand under our system till it has outgrown that system; that by good Government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that having become instructed in European knowledge they may in

future demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I know not. But will I attempt to avert or to retard it? Whenever it comes it would be the proudest day in English history." English education for nearly a century has fulfilled his expectations. India is now asking to be a self governing link of the British empire. But British liberalism has fallen so below the mark that a radical philosophic Secretary of State for India like Lord Morley characterised the Indians demanding British citizenship as men crying for the moon.

With a judge like Macaulay the success of the anglicists was a foregone conclusion, even if Charles Trevelyan, the husband of the judge's sister, would not have been their leader. On the 2nd of February, 1835, the celebrated minute was finished whereby he adopted their views almost in entirety. His penygerics of English as a tongue acquiring almost a world importance are not unjustifiable. But his denunciation of Sanskrit literature truly shows his deplorable ignorance. The Sanskrit medical science does not disgrace an English farrier. Its treasures are opened by Ganguli in his English translation of Charaka, and the western medical world stands astonished. The Sanskrit astronomy instead of moving the laughter, as he thought, in the girls of an English boarding school, has excited the highest admiration of western mathematicians. The doubt he expressed whether the Sanskrit literature was as valuable as that of his Saxon and Norman progenitors simply makes him ridiculous. His decision that the western ideas should be imported direct through the English tongue instead of through translations in vernacular or classics, may be right. Even his recommendation to transfer the publication of classics to Asiatic Society may not be wrong. But exception must be taken to his one sidedness. He made English the only basis of education and stopped all encouragement for Sanskrit and Arabics. Lord William Bentick could not venture to differ from his powerful lawmember and accepted his findings. On the 7th of March 1835 it was announced by the Governor-General that "the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India." The business of publishing Sanskrit and Arabic was transferred to the Royal Asiatic Society to which the Government made a special

annual grant for the purpose. All stipends to Sanskrit and Arabic students were stopped. The craze against the classics was carried to such an extremity that Mr. Trevelyan, elated with joy at his success, proposed the abolition of oriental literature even to its alphabet. An effort was made to abolish the Calcutta Madrissa and the Calcutta Sanskrit College. Dr. Wilson was right in characterising this scheme as monstrous and impracticable. "The opposition," he wrote to a friend on September 25th 1835, "made by the natives in their petition against the abolition of the Sanskrit College and Madrissa was well timed, and the departure of Lord William will have also suspended the evil designs of Messrs. Macaulay and Trevelyan. If you suffer them ultimately to prevail, you will have yourselves to blame." He was just in his estimate that real improvement—the elevation of the minds of the people—could not be effected without both classes of languages being studied.

On their defeat Sir H. Shakespeare and Mr. Sutherland resigned. Macaulay became the president and Trevelyan his right hand. Several new members, English and Indian, were appointed. Macaulay worked hard as his minutes show for the three years he was in India in furthering his scheme. His task was doubtless arduous. There was no regular organisation, no inspector of schools, no college to train up teachers, no local boards. The honorary members of the Committee were all hard-worked officials of other departments. They could not pay serious attention to the educational business. In the interior voluntary committees met at times and used to correspond with the central committee at Calcutta. A number of teachers were in the employ who were sent at different stations as the exigency required. Macaulay laboured hard to introduce a better organisation. Thus dawned the fourth period—the era of real recognition—in the history of English education. It lasted till the Despatch of 1854 formulated the modern educational policy. During this period the control of education was in the various provinces with such bodies as Councils of Education, Educational Boards, and Collegiate Boards.

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S DAUGHTER.

A POPULAR TALE OF HINDUSTAN.

The following tale is a great favourite amongst the people of Hindustan. It is related in various ways, the main point being always the same: the present version was taken nearly *verbatim* from the lips of a washerman's wife in Benares. There is a curious coincidence between an incident in this tale, and one illustrative of the superstitions of Ireland, which Mr. Lover has made the subject of one of his exquisite songs; it is the voice which addresses Tool-esa. In the Fairy Tempter, the same thing occurs:

A voice murmured sweetly, oh come, love, with me.

In a certain kingdom of the East, there lived a poor man, so completely destitute of all worldly gifts, that he had not even wherewithal to procure the commonest implements necessary to carry on his occupation, which was that of a wood cutter. Not being possessed of a knife or a ha'chet, or the means of purchasing the least expensive substitute, he was fain to be content with picking up sticks, an employment in which his wife and daughter assisted him. If, in the course of their researches, they found enough to purchase flour for the day's consumption, they rejoiced over their frugal meal; but such good fortune did not always attend them, and indeed the necessity of fasting became so frequent, that they were all nearly starving.

Nursingh and his wife, though suffering considerably in their own persons, were far more distressed by this lamentable state of affairs upon their daughter's account, she was of a marriageable age, and there seemed to be little chance of her escaping the disgrace of celibacy, for now were they to scrape up the means of proving her with a suitable match? Of what avail was her beauty, since no one thought it worth their while to report it through the neighbourhood? They lived in the most profound retirement, and the gossips, always so willing to offer their services when there was any chance of reward, kept aloof, and reserved their civilities for those who were able to repay them in kind.

Tooleesa, who had often surveyed herself with some degree of complacency in a neighbouring tank, was not without ambition, and, in the midst of all her poverty, could not help indulging in day-dreams. Sometime she beguiled the hours, which, but for these soothing illusions, would have been very heavy, by fancying herself a princess, and she would for a while forget the bitter privations of her lot, in the ideal contemplation of those luxuries which there seemed little hope that she would ever enjoy in a more satisfactory form. With nothing save the bare ground to lie upon, Tooleesa would imagine herself stretched upon a silver charpoy, covered with a *resaz*, or counterpane, of the richest brocade. Though very rarely enabled to indulge in a pan, the box that should have contained it glittered before her mind's eye, of the same precious material; her feet pressed the softest of *settrinjees*, and the *chillumchee*, *lota*, *suraies*, and the frame of her ample looking-glass, were all (to her fancy) of the purest silver.

These reveries were often disturbed by the necessity of going into the jungle, to look for sticks. Her wandering on one day brought her to the ruins of a wall, now in a state of dilapidation, and almost choked up with long grass. She perceived, with infinite satisfaction, that there was a great quantity of wood scattered about this place, and she hastened to avail herself of so abundant a harvest, and collected a bundle of more than the ordinary size. While thus employed, she was startled by voice, which seemed to proceed from the well: it called her by her name. Amazed, she looked round and listened; nobody appeared, but she distinctly heard the same voice say, "Will you be my wife?" Terrified, she snatched up her bundle and ran away, determined never to venture near the haunted spot again. However, she was not ill-pleased with the price which was obtained for the wood, and after every cowrie had been expended, she feared she should be obliged to repair to the precincts of the well, for, search where she would, she could not find a single stick anywhere else. Though much afraid lest she should encounter a *jinn*, there was no alternative; go she must, and the sight of the wood, which appeared to be more plentiful than before, tempted her to advance close up to the dreaded spot.

Hastily gathering a bundle together, just as she was about to depart, pleased to escape from the interruption she had apprehended, the voice addressed her again in the self-same word, "Will

you be my wife?" More frightened than she had been upon the previous occasion, she took to flight as rapidly as her burthen would admit.

Tooleesa reached home without molestation. The family lived merily upon the product of her labour; but when the money was gone, they were as ill off as before. It was in vain that Nursingh and his wife searched far and wide; nothing was to be found, and Tooleesa, when urged to try her fortune again, was obliged to acquaint her parents with the circumstance which had so greatly alarmed her. The good man and his wife did not think the affair so dreadful as their timid daughter had expected; they advised her to go again to the well, and if the voice should address her for the third time, to refer this unknown suitor to her father. Tooleesa obeyed, though not without many misgivings; she gathered the sticks as usual, and, just as she was about to go away, the terrible question was repeated, "Will you be my wife?" Summoning all her courage, she tremblingly replied, "How can I receive a proposal which ought to be addressed to my father?" "Send your father hither," returned the voice, "and we will make our agreement." Tooleesa, glad to be allowed to depart upon such easy terms, returned to the hut, and reported faithfully all that had passed to her parents.

Nursingh lost no time in repairing to the well, which to his surprise he now found very easily. He did not wait long for the voice, which sounded plainly enough from the depths of the abyss. "You are miserably poor," said this invisible interlocutor; "Give your daughter to me, and I will make you all rich and happy; you shall be sumptuously clothed, and fare of the best; your shadow shall increase, and your treasures multiply, for I am able to gratify you according to your heart's desire." Dazzled with so many promises, Nursingh did not make the least hesitation, but agreed upon a contract immediately. A certain day was fixed upon for the celebration of the nuptials, and the woodcutter went away, well-pleased with the prospect before him.

Tooleesa and her mother were not a little distressed that they should return empty-handed, for they were much at a loss how to provide the proper preparations, and were sadly mortified at the mean figures which they must make upon an occasion of so much moment. However, a few evenings before the appointed time, the

family were surprised by a very unexpected appearance. A hundred trays were borne through the air, and only that those persons who carried them were invisible, exactly in the same manner in which the bridegroom's offerings to the Bride are usually conveyed. Some of the trays were filled with the choicest variety of fruits and confectionary; others contained shawls, and all things proper for a feminine toilette; while the whole was gaily ornamented after the fashion of the East, and lighted up with coloured lamps.

Tooleesa augured well from these preliminaries, and both screamed; her mother began to entertain the most respectful opinion of the donor of such acceptable presents. They were very punctual in their attendance at the well, and were somewhat surprised to find that it still before its wild and savage aspect; there were no tents pitched, and nothing was going forward to denote the approach of a wedding. The disappointed woodman exclaimed loudly. "How am I to give my daughter away in marriage, when there is no person to receive her?" "We are all present," replied the voice, "both the bridegroom and his friends; put the ring upon your daughter's finger, and she is mine." A ring at that moment appeared; Nurs Singh obeyed the injunction, and turning round, perceived a beautiful pavilion, in which there was spread an ample feast. Without any hesitation, his wife and he sat down with their daughter to partake of the good things which invited them to indulge in very unwonted gratification. After all three had eaten and drunk sufficiently, a beautiful palanquine, such as ladies of the highest rank are accustomed to go abroad in, stopped at the door of the pavilion. Now came a moment replete with apprehension to Tooleesa and her mother. The reluctant bride, aware that she must be in the powers of some controlling spirit, with whom it would be useless to contend, obeyed the instruction which the palanquin conveyed, and placing herself upon the cushions, drew the curtains aside, in order that she might obtain a last look of her parents. Nurs Singh and his wife, full of concern for their daughter's fate, followed the vehicle through a deep defile, which opened upon a country perfectly strange to them. In the midst of a wide and highly-cultivated plain, they saw a splendid palace, surrounded by a high wall. The palanquin made straight for the principal gate of this edifice, and entering through it, was seen no more. Satisfied

that the bridegroom had performed his promise, the brides's parents returned with lightened hearts to their own home.

On their way, they found plenty of wood tied up neatly into bundles, and from this period they were no longer obliged to labour for their subsistence; wealth flowed in upon them apace; they hired servants, built themselves a fine house, and feasted merrily every day. The neighbours who during their poverty had never vouchsafed to take the least notice of them, or to inquire whether they could do any thing to keep them from starving, now favoured them with their company very often, and were very inquisitive about their manner of living, and how they contrived to have so much money always at command. Nursingh and his wife did not think it prudent to satisfy their curiosity, and the envy which they excited arose at length to such a pitch, that some of their malignant visitors went to the king of the country, and implored him to force the woodcutter to reveal the method which he had employed to effect so extraordinary a change in his fortunes. The king, worked upon by the artful representations of those evil-minded people, summoned Nursingh to his court, and interrogated him very strictly upon the subject. The poor men frankly told the truth, relating without disguise every circumstance concerning his daughter's marriage, and the benefits which it had entailed upon him.

His candour, however, was of no service to him; the king refused to credit the tale, and in great wrath ordered him to be put to the tortures. Nor was this all; seeing that he did not vary in his story, the monarch, still farther enraged, threatened him with death.

The unhappy woodcutter and his wife now began to fear that their good fortune had deserted them, and that they had done wrong in allowing their daughter to marry a person of whom they knew nothing, and whose gifts had involved them in greater misery than that in which they had formerly languished.

If they suffered the pangs of hunger, they were safe from oppression, and violence, and they had seldom or ever been so completely cast down as not to entertain a hope of better times. Now, death stared the unfortunate father in the face, and when he should have been cut off by the hand of the executioner, what remained for his disconsolate helpmate, who knew not whereupon the wide earth to seek for a daughter too rashly committed to the

guardianship of a stranger? Distracted by the horrors of their situation, Nursingh and his wife spent their time in vain lamentations of their easy credulity ; but they were were wrong in supposing that their daughter's husband had abandoned them to their fate. The evening before the day appointed for the execution, a voice came to the king, and said, "Oh King, harm not a hair of the woodcutter's head ; he has not deceived you ; I have espoused his daughter, and will take a terrible revenge upon those who offer him the slightest injury." The King replied, "For one day I spare his life, but it is only to see whether thou hast the power of which thou hast so presumptuously boasted ; on the next, he surely dies, for I am not to be diverted from my purpose by an empty threat." When the King arose in the morning, behold ! himself and woodcutter were the only person left alive in the city ; all the rest of the inhabitants had been bitten by snakes, and lay dead in their house. The king perceiving that he had a powerful spirit to deal with, trembled at this manifestation of his anger, and, repairing with anxious haste to the prison, entreated Nursingh to employ his influence with his son-in-law, to avert this horrible calamity. The poor man, who had a kind heart, and took no pleasure in revenge, assured the monarch of his readiness to comply with his wishes, and thought not knowing whether the request would reach the ear for which it was designed, entreated his mysterious relative to restore the lives of the people. Immediately, a rustling noise was heard and the voice exclaimed, "Oh snakes, who have performed my bidding, you only are acquainted with an antidote to your venom ; apply it to these people, and take them from under the shadow of death." The snakes obeyed, and the inhabitants of the city, reviving, surrounded the king, who, amazed and humbled by the danger which had threatened him, took off the wood-cutter's chain with his own hands, and dismissed him to his home, with many flattering speeches and gifts.

From that period, the neighbours ceased to pry into their affairs ; a wholesome fear kept them silent ; and though covetous to the highest degree, they were deterred from forming any plans for the appropriation of wealth which excited their avarice, by the apprehension of the terrible vengeance of Nursingh's invisible protector. In the meantime, Tooleesa lived very happily with her husband, whom she only saw at night, he being invari-

ably abroad during the day. He gave her splendid presents, and only required that she should shut herself up in the palace, and not permit any stranger to enter its gates. There was no want of amusement within the wall of this stately mansion, the gardens were beautifully laid out with avenues of mango and other fruit trees; the baths were of marble, inlaid with gold and there were women who played enchantingly upon the lute, and others who could tell a great number of marvellous tales. One day, in walking through the garden, Tooleesa saw a very small and weak animal pursued by one that was much larger and fiercer. The poor little squirrel looked at her as she passed with an imploring eye, and taking up a bamboo which lay in the path, the compassionate girl encountered its adversary, and thus gave the squirrel an opportunity to escape. Tooleesa, averse to taking life, did not kill the invader of her peaceful garden, content with driving it over the wall, for she was unwilling that any of her favourites should be disturbed. She spent a great deal of time in feeding and caressing her birds, but nevertheless the days were sometimes very long, and hang heavily upon her hands. The gates of the palace, at it has been already said, were always kept closed, and the servants forbidden upon pain of death to admit any but the inhabitants, so that Tooleesa could never make any purchase herself, or hear what was going on in the neighbourhood, indulgences which in her poorest days she had been accustomed to enjoy. She grew tired of hearing stories told of people of whom she knew nothing, and cared less; her embroidery became wearisome, and she would have given all the jewels she possessed for a single garland of the jessamine flower which she had been accustomed to gather in the wildest haunt of her native jungle. In short, Tooleesa had enjoyed prosperity until it had began to tire; no longer compelled to endure the privations which had formerly embittered her existence, she forgot how very difficult they were to bear, and thought that all the fine things which her husband placed at her disposal could scarcely compensate for the want of that social intercourse which other females in the same station enjoyed.

(II)

One morning, a woman who sold choories appeared before the palace-walls; she was of course denied admittance by the

porter, but coming to the foot of a tower at one of the angles, she caught a sight of Tooleesa, who was looking out of a very small window at the top. The woman, an adept in her art, used many flattering and persuasive words, promising wonders if she could only gain admittance to the lady, with whom it was impossible to converse with any comfort at so great a distance; and her infatuated auditor was at length induced to let down a sheet from the top of the tower, by which the stranger climbed to the summit with the greatest ease. Now this intruder would never have been able to get in, had not Tooleesa afforded her some assistance, and she was very silly not to discover that none but a spirit could have mounted by means of a sheet. The pretended chowrie-seller sat down upon the edge of the carpet, and began to converse very fluently with her entertainer so that the time passed away in the most delightful manner possible.

She gave a great deal of information which Tooleesa was anxious to know, and in return asked a multitude of questions. "Laughter" said she, at last, "You tell me that your husband treats you well; does he ever eat with you, and take meat out of the same plate?" "No," replied Tooleesa, somewhat surprised, "he has never done me that honour." "Then" returned her guest, "you should insist upon his compliance with the ordinary usages of married life otherwise he will despise you for your want of spirit; and should he refuse, you will plainly perceive that he has not the proper regard which he ought to entertain for his wife." Having infused this poison into an imprudent woman's ears, the guest hastily departed, leaving Tooleesa very much perplexed, and exceedingly unhappy. The thought at a long time to await for the return of night, and resolved over and over again what she should say to her husband, for she was determined to take the insidious advice of a perfect stranger, and to make a trial which might render her unhappy for life. While she was seated with her untasted supper before her, she received the usual visit from her spouse, and rising up hastily, she importuned him so anxiously to eat with her, that he took his place by her side, but only pretended to swallow the food, for he perceived the snare, and giving stricter orders than before that no person should enter the palace, he departed as usual.

Tooleesa went on for some time in the ordinary manner and had almost forgotten that she had any cause for uneasiness, when, unfortunately, looking out of the window of the tower, she saw an old woman below, disguised as a seller of antimony, and inconsciously fell into conversation with her. Finding it inconvenient to talk from so great a height she was easily persuaded to adopt the former expedient, the old woman got up as nimbly as before, and after many compliments and fine speeches, began to put the same questions which had mortified Tooleesa upon a former occasion. The poor girl was proud to be able to say that her husband had shewn her the expected mark of respect, but the pertinacious inquirer now proceeded farther, and asked if he had ever chewed a *pan* and given it afterwards to her to eat a delicate compliment which is essential to oriental etiquette. Tooleesa, struck for the first time with the omission, replied, "Never" and was again urged to make an experiment which would prove the extent of her influence. She became still more uneasy than before, and, more anxious to make trial of her power. "What is the reason," she exclaimed, as her husband sat beside her in the evening, "that you have never given me a *pan* from your mouth, as other men do who have any regard for their wives?" "Do not inquire," replied the spirit; "be satisfied if I take one from you, and ask not that which must separate us for ever." Tooleesa not easily put off with so evasive an answer, tried her powers of persuasion, but all in vain, and, though very reluctantly, was forced for the present to forego her project; but she became restless and uneasy, determining in her own mind to leave nothing undone to acquire complete ascendancy over the mind of her husband. Probably, the excellence of her own disposition, and the kindness with which she was treated, would have reconciled her to the refusal, had not the abominable old woman made her appearance for the third time and saying, has your husband ever told you his name?" Persuaded her to make that compliance the test of the sincerity of his affection.

Tooleesa urged this request more obstinately than she had done either of the others, and after her husband had exhausted his patience in vain endeavours, to show the unreasonableness of her demand, he said at length, "if you persist in requiring this mark of confidence from me, there is a power which obliges me to comply; but I warn you before that the knowledge will be fatal to your happiness; you

will not only be reduced to your original poverty, but suffer all the aggravations which remorse can inflict." Tooleesa remained obstinate, and again her companion endeavoured to dissuade her from craving the danger. Finding his entreaties unavailing, he said, "Will, be it so; but I cannot tell you here." He then led her out beyond the palace-walls, and walked to some distance, until they come to edge of a river. The Bridegroom stood upon the bank, and with much emotion, said, "Are you still determined to know my name? It is not too late to retract." Tooleesa, urged on by an unconquerable desire, which rendered her regardless of consequences, replied, "I will know it." The spirit then waded up to his knees in the water, and asked the question a second time, not without many entreaties, that she would forego her design; but she adhered to her resolution. As she spoke, he advanced still farther into the water; nothing new was visible except his head and shoulders; he then inquired, for the third time, if she still persisted, adjuring her in the most tender manner to be content with the assurance of his regard, and to forbear a requisition of which she would repent to the latest hour of her existence. Abandoned by her Guardian angel, Tooleesa persisted. "My name" exclaimed the spirit, "is Basnak Dau!" A snake's head appeared upon the surface of the water and after starting a furious glance at the two rash interrogator, sank into the stream, in which her husband had already vanished. Tooleesa now found herself alone, in the tattered garments which she had formerly worn; she searched in vain for the palace; every path that she took led her to her native home, which had returned to its original state, though, if possible, more wretched than ever. Her parents were without bread, and totally incapacitated by their late manner of living from making the slightest exertions; the whole of the labour necessary for their support, therefore, devolved upon her.

She was also obliged to listen to their reproaches, which were exceedingly bitter, and which the consciousness of having deserved them rendered still more keen. Nor was this all; now that she was irrevocably separated from her husband, nor affection for him increased to a degree of intenseness which she had never before experienced; she was ashamed of the ingratitude and hardness of heart which had prevented her from appreciating his kindness, and the blessings which she had enjoyed whilst under his protection. Every day her mode of life became more and more

irksome ; she spent the time which ought to have been employed in household concerns in looking for the well ; but not a trace of it could she discover, and after the most wearisome researches, she was obliged to return to her miserable home.

Formerly, notwithstanding the hardships and privations which its inmates endured, the hut was the abode of peace. After the morning's toil was over, Tooleesa could lie down and indulge in day-dreams, unmolested by bickering and strife ; but now she was never permitted to taste a moment's respite from her misery ; either sleeping or waking, her parents murmured at their lot, starting from troublous dreams to vent their anguish in outcries and lamentations. Tooleesa had not comfort to bestow and she would have thrown herself into the tank, had she not been deterred by the certainty that her parents, if deprived of her assistance, would die of actual starvation. Pursuing her toil one day, in the most disconsolate manner, a squirrel crossed her path. These animals sported by hundreds round the hut, and she would scarcely have noticed the circumstance, but for a peculiar glance which reminded her of the adventure in the garden of her husband's palace. She observed that, as the Sun glanced upon the little creature's back, the white stripes shone like silver, and altogether there was something in its appearance which induced her to follow it. The squirrel seemed pleased at having attracted her attention, and skipped and frisked along until it came to a place where there were plenty of sticks ; she gathered up a bundle and returned home, well-pleased with the morning's adventure. The next day, the squirrel appeared again, and led her onward as before, conducting her to the same place a delightful spot, in which, after she had collected as much wood as she could carry, she sat down, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep. She was awakened, as she thought, by some very soft whispering close to her ear, and looking round, saw two or three squirrels in earnest conversation. "Alas!" said one of them "how has it happened that our enemy has become so powerful ? I felt all our tribe in freedom, and now, upon my return, behold we are held in miserable bondage."

"It is" replied another of the squirrels, "because Sarkasukees has obtained an unhoped-for alliance. You must know that the mother of *Basnak Dau*, the king of the snakes, discovered that her

son had taken a daughter of earth for his wife, and she knew that, if through her emissaries she could induce this foolish person to demand her husband's name, she should recover all the power which she had lost upon the accession *Basnak Dau* to the kingdom of his father. *Sarkasukees* brought her intelligence of the marriage, and afterwards, in the disguise of a seller of *choories*, got admittance to the palace, and persuaded the earth-born bride to command this act of folly. The queen mother is fully re-established upon the throne; *Basnak Dau* is reduced to a mere nobody, and our persecutor has been enabled to gratify the full extent of his malice against us." I have pity for Tooleesa," observed the third squirrel, "for she once saved my life, when *Sarkasukees* had nearly got me into his clutches, he has shewn himself devoid of all gratitude, for she forebore to slay him when it was in her power; and for that act of mercy, as well as for her kindness to me, she is deserving of some reward.

Is there no chance of her ever being restored to her husband, and reinstated in her former happiness?" "That might happen" replied the first speaker, "but not without a great deal of difficulty; she is in ignorance of all the circumstances which we have related, and therefore cannot take the proper measures to secure the success of the enterprize, even if she should have courage to undertake it. She must travel eastward, until she comes to a wide river; and when she get there, I do not know how she will manage for want of a boat to carry her over, for there is not one at hand, and the water is full of snakes, and they would infallibly devour her were she to venture to swim across. When she is upon the other side, she must search diligently for the nest of the *hooma*, and if she finds an egg in it she must put the egg into her bosom, and it will hatch there. She must then disguise herself, and offer her services at the palace of the queen dowager, who will be very distrustful, and employ her about a great many tasks, which, if she does not execute properly, she will betray her human origin, and will be devoured in an instant by snakes. I know not whether the egg of the *hooma* will preserve her from these dangers, but should she succeed in hatching it, this bird, which brings kingly power to all mortals, will pick out the eyes of the green snake which always encircles the queen dowager's neck, and at that moment *Basnak Dau* will recover his kingdom,

and be reconciled to his bride, who, being a queen by virtue of the hooma's obedience, will have acquired a right to become acquainted with his name.

(III)

Tooleesa now awoke thoroughly, and though the perils of the expedition seemed very formidable, she would not have scrupled to brave them, but for her unwillingness to leave her parents without the means of subsistence. Upon taking up her bundle, however, she found several pieces of gold, which she rightly guessed had been placed thereby the friendly squirrel, and given them to her mother, who seemed to be reconciled by the sight of the money to her daughter's departure, she made the necessary preparation for her journey. She travelled for a long time without meeting with any adventure ; but after many days, she arrived at the bank of a river, which seemed very wide and very deep, and every now and then hideous black snakes reared their crests above the waters, to shew that they were upon the alert.

Tooleesa had not failed to provide herself with certain earthen jars, and tying some bamboo together, she laced them across with twigs, and laid a quantity of grass upon the top. Several squirrels, observing her proceedings, came to her assistance, and when the raft was finished and floated upon the empty jars, these creatures jumped upon it very readily, so that she also had courage to venture amongst the snakes, seeing that they opened their tremendous jaws at the squirrels as well as at herself.

She got across the water very easily, and landing on the other side, the squirrels also leaped on shore, and she observed with great pleasure that they had resolved to keep her company, since she now began to hope that they would point out the way to the hooma's nest. She met with a humble-bee upon the road, and that also raised her spirits, for these insects are always the harbingers of good. At length she heard a most ravishing strain of music ; the squirrels leaped about joyously, and she followed them into a dell, in the midst of which there was a beautiful tree, which shew like emeralds.

The hoomas were employed in building their nest, singing all the time ; and had not Tooleesa's thoughts been otherwise engaged, she would have admired the splendour of their plumage

as they floated about in the golden light. In a few days, the hen laid an egg, and both the parent birds seemed so much delighted with their family cares, that it was not until there were three or four in the nest that Tooleesa could resolve to deprive them of any part of their treasures.

On the fifth day, when the nest was full almost to overflowing, she took an egg, and placing it in her bosom, covered it up with her veil. She then recommenced her journey, the squirrel skipping up one tree and down another, keeping away before her, and directing her in the path. They conducted her to the walls of a very fine castle, and, not without considerable perturbation, she knocked at the gate, and asked to be entertained in the queen's service. She was ushered into a splendid apartment, where she found her greatest enemy sitting on a heap of cushions, with the green serpent about her neck. Though she preserved the semblance of youth, and possessed a large share of beauty, there was something very terrible in the appearance of this awful being; her eyes glittered like those of snakes, and her long hair wreathed itself into serpentine folds. How different was the aspect of *Basnak Dan!* and Tooleesa saw that, even amongst spirits, the good or evil disposition will manifest itself in the countenance.

The queen, after scanning her visitor from head to foot, told her that she never permitted any person to enter her service without putting their capabilities to the test; she was free to depart if who shrunk from the responsibility; but if she undertook to fulfil the commands of her mistress, no excuse would be taken for any omission, and she would perish miserably upon the first symptoms of failure.

Tooleesa, without knowing what would be required of her, offered to abide the consequence; a crystal vase was put into her hands, and she was led into a large paved court, surrounded by a high wall, and desired to collect the perfume of a thousand flowers. There was not a shrub or a plant of any kind to be seen and Tooleesa would have despaired had she not placed strong reliance upon the friendly disposition of the squirrels, though these well-wishers seemed to have deserted her, not one making its appearance.

While searching about to no purpose, an immense number of humble-bees flew over the wall; each brought a bag of perfume which they dropped into the vase, and the scent was so deliciously fragrant, that the whole air soon became impregnated with it, and Tooleesa could hear shouts of joyful surprise on all sides

The gates of the court-yard were soon opened, and she laid the vase at the feet of the Queen, whose stern features relaxed as she inhaled the exquisite perfume which issued from the fountain of sweets. Tooleesa was dismissed graciously to an apartment which had been provided for her, and lying down to sleep for the first time since their separation, she dreamed of *Basnak Daru*. The next day, a large jar of gram was set before her, and she was ordered to produce from it an equipment of the most splendid ornaments that had ever adorned the person of a princess. Tooleesa searched through the whole jar without finding a single gem, but this time the squirrels came in person to her assistance; each took away a small portion of the gram, and left an equal number of jewels of the finest water in its place. Tooleesa, who had a great deal of taste, arranged the whole with infinite skill, and though the queen seemed rather disappointed at having no excuse for finding a single fault, the magnificence of the casket which was placed at her feet reconciled her to the necessity of dismissing her attendant with praise.

Tooleesa's dreams were more encouraging than before, and she went about the third task with the most cheerful alacrity. It was easily performed as the other had been; but when permitted to retire to her chamber she saw unable to enjoy the accustomed repose. The poor little squirrel, which now never left her side, was evidently very much disconcerted, it twitched her several times by the tail, and its mistress, who was exceedingly attentive to every single, followed it out of the castle into a wood, where the rest of the squirrels seemed to be in great consternation. She sat down under a tree, and, closing her eyes, listened attentively to their deliberations. She soon learned that their and her enemy was close at hand, and she was informed that she could only prevent him from entering the castle by burning certain drugs which were fatal to spirits of his peculiar nature; but the potent agency of this incense would also deprive her of the assistance hitherto afforded by the squirrels, they belong to the same class of genii with *Sarkasukees*, who had assumed the mastery over them. Luckily, her tasks were accomplished, but she must henceforward depend upon her own vigilance to defeat the designs of her adversary, who was so subtle, that though incapable penetrating an atmosphere loaded with the poisonous vapours, employed for his destruction, might employ other agency to

effect his object. Several days must elapse before the hooma's egg could be hatched, and, during that period, it behoved her to be always upon her guard. It was Tooleesa's duty to perfume the apartments of the palace, and she took care to leave vases burning in every room, filled with the fumes which the negligent *Sarkasukees* so much detested, mingled with a portion of the perfume which had proved so agreeable to the snake queen and her attendants.

Although, when almost exahusted by fatigue and anxiety, Tooleesa heard a slight tapping noise in the inside of the egg, and shortly afterwards the hooma made his appearance. She lost no time in attaching it to her hand by a slight gold chain, a needless precaution, since it very soon become so fond of her, that it would not have quitted its gentle mistress for the world. Tooleesa kept it always in her bosom, and the bird, waxing bold and strong, flew upon the queen's shoulder as her waiting-maid adjusted her hair, and in an instant picked out the eyes of the green serpent which formed the magic of the spell, so long and so tyrannically put in force.

The queen mother, aware that her power had departed from her, screamed loudly, the wall of the castle were shaken, the body of *Sarkasukees*, restored to its original from that of a lumpish, ill-shapen friend was thrown upon the pavement of the hall, in chains; while long processions of genii, the emancipated squirrels, and legions of faithful snakes, ushered in the rightful sovereign *Basnak Dau*. Tooleesa's humble apparel had been converted into regal garments, the *hooma* had encircled her head with a diadem, and she now became a fitting bird for one of the most powerful of those spirits who are permitted upon certain conditions, to rule over kingdoms invisible to men.

Nothing could exceed the delight which was diffused throughout every region peopled by the *peris* and other amiable genii, who were lovers of order; while the malignant spirits were cruelly discomfited by the downfall of *Sarkasukees* and the queen mother. In no place, however, was there so much rejoicing as in the dwelling of Nursingh and his wife; never were any two people more thoroughly weary of bad living and the first time that the hard, ill-baked cake of coarse flour was superseded by a smoking dish of rice, *ghee*, turmeric, and spices, they perceived that *Basnak Dau* had recovered his influence.

D. N. CHATTERJEE.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

According to Professor M' Cosh, natural theology is the science, which from an investigation of the works of nature, would rise to a discovery of the character and will of God, and of the relation in which man stands to Him. The four natural sources from which the human mind derives its idea of the Divine Being are first, the order and adaptation exhibited in the material works of God, *2ndly*, the relations which the physical world bears to man which we call the providential arrangements of the divine Government. *3rdly* the human soul with its consciousness, its intelligence and its benign feelings. *4thly*, the moral qualities of man *i.e.*, the conscience. Viewed separately the arguments drawn from these sources are not all conclusive; one may be considered, perhaps, merely as suggestive, and another as confirmatory, one as proof of the existence of God, and another as an illustration of the possession of certain attributes. Each class of objects furnishes its quota of evidence. The physical works of God give indications of power and skill. The providence of God exhibits a governing and controlling energy. Our spiritual natures lift us to the conception of a living, personal, and spiritual God.

The first three classes of objects as bringing before us nature, animate and inanimate, and the relation between them, establish the benevolence as well as the wisdom of God. The phenomena which prove the existence of God, also demonstrate that He delights in the happiness of His creatures. For it is conceivable that the world might have been filled with adaptations as wonderful as any of the existing ones, but all of them of a diametrically opposite character. It requires an observation of the whole of these four classes of objects to convey a full and adequate idea of the divine character. Leave out the first, and we have no elevating idea of the divine skill and intelligence. Sink the second out of sight, and the God that we acknowledge cannot be distinguished from the universe. Leave out the third, and He becomes

a brute unconscious force, or at least a mere name for an aggregate of laws and developments. Discard the fourth class of objects, and we strip Him of some of the very brightest rays of His glory, and leave a physical without a moral power, and a weak beneficence unguarded by justice. "Religion," as defined by Dr. Robert Flint, "is man's communion with what he believes to be a God or gods; his sense of relationship to and dependence on, a higher and mysterious agency, with all the thoughts, emotions and actions which proceed therefrom." Thought, feeling and will—knowledge, affection and self-surrender,—are admitted to be indissolubly united, inseparably present, in religion even by those who will not admit them to be all its essential constituents. When we always find certain elements together and can neither discover nor imagine them apart, we have no right to represent some of them as essential to the compound into which they enter, and others as non-essential. They are all essential. But knowledge plays a very important part in the conception and development of religion. The importance of feeling and will in religion is in no respect questioned or denied when it is maintained that religion cannot be a reasonable process, a healthy condition of mind, if constituted by either feeling or volition separate from knowledge. Then however true it may be that short of the action of the will in the form of the self-surrender of the soul to the object of its worship, the religious process is essentially imperfect, this self-surrender cannot be independent of reason and yet reasonable. In order to be a legitimate act, it must spring out of good affections,—and these affections must be enlightened; they must rest on the knowledge of an object worthy of them, and worthy of the self-surrender to which they prompt. It is only in a theistic religion that whatever in religion is fitted to satisfy the reason and affections of man, and strengthen and guide his will, can find its proper development. Theism is the doctrine that the universe owes its existence and continuance in existence to the reason and will of a self-existing Being, who is infinitely powerful, wise and good. The religion of a people colors its entire civilisation; its action may be traced to industry, art, literature, science and philosophy in all their stages. It has seemed to some that morality rests on religion, and cannot exist apart from it. And almost all who believe that there are religious truths, which men as reason-

able beings, are bound to accept, will be found maintaining that although morality may be independent of religion for its mere existence, a morality unsupported by religion would be insufficient to satisfy the wants of the personal and social life. Without religion they maintain, man would not be able to resist the temptations and support the trials of his lot and would be cut off from the source of his loftiest thoughts, his richest and purest enjoyments, and his most heroic deeds. They further maintain that without religion nations would be unprogressive, selfish, diseased, corrupt, unworthy of life, incapable of long life.

It will not be denied indeed by any one, that religious belief influences moral practice. Both reason and history make doubt on this point impossible. The convictions of a man's heart as to the supreme object of his reverence, and as to the ways in which he ought to show his reverence thereof, necessarily affect for good or evil his entire mind and conduct. The whole moral life takes a different color according to the religious light which falls upon it. Again, character has an influence on creed—the state of a man's feeling determines to a considerable extent the nature of his beliefs—badness of heart is often the cause of perversity of judgment.

Not only morality but science is intimately connected with religion. No scientific man can be credited with much insight who does not perceive that scientific theory has an intimate and influential bearing upon religion. "While a slight taste of philosophy," says Bacon, "may dispose the mind to indifference to religion, deeper draughts must bring it back to it; while on the threshold of philosophy where second causes appear to absorb the attention, some oblivion of the highest cause may ensue, when the mind penetrates deeper, and sees the dependence of causes and the works of Providence, it will easily perceive, according to the allegory of the poets, that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair."

We are indebted to science for the explanation of all phenomena so indispensably necessary to the solution of religious problems. Granting that no religious theory of the world can be accepted which contradicts the results established by the sciences, are we not free to ask, and even bound to ask—Do these results not, separately and collectively, imply a religious theory of the

world, and the particular religious theory it may be, which is called theism? Are these results not the expression of a unity and order in the world which can only be explained on the supposition that material nature, organic existences, the mind and heart of man, society and its history, have originated in a power, wisdom, and goodness not their own, which still upholds them, and works in and through them?

The highest possible form of religion must be a theistic religion—a religion in which the one personal and perfect God is the object of worship. Fetichism, nature-worship, humanitarian polytheism and pantheism are very lower forms of religion, and therefore to abandon theism for any one of them is not to advance but to retrograde, is not to rise but to fall. Of these forms only Pantheism requires criticism for nature-worship and polytheism are not irreconcilable with the unity and almighty character of God, the numerous gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon being the sybolical representation of the attributes of one Supreme and Absolute creator of matter and mind intended for rising from Nature to Nature's God or for conceiving His glory and goodness through the medium of an image. Pantheism stands upon a different footing. It denies that the one Infinite Being is a person—is a free, holy and loving intelligence. It represents our consciousness of freedom and sense of responsibility as illusions. God according to Pantheism alone is. All individual existences are merely his manifestations—all our deeds, whether good or bad, are His actions; and yet, while all is God and God is all, there is no God who can hear us and understand us—no God to love us or care for us—no God able or willing to help us. Pantheism represents absorptiou in Deity, the losing of self in God, as the highest good of humanity; but this is a mere caricature of that idea of communion with God in which religion must find its realisation, as Pantheism leaves neither a self to surrender; nor a personal God to whom to surrender it. The absorption of the finite in the infinite which Pantheism preaches is as different from the surrender of the soul to God dwelling in us and we in God, as night is from day, as death is from life.

Comte strives to represent humanity and Strauss to represent the universe as a God by imaginatively investing them with attributes which do not inherently and properly belong to them; but

with all their efforts they can only make of them fetich gods. Comte himself did not believe that we can worship humanity in any but a partial and insincere way. If we could properly worship humanity, would our worship do either our minds or hearts more good than the worship of Jupiter and Juno did the Greeks of old? Again, can we revere the universe? Is not that to go back to fetichism? Might we not just as wisely and profitably adore a stock or stone? Positivism and materialism are not stages beyond theism, for they are not on the same road. They are not phases in the development of religion; they are forms of the denial of religion. The grossest fetichism has more of religion in it than either of them can consistently claim on scientific grounds. There is nothing in science, properly so called, which justifies the exaltation either of matter or man to the rank of gods even of the lowest fetich order.

Herbert Spencer would present to us for God the unknowable. But what thoughts, what feelings can we have about the unknowable? Might we not as well worship empty space, the eternal no, or the absolute nothing?

Mr. Darwin and his followers profess to prove that all the order of organic nature may have been unintentionally originated by the mechanical operations of natural forces. They think they can explain how from a few simple forms or even from a simple primordial cell, the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms with all their harmonies and beauties have arisen wholly independent of any ordaining and presiding mind by means of the law of heredity that like produces like. They assure us that the laws which they claim to have proved are in themselves a disproof of design; but they somehow forget that it is incumbent on them to bestow the labour requisite to make this manifest. They reason as if it were almost or wholly self-evident, whereas a little more thought would show them that all their laws imply mind and purpose.

Let us now describe the theistic process as to the knowledge of God. Of all knowledge, the knowledge of God is or at least ought to be the most progressive. And that for this simple reason, that every increase of other knowledge—be it the knowledge of outward nature or of the human soul or of history—be it the knowledge of truth, or beauty or goodness—ought also to increase our knowledge of Him. The proofs for the existence of God coincide

with the grounds for the belief in God ; they are simply the real grounds of the belief established and expounded in a scientific manner. Such proofs must be, in fact, simply His own manifestations ; the way in which He makes Himself known ; the phenomena on which His power and character are imprinted. They can neither be, properly speaking, our reasonings nor our analyses of the principles involved in our reasonings. It is through bearing the image of God that we are alone able to apprehend God. Take any essential feature of that image out of a human soul, and to apprehend God is made thereby impossible to it. All that is divine in us meets, unites, co-operates to lay hold of what is divine without us. Hence the fuller and clearer the divine image is in any man, the fuller and clearer will be his perception of the divine original "Our entire spiritual being," says Dr. Robert Flint, "is constituted for the apprehension of God in and through His works. All the essential principles of mental action, when applied to the meditative consideration of finite things, lead up from them to Infinite Creative Wisdom. The whole of nature external to us is a revelation of God ; the whole of nature within us has been made for the reception and interpretation of that revelation."

In conclusion it may be remarked that the conception of any other than Infinite God—a God unlimited in all perfections—is not only a self-contradictory but an unworthy conception ; it not only perplexes the intellect but revolts the spiritual affections. The heart can find no secure rest except on an Infinite God. If less than omnipotent, he may be unable to help us in the hour of sorest need. If less than omniscient, He may overlook us. If less than perfectly just, we cannot unreservedly trust Him. The whole soul can only be devoted to one who is believed to be absolutely good.

K. C. KANJILAL B. L.

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HABIT IS SECOND NATURE.

A habit is acquired by repetition. By it the stamp of nature is shaped in man and animal. Without habit for work one must needs be unhealthy, he being at a loss to do what next? Such vacant hours make him miserable, for desultory thoughts induce a prolonged departure from common modes of thinking and feeling without adequate cause, and brings on hallucination. On the other hand, by thinking in a certain method for benevolence or goodness, good many wrong sensibilities could be avoided. By judging other's defects charitably, and cherishing kindness received, sages overcome evil emotions like jealousy, envy, anger and the rest. They are thus raised to the higher regions of thought and perception. But to unlearn is more difficult than to learn, certain good habits are acquired by discreet training, while others are contracted by bad or wrong ideals. It is hard to keep back a scholar from his books, a busy man from his work, or an idler from his amusements. An Italian bibliographer Magliabrechhi would not leave his library, thus he acquired such vast erudition, that many contemporary authors consulted him before finishing their works. His habit of punctuality worked better in the field of his labour than his intelligence. The historian Alison writes of himself, "I have been singularly prosperous in life to a degree beyond most of my early friends. Yet on calm retrospect I cannot think either that my natural abilities or accidental advantages were superior to any of theirs, I ascribe the success in life to my singleness of purpose and perseverance."

Cardinal Mazarin, son of a common gentleman of Sicily of the 17th century, by his habit of aptitude for many things, by his imperturbable temper, and by his indefatigable earnestness in work, rose to such a pitch of eminence and opulence that he could dictate the law to the contemporary princes of Western Europe. The habit of cheerfulness lent Mark Twain his wit and and humour. He never wept for the past nor feared the future. Indeed he gave a method and form to the chaotic lore of his ancestors. His sympathetic habits took great pleasure to improve the condition of his companions, and worked wonders in civilizing the peasantry around him. The continuous effort and good wishes towards his neighbours did improve the Count's natural wisdom, and he attained long life. He fully understood, and preached all round, that humanity should be cultured by love, charity and performing social duties. He secretly treasured up his vital relationship with his God as his most valued and special possession. He could by close scrutiny of matters, perceive the affinity of certain forces as to the happiness or other-wise of the community. His code of duties were based upon morality and religion, but not fixed upon mere utility. He was more a practical than a scientific personage.

Long-pursued habit or custom of non-touchism has generated in India a strong prejudice among the high caste Hindoos, feelings of hatred against the coloured races has been kept up among the white people of Europe and America.

Nature prompts, men are all brethren ; but custom, the worthy son of habit leads to a different direction.

The melancholic poet Cowper could by habit of well-timed exercise and repose not only cure the horrid malady, but also by his habit of meditation, develop in himself highly moral and religious personality. His style of prose is more powerful than his rhymes, through the latter enlisted him among the British poets, again the habit of healthy diversions is needed. Hence the classic festivals and the Christian Sabbath were in requisition, to amuse the labouring the Romans, infect interdicted trade and closed up workshops on *dies non*, when the country echoed ;

“Stand off, Ye vulgar ! nor profane,

“With unhallowed sound the festal scene.”

But recreations should suit the different temperaments of indivi-

dual-. Lord Bacon for instance loved gardening that holds up mirror to humanity, and wi-pers solicitude is sweet; whereas Dr. Johnson did not like the manual labour, nor the dulcet musicians. With adjusted combination of physical and intellectual exercises unfold several pontentialities in man; similarly to the *ashan* processes of the yogees, continued strained physical labour, on the other hand, converts the body into a machine.

By habit, men deal peculiarly with the female sex, not in the same way as they treat their brethren, and similarly the fair sex returns the complements in the similar manner.

“Our humbler province is to tend the fair.

Not a less pleasing, though has glorious care.”

I have often noticed that many a person does by a habit of per-simony in small things acquire temper intolerable to suffer trifling wastes, when he could stoically receive the intelligence of the failure of his Bankers. By habit of observation a man may get such experience of the state of the circulation of fluids in the body that he may recover himself in many ordinary ailments by discreet adjustment of labour and repose, and by allaying the first inroad of nervous excitement. He seeks his health where nature has its placy. He appreciates his good health, that is generally neglected, which gives animation and enjoyment and offers him opportunity to ply his duty, to meet the judgment-day. There is a vast difference between the ideal and practical living, the standards being widely distant. The former looks to the stray visions of Fortune's better days, and remains in the fool's paradise for life; the latter learns to improve the present by industry and work, for he is convinced that.

“Who takes to Fancy, never can be rich!”

Habit of punctuality gains his time against the steal march of procrastination in work. We are sorry to find however many a youth undergoes a lamentable breakdown in health by severe pressure of the superior to make up the arrear work. An uninterrupted health is secured by some by habit of labour and repose in alternative, to suit their environments. By habit we call the Sun, the Moon and the like as things but not ideas. The Hindus accordingly thought that the Infinite unchangeable spirit was confined in the body, deluded by the fascination of the senses. By recapitulation we fix self in the mind, and the latter ties it up by habit with the body. A life of devotional

habits, on the other hand, disciplines human heart, and raises the man to look down on selfish institutions and self-indulgences; virtue alone is true nobility. The sense of duty properly nurtured, takes its root in nature. Full scope to our energies may be given, but should not be allowed to land us in the border lands of Insanity, Slavery. Intemperance should be checked by strong hands; all of which hold premium to barbarism, brutality and poverty. The fumes of distillery are more deadly than the vapours of putrefaction. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. We must guard ourselves from preconceived ideas and superstitious; or their mystical powers.

"A certain mean in all may be found" he may observe, that the doctrine of "resist no evil" has been proved by many conquests (as in India and South Africa) they reckoned as pioneers of civilization and enlightenment. To return to pastimes, the sovereign duty of every community should be to secure the health of the labour class by work in alternative with diversions. To remove the burden of oppression from the poor is to worship the Creator.

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small."

The sight of fields and lawns with flowers and trees acts tonic to the man, whispering nature is pleasant. Sports that give agility to limbs and concentration of mind should be encouraged.—

"Drive the Ivory on table about,
Or on chess and cards pass the day,
And in revelry and rout,
Urges the foot-ball gay."

The Romans not only interdicted trade on *dies non*, but they also imposed decency and propriety on all public amusements. But alas! our modern institutions or Clubs or Theatres do not aspire to that standard of propriety—mere babbling is ridiculous. It is better to be frankly dull than an inquisitive bore. By habit man acquires capacity to work for weal and woe. Gentlemen shall carry a decent demeanour in society. True power is constructive and never destructive. To go round pilgrimages is efficient diversion to mind and soul from the bustle of the worldly activity. Reading, writing and some intellectual exertion (of

course divested of professional cloak, creates a simple steady and ready character in man. Again to check the destructive influence, all patriots should combine to control the ignoble crowd fired by sedition, or such other evils. By habit the senses are wonderfully developed :—in the mute, the deaf, and the blind, we find it very prominently. In the acrobat, the hunter, and the aborigines the same phenomenon appears remarkably, for we learn that some of them can trace their games, or enemies by smell or foot-prints, when they are out of sight.

The force of habit to alter the nature of humanity is very much evidenced by the outlaws of all countries. Though criminal acts are highly deplored and discouraged by every nationality, yet they are practically irrepressible, and at times become contagious. Because laws for prevention would be better than for punishment of criminals, most of the advanced communities have laid down special punitive rules for the juveniles or the first-time offenders, with a view to put down the multiplication of habitual culprits.

But for all that, when the habit to commit crimes has been contracted, it is approved of by such out-laws and their comrades as the cheapest policy to keep up life. They would argue, labour we must, so we should find out a back-door to carry the booty in large quantity than possible by legitimate means; similarly with the habit of taking deleterious drugs. Strong church and public opinion; easy earning and cheap living, may to a great extent reach the root of the rampant evils. But we doubt if such remedies could be had at the heart of modern civilization. Burke most prudently says "the animals of criminal jurisprudence exhibit human nature in a variety of positions, at once the most striking, interesting and affecting." Some of the culprits, I think, are original characters, and are objects of special study. Modern civilization would be far better, if it were not so much diversified confused, so much temporal and spiritual, so very theocratic and monarchic, or so very aristocratic and democratic; that no special principle reign over the whole nation. It is no good to lecture on philosophy to a habitual criminal or intemperate fool.

KATWA.

In this paper I propose to give what an on-looker would see of the historical incidents of Katwa. The name of Katwa is associated with the fact that it is here that Lord Gouranga took to holy orders and became a *Sanyasi*. The big temple of Gouranga raises in human mind this historical incident what happened about five hundred years ago. It is there that Lord Gouranga became a disciple of Keshab Bharati. Sorrows of people and men's folly moved the heart of Gouranga with compassion and he left his mother and young wife to relieve their woes and bring them to the right path. The life of Gouranga leads one to believe that he had to struggle between this onerous duty and his natural affection and love for his mother and wife, but human compassion moved him much, and in darkness left his paternal home and his loving relations to lead the life of a *Sanyasi*.

It is said that the name "Katwa" owes its existence from "Kantak nagari" applied to it by the mother of Lord Gouranga. She gave this name as it is the place where thorn has been pricked into her breast by the departure of her beloved son from her midst and where he took to holy orders to lead the life of a mendicant. This *Kantok nagari* or "town of thorns" has ever been sanctified by the advent of Lord Gouranga, and this is the place when he caused his head to be shaved by Madhu Napit and became a disciple of Keshab Bharati. Madhu Napit was sanctified by touching the body of Lord Gouranga, and his *Samadhi* exists to this day within the compound of Gouranga Bati. The holy hair of Gouranga that were shaved, even now lie interred, a big dome has been created in it at the expense of a merchant of Calcutta, and the spot is called *Keshu Bedi*. The *Bedi* of Keshab Bharati when Lord Gouranga was incarnated remains to this date. The *ghat* where Gouranga bathed previous to his incarnation is called Gouranga Ghat.

The sacred Baishnab books reveal to us that when Gouranga came to Katwa he did not hear a single *Harinam* or the sound of *Khol* and *Karatali*. He filled Katwa with *Harinam* and *Sankirtan*, and danced through the streets of Katwa with his able compeer,

Nitai singing *Harinam*, and lots of disciples flocked round him. The images of Gour and Nitai that are kept in the temple at Katwa, are in dancing posture, and the image of Jagganath is kept near these images, as Gour and Natai used to worship with great devotion the holy image of Jagannath. Even to this day a spot is pointed out at the temple of Jagannath at Puri as the place where Lord Gouranga used to stand and look with eagerness at the holy image of Jagannath, and an indenture is pointed out in the stone wall of that temple as the place when Gouranga used to place his hands when thus looking, and the indenture has been made by gradual waste of stone by the hand of Gouranga being placed of one and the same place for a series of years.

At about two miles south-west of Katwa and by the side of the Burdwan Road is village Jajigram. Where one of the disciples of Lord Gouranga sanctified the place. The *beg bata* tree is there indicated as the place where Lord Gouranga took his rest for a night. Thousands of bats now live in that tree. There is a temple there under the supervision of a Baishnab. A small pond to the north of that temple is called *Daedhaca Gorla*. In this part of the country "gorla" is used to mean a small pond, it is said that during *Mahatsabs*, *dals* after being cooked were deposited in that place, and from this, *dal* was served to the men who partook of that *Mahtsab*. The village Srillbadu, above 5 miles from Katwa, also associated with the doings of Gouranga.

In Katwa, near Baguepara, a big ditch is seen which is said to have been made to protect this place from the road of the Maharattas. So the north of Katwa across the river Ajoy is the place called Sankai, while Clive halted on his way to the battle of Plassey, and here a small excursion took place between the English and the Mahomedans. The very situation of the place with moulds of earth raised on all sides seems to be a very suitable place for the protection of the troops placed there.

To the north-west of Katwa, about seven miles from this place is the residence of the historic family of the Rajas of Banwaribad, a lengthy description of that family I intend to give in another paper.

BRAHMIN ORTHODOXY IN OLDEN DAYS.

A century ago, Gour Mohon was born at the village of Sakrial in Subdivision Tangail, in the East Bengal. His father Krisna Charan Chakraverti was an orthodox Brahmin, whose forefathers migrated from Vikrampur to Sakrail when badly off. Krisna Charan took to the craft of priesthood and maintained his family with great difficulty. He had three sons—Krisna Mohon, Gour Mohon and Hara Mohon. When Gour Mohon was a little boy, his father was struggling hard to maintain his family. Dire want was his constant play-mate since childhood. Krisna Charan fought manfully and succeeded to some extent to maintain his big family then consisting of his old mother, his wife and three little boys. His first boy Krisna Mohon was then studying Kalap Vyakaran in a *taluk*. Gour Mohon was just made to recite the slokas and the elementary definitions of Grammar at the feet of his father, and the third Hara Mohon alternately slept at and sucked from his mother's breast. Although Krisna Charan was struggling hard to eke out a livelihood for his family, yet not unoften the poor family had to go half-fed. But there were no grumbling, no dissatisfaction in the family. With such a hard lot, the poor father was ungrudgingly toiling and moiling all day long, keeping an eye upon the all-powerful God and his three young hopefuls. He assiduously served his good mother and faithfully and reverently worshipped the family idols. At the morning after his worship was over, he studied the Gita and at the evening, he read the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, and explained them to his mother and wife. The sketches of Ramchandra, Sita Debi, the Pandavas, Harish Chandra and Nal, had deep pathos with them, and they shed tears in their sorrows and expressed sympathy in their sufferings. But amidst the troubles and anxieties, Krisna Charan had the satisfaction to find that his first boy—Krisna Mohon, was showing signs of good progress in his studies. The father thought it proper to send him for further studies to Vikrampur the then Navadwip in East

Bengal. But as regards his second boy Gour Mohon, he thought it proper to keep him back to help him in many a job in family matters. But it so happened that with the departure of his elder brother, Gour Mohon, grew to be a pet child with his mothers, and his former application to studies grew faint every day. His age at this time, was not below fifteen. Now it was the month of November, and was the season for the upper class Hindoos, to offer new rice in memory of the departed parents. One day however, Krisna Charan's several of the Yajmans had to observe Nabanna ceremony ; and in going to help them, he asked his second son to go to the house of Gadadhur Sen, to get the cup of the offerings—*vojya*, as that would only be the means for that day to break their fast. Gour Mohon had nothing to eat up to now, for want of rice or any other eatables in the house. The grand-mother, who was very anxious on account of of his pet child, sent him after repeated calls from play to get the *vojya*. It was then past noon. Gour Mohon was not still returning ; and the grandmother advanced a little, and found his pet boy returning lazily in empty, hand with only a pice and a pair of sacred threads. On enquiry she learnt that the cup of rice had been strewn around by the pecking of a crow in his way. She was very much terrified, not on account of the idea that the boy was to go unfed, but that a terrible thrashing awaited him at the hands of his son. The grand-mother returned home and vented her spleen on the devoted head of her daughter-in-law, who, she said, was sadly wanting in the habit of providing a few grains in the house, in which case her pet child, had no fear from his father. It is often found that the God Almighty from a very small unperceptible beginning, generates thing fraught with immense future. The case was the same here. The hard-working and troubled father returned and on enquiry learnt that their hearth would not be lighted that day, as the cup of rice was lost through the pecking of a crow. The father understood everything and grew beside in rage, and sought his son, who was nowhere. But at dusk, when it was growing dark the timid boy stealthily returned home very weak and fearful. But was soon pounced upon by the enraged father, who amidst the solicitude of his mother, dealt a few hard blows, that cut the innocent boy to the quick, despite the bodily injury he suffered. The tender heart

of Gour Mohon, felt the thrashing very keenly as an insult and wondered how, the anxieties for bread, had rendered his loving father to veritable stone. Further he pondered on, that unless he could remove the dire want, there would be no peace at home and it was useless for him to live. Should he then continue the life of a beast? Where was then the value of such a life? Godadhor the jajman, was to have left for Dinajpur, where he was the Peshkwar in the Collectorate, just after the day of occurrence. Gour Mohon brooded over the matter all day and night long and thought, his kind father would not certainly have been so merciless for a few grains of rice, had he been little above want. Should he then join the profession that can not even barely give subsistence to its votaries? How should he then see his father merged in perpetual want? Certain it was, that his father did not like that his sons should be bred up in priestcraft and lead a life of constant want. If that was really the case, his elder brother might take to the calling of his father and prove to be a worthy son of an worthy father. The resolution was taken. He determined not to follow in the wake of his father and complacently look to the sufferings of his nice grandmama and parents. He thought, "Happen what way. I shall see to my last, if God has really stored miseries for the honest and innocent Brahmins." But as he was brooding over the matter, he was pained to think of stealing away from his loving mother and poor father immersed in troubles. But he distinctly saw a bright future lying before him, and that how could he not use with advantage his present for the better future? If he failed to mitigate the sufferings of his mothers, who were eagerly a-waiting to see them prospering, what was the use of his life then? Would their sufferings for them go in vain? God forbid. He lifted up his hands and prayed to God, "Father, I shall jump into the dark and unfathomable ocean and see whether or not you carry me to the beach?" Where true manliness leads a man—he fears no shoals or rocks to swim across the ocean to a safe harbour. We shall presently see how this world-conquering quality, ere long graciously put on the head of Gour Mohan the coveted crown of glory. Either to win or to die in the attempt was the final resolve taken by Gour Mohan. But in meantime a hue and cry was raised all round as to the whereabouts of the all-day long-

fasting tender-aged Gour Mohan, who was, as I have said, nowhere to be found, even after diligent search. Krishna Charan was staggard. Had his boy laid violent hands upon himself being wounded in his feelings? The father said to himself, "what great wrong I have done to treat my boy so shabbily? I have failed in my life to maintain them properly and how mercilessly have I treated Gour Mohan to-day? He completely lost the balance of his mind. On the other hand, the aged grandmother and her daughter-in-law, were rending the dark and fog-clad skies of winter with their loud lamentations. During the stillness of night, while all were apparently dead in slumber, Gour Mohan, on the other hand, came out of his hiding place and went straight to Gadadhar and there suddenly snatched light from the hands of the servant of Gadadhar, with his sacred thread, and asked him not to whisper even. He narrated all about his desire to try his luck at that distant land of gold, and begged of him not to speak of him to any one. The man consented and promised all possible help. In days gone by the Brahmins and his sacred threads were the source of constant dread of all non-Brahmin castes. Now Gour Mohan the lad of fifteen, at the dead of night, reached the boat, two miles off, and kept himself concealed under the deck. All luggages of Gadadhar were at the boat during the day-time, and there was therefore no immediate prospect of Gour Mohan being detected soon. Next day at an early hour, Gadadhar with his cook and servant reached the boat. Before leaving home he went to the house of his priest Krisna Charan to take leave of them all and to console them saying that Gour Mohan was sure to be found soon, because, as a tender-aged boy, he could not be expected to leave the protection of his father's roof. Soon the *Manjhis*, wishing well of the journey left the place amidst their loud cries of "Panchpir Badar, Badar." The boat proceeded up the river. It was past noon, the boat was moored at a char to arrange for their meal. In the meantime Gadadhar had his ablutions and worship finished. Their meal was almost ready. His servant informed him that a Brahmin was about to die of hunger in his boat. The *karta* was surprised, and was informed of everything. He asked Gour Mohan to get up. There was no help now; and Gour Mohan with his body scratched here and there stood before Gada-

dhār with down cast eyes like a cow-thief. Gour Mohon was a very fair boy and Gadadhar found now the lad was injured all over his body. He felt very sorry for the boy and asked him to have his bath and meal. Gour Mohon took bath and said his prayers, and then took his meal along with Gadadhar. When everybody had finished his work there, the boat left the place. Gadadhar called Gour Mohon to him and very mildly reprimanded him for his day's work, but encouraged him in his determination for self-improvement. However after fifteen days' journey through a way infested with cut-throats and robbers, the boat reached its destinations, and Gadadhar joined his work. Gour Mohon having obtained a happy asylum at Gadadhar's got himself admitted for a schooling under a Moulvi to learn Persian language that was still the court language all over Bengal. Only a very short time before this, all criminal and civil works of the District had slipped out of the hands of the then Maharaja of Dinajpur. Gadadhar sent a man home with the news of his safe arrival. There was then no regular postal arrangements as are now. In conveying any news to a place, people had to send a man, who after travelling for days together reached his place of destination. It was then almost the beginning of the English administration. Life and property of the people, were not safe as now. Gentlemen living at Dinajpur, had a man named Kanu Shikdar who acted as their Post Office. This was quite a peculiar sort of man with strong physique. He took his meal at Dinajpur and persuing his journey for several days, perching at night upon trees to elude detection by bad characters, reached home. Such course was repeated again while starting for Dinajpur. During the entire course of his journey, Kanu had no necessity for food, and after reaching his destination, took food and slept for days to recoup his health. On one occasion, however, the man was espied by robbers while climbing up a tree, close to the *chalan beel* and was murdered and robbed. Now Gadadhar wrote to Krisna Charan all about his boy. When the latter reached its destination there was jubilation in the family. The father was all wrath, that his son had taken to learning a *melechha bhasa*—an infidel's tongue, being a Brahmin; and the poor grand-mother and her daughter-in-law were exultantly happy that their pet child was still on the land of the living, and was on the way of eking

out a livelihood. A few months after this, on writing to Gadadhar, Krishna Charan, wrote in following way:—"I discard a son like Gour Mohan, who is engaged in learning the infidel's language and bent on to accept service. I do not require any news about him in future." Taking this good wishes of his father on forehead, Gour Mohan tenaciously struck to his resolution of self-improvement. To learn Persian language was now the principal object of his life. Only at the dead of night Gour Mohan slept for three or four hours and almost all the remaining hours he poured over his books, reciting with peculiar intonation the *Boiads*—stanzas of his book or was sitting at the feet of his Moulvie taking lessons. Gour Mohan had to cook his own food. No condiments worth the name had he with his meals except a little of rock-salt, lest they might take much of his time in preparations. Either a bringal or an almond boiled had he for his condiments and nothing more. For two successive years Gour Mohan engaged himself with deep application in study, with a resolution that he would never show his face to the inmates of his distant home unless he could do something in shape of earning his livelihood. Now he was a pretty Good Persian scholar and through the intercession of Godadhar—Gour Mohan was offered a clerical appointment. It was now that he began to eat his meals with condiments. Fortunately or unfortunately however at this time, Gour Mohan as an officer, retained the discarded moustache. Was he not a son of an orthodox Hindu—a Brahmin Pandit to boot? At this time it happened that a man came from home to Dinajpur and saw the strange and wonderful appearance of Gour Mohan with moustache. An ejaculation escaped his lips—"Oh, you Gour Mohan Thacur, you have retained moustache!" from this day, up to when a sudden and strange thing happens, the villagers high and low still ejaculate, "Gour Mohan Thacur you have retained moustache." Gour Mohan has slipped away from the stage of the world for more than fifty years, but the sudden outburst of wonderful feelings of a man, still rings from month to month. With his first month's pay, Gour Mohan bought a piece of warm cloth for his grand-mother and sent it with a letter, seeking their good wishes. The easy-going good grand-ma placed the cloth upon her head and went round the village, seeking good wishes of well wishes.

But as soon as she returned home the wrathful father thundered, "no, the cloth bought with the money service, will have no place at my house." But the tears of a reverent and stepping-to-grave-mother washed away all his anger. After three years this time, the grandmother in writing to Gadadhar requested to get his pet child with him. The annual grand festival was very close and Gour Mohan with a small earning entered the house just like a thief, but could not venture to take the dust of the feet of his father. But very reverently took those of his mothers. At night the tears of his mother prevailed upon Krishna Mohan who permitted his son to come in, but did not allow to touch his feet. Neither the father did utter his good wishes nor did the son, venture to seek them. This was the second time that the orthodoxy of the father had a rude shock. The Puja was over and the poor son of a poor father left home as poor as before, Gour Mohan had not to suffer the pangs of want for a short time only. He thought, possibly he did commit a sin in wounding the feelings of his father. But the dice was cast. Just at this time Bhuban Mohan Neogi held a ministerial appointment in the Provincial Court at Dinajpur. Bhuban Mohan was little younger in years, but they are fast friends—there was apparently no social disparity between them. Bhuban knew no body than his Dada, and Gour Mohan knew no body than Bhuban. The God was now complacent, and the devotion and ability of Gour Mohan reached the ears of the authorities, and he was promoted to a more responsible appointment of the Court. The European officers of the time took them for their guide and above all counted their help in all matters as indispensable and respected them as guardians. They knew that without their help, co-operation and sound advice the administration of a new country, could not be conducted. All the collectors who came to Dinajpur during the time of Gour Mohan had embounded confidence in him, and safely entrusted to him all the details of work. They often enquired whether or not Gour Mohan had means to support him. Often did Gour Mohan tell his Shahibs all about his younger days, his sufferings, and the plight his family at home was in, and the social shackles he had to break through in attempting to better his condition. The Shahibs on their part expressed sympathy and admiration for his wonderful life and manliness

of spirit and encouraged him in his devotion to work. Gour Mohan now had seen better days, but unfortunately his father died before participating in the affluence of the family. Gour Mohan was still single, but a year after this—at thirty, he was prevailed upon by his mothers to marry. Fortunately for Gour Mohan, he got a very good wife. But seven years passed and yet she did not promise a future generation. Gour Mohan was again in trouble. His wife suddenly caught malignant fever and died at Dinajpur, leaving her disconsolate husband to mourn her loss. Gour Mohan left all work and absented from Kutchary. His Collector came to see him and prevailed upon him to join office as that was the best means of forgetting his misfortune. This was done. In the meantime the annual Durgapuja came again, and the good collector asked Gour Mohan to go home marry a second wife and then come with family next November, as he intended once to taste the culinary art of his new wife. This was accordingly done. Gour Mohan had good luck as regards wives and earning. His second wife—Krishnamoni proved a model wife; and she soon presented her husband a nice girl. This was the only child of its parents. Krishnamoni was a good housewife, affable, loving, active and at the sometime religiously bent. She made no difference in conduct between her child and her servants. She never took her meals before every body in the house had his meals. This pious lady was a fair hand in free hand drawing. Some of these are still kept as valuable legacy in the house. The grand-lady the mother of Gour Mohan died at this time and the obsequies was performed with befitting grandeur, gratefully considering the hardships he underwent in rearing them up. Long before this the elder brother of Gour Mohan—Krishna Mohan had finished his education at Navadwipa and returned home as “Shidhanta”—a considerable scholar of Vyakaran and Smriti. He proved to be the foremost Pandit of his time and had started a flourishing *tol* at the residential home. The younger brother Hara Mohan, also a scholar of high attainments, was always oiling of head-diseases and could not set up a *tol*. His son Pandit Harish Chandra Tarkaratna—the erudite scholar and Principal Smriti Pandit is still occupying the Government Chair of the Smriti *tol* at Navadwipa. It is needless, just now, to tell anything about him as he is generally known as the great Smarta Pandit of Bengal.

Let us now revert to the thread of one narrative. Gour Mohon was now in hey-day of glory. He had great influence with his superior now. Once in speaking of the profession of his fathers, to his nephew latterly known as Anandamohan Bidyabagis, he said, if he willed it he might procure for him a munsiff-ship.

Now the days of which we are speaking, the then Maharaja of Dinajpur, was being wrenched Zemindary after Zemindary from his pretty big territory, through the malignant influence of Devi Singh. All who were at Dinajpur, on business, took the advantage and purchased lots after lots on a very small value. Gour Mohan too did not fail to take advantage of it. Now what proved a curse to one, proved blessings to many. After his death the nett-income of his property he left was in thousand. He dug a tank erected beautiful buildings and to establish a footing amongst the noble kulin-families of Vikrampur had his daughter married to a bridegroom of the Baghia Ganguli division of the Kulins. This raised Gour Mohan's family to the upper ten as it then meant. Gour Mohan was old now and being eager on availing of the opportunities of meeting a happy and covetous end often to his feet of the Divine mother was bent on to retire. Suddenly to his help, came a new man, the old Collector having retired. The new man was a prototype of the general class of the present day officials. Gour Mohan in fear of being met with shabby treatment retired and came home. But he could not be happy. He fell a prey to an awful colic and other derangements which deprived him from his usual meals even. At the closing days of his life, Gour Mohan adopted a son and before his death lost his eyesight altogether. He left quite in tact all his property and the annual religious festivals to the hands of his descendants, and died in the month of Poush 1267 B. S.

Gour Mohan shuffled off his mortal coil for more than fifty years but I am sure, the devotion to duty and the manliness he exhibited to chalk out a path for himself may even now better lead many a blind and helpless youths, like the polestar, to their happy goal.

B. C. G.

ETERNAL JUSTICE OF GOD.

Sin is not God's work. Moral order may exist with moral disorder. The very notion of moral evil implies a moral good which it contravenes, and a moral law by which it is condemned. It can never be thought as other than something grafted on nature by which nature is perverted and depraved. It is not natural but unnatural; not primary and original, but secondary and derivative; not the law, but the violation of the law. Free-will needs no vindication, for it is the primary and indispensable condition of moral agency. Without it there might be a certain animal goodness, but there could be no true virtue. A virtuous being is one which chooses of its own accord to do what is right. The notion of a moral creature being governed and guided without the concurrence and approval of its own will, is a contradiction. If God desired to have moral creatures in his universe, he could only have them by endowing them with free will which is the power to accept or reject His own will. Virtue is self-rewarding and vice is self-punishing. Virtue tends of its very nature to honour and life, vice to dishonour and death. Virtue may be followed by no external advantages or may involve the possessor of it in suffering; but infallibly it ennobles and enriches, elevates and purifies the soul itself, and thus gradually and increasingly imparts a peace above all earthly dignities. Vice may outwardly prosper and meet only with honour from men, but it cannot be said to be passing wholly unpunished so long as it weakens, poisons and corrupts the spiritual constitution.

No inductive truth can be easier to establish or is better established than that righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin lowers and destroys it. The vicious affections which torment and debase isolated men, equally disturb and degrade a tribe or nation. The virtuous affections which diffuse peace and happiness in a single heart, equally spread harmony and prosperity through the largest community. Thus the general conditions of social life are that God loves virtue and hates vice.

As to suffering, it may be generally remarked that it is a blessing in disguise. "Painful sensations," says Professor Le Conte, "are

only watchful vedettes upon the outposts of our organism to warn us of approaching danger. Without these the citadel of our life would be quickly surprised and taken."

It appears thus that pain is not evil but good and justifies both itself and its author. The character of pain itself is such as to indicate that its author must be a benevolent being—one who does not afflict for his own pleasure, but for his creature's profit. Were all liability to bodily suffering taken away, this world would teem with crime terminating in the most excruciating mental agony. Man's exposure to bodily pain saves him from much torture of mind and from vice which would render this world more offensive to pure spirits than the most infected lazar-house is to the man of sensitive organs and feelings.

Pain is a stimulus to exertion, and it is only through exertion that the faculties are disciplined and developed. Every appetite originates in the experience of a want, and the experience of a want is a pain; but what would the animals be without their appetites and the activities to which these give rise? Would they be the magnificent and beautiful creatures so many of them are? If the hare had no fear, would it be as swift as it is? If the lion had no hunger, would it be as strong as it is? If man had nothing with which to struggle, would he be as enterprising, as ingenious, as variously skilled and educated as he is? Pain tends to the perfection of animals. The perfecting power of suffering is seen in its highest form not in the brute but in man, not in its effects upon the body but in its influence on the mind. It is of incalculable use in correcting and disciplining the spirit. It serves to soften the hardness of heart, to subdue the proud, to produce fortitude and patience, to expand the sympathies, to exercise the religious affections, to refine, strengthen and elevate the entire disposition. To come out pure gold, the character must pass through the furnace of affliction.

As to death, it is a condition of the prolificness of nature, the multiplicity of the species, the succession of generations, the co-existence of the young and the old; and these things, it cannot reasonably be doubted, add immensely to the sum of animal-happiness.

If we can have no notion of the purpose of a thing, we cannot judge whether it is fulfilling it well or ill. The denial of the possibility of knowing the ends of things is inconsistent with the

assertion that things might have been constituted and arranged in a happier or more advantageous manner.

The prevalence of accident cannot, as some may be tempted to imagine, be accidental. It is one of the most marked characteristics of the state of the world in which our lot is cast. It is, in fact, the grand means which the Governor of the world employs for the accomplishment of his specific purposes and by which His providence is rendered a particular providence reaching to the most minute incidents and embracing all events and every event. It is the special instrument employed by Him to keep man dependent, and make him feel his dependence.

The following passage in Professor M., Cosh's work on Divine Government entirely supports our views. "We are now in circumstances to discover the advantages arising from the mixture of uniformity and uncertainty in the operations of nature. Both serve most important ends in the Government of God. The one renders nature steady and stable, the other active and accommodating. The wisdom of God is seen alike in what He hath fixed, and in what He hath left free.

The regularity when it is observed by man, is the means of his attaining knowledge; while the events which we call accidental enable God to turn the projects of mankind as He pleases towards the fulfilment of His own wise and mysterious ends. Without the uniformity, man would be absolutely helpless; without the contingencies, he would become proud and disdainful. If the progressions of nature induce us to cherish trust and confidence, its digressions constrain us to entertain a sense of dependence. In the one, we see how all is arranged to suit our nature; and in the other, we discover that we are as dependent on God as if nothing had been fixed and determined, and so the one invites us to praise, and the other to prayer."

In confirmation of and compliance with such views, Dr. Flint graphically describes the utterly dependent condition of man which should teach him humility and fervent faith in God which are the natural and normal results of a truly religious life. Every thing, he says, counteracts or balances or assists something else, and thus all things proclaim their common dependence on One Original. Co-ordinate things must all be derivative and secondary, and all things in nature are co-ordinate parts of a stupendous system.

Each one of us knows, for example, that a few years ago he was not and that in a few years hence the place which knows him now will know him no more; and each one of us has been taught by the failure of his plans, and the disappointment of his hopes, and the vanity of his efforts, that there are stronger forces and more important interests in the world than his own, and that he is in the grasp of a power which he cannot resist—which besets him behind and before, and hems him on all sides; when we extend our views, we perceive that this is as true of others as of ourselves, and that it is true, even, in a measure, of all finite things. No man lives or dies to himself; no object moves and acts absolutely from and for itself alone. This reveals a single all-originating, all pervading, all sustaining principle. These manifold mutually dependent existences imply one independent existence. The limitations assigned to all individual persons and things point to a Being which limits them all. Particular causes and secondary movements lead back to a cause of causes, a first mover, itself immovable, yet making all things else to move.

Besides the grounds stated above for bearing the ills of life with patience and fortitude, there are two principal ones, viz., the immortality of the soul and future existence. According to the Bhagavat Geeta, the soul cannot be pierced by weapons, burnt by fire, dissolved by water nor dried up by air. The imperishability of the soul being established, its future existence after its separation from the body is a matter of necessary inference. The necessity of a future life is, again, made manifest from the disparities of worldly conditions, that is to say, virtue is not, at least adequately, rewarded nor vice sufficiently punished here. The adjustment of such differences and the meting out of even-handed justice according to men's Karmas in this world, imperatively demand a world to come. Addison has given very cogent reasons for belief in a future existence: Can we believe, he says, a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its creator, and made a few discoveries of His infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at its first setting out and in the very beginning of its enquiries? It can never have taken in its full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue its passions, establish its soul in virtue and come

up to the perfection of its nature before it is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would He give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines through all His works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as a nursery for the next and believing that the several generations of rational creatures which rise up and disappear in such quick succession are only to receive their rudiments of existence here and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

Eastern philosophy and theology also come to the same conclusion. Both the Vedas and the institutes of Manu affirm that the soul is an emanation from the all-pervading intellect and that it is necessarily destined to be reabsorbed. They consider it without form and that visible Nature with all its beauties and harmonies is only the shadow of God.

K. C. KANJILAL, B. L.

CULTURE OF THE ÆSTHETICS.

The word *beauty* is primarily applicable to objects of Sight. As the epithets *sweet* and *delicious* literally denote what is pleasing to the palate, and *harmonious* what is pleasing to the ear; as the epithets *soft* and *warm* denote certain qualities that are pleasing in objects of touch or of feeling;—so the epithet *beautiful* literally denotes what is pleasing to the eye. All these epithets, too, it is worthy of note, are applied *transitively* to the perceptions of the other senses. We speak of *sweet* and of *soft sounds*; of *warm*, of *delicious*, and of *harmonious colouring*, with as little impropriety as of a *beautiful voice*, or of a *beautiful piece of music*. Mr. Burke, himself, has somewhere spoken of *the soft green of the soul*. If the *transitive* applications of the word *beauty* be more numerous and more heterogeneous than those of the words *sweetness*, *softness*, and *harmony*, is it not probable that some account of this peculiarity may be derived from the comparative multiplicity of those perceptions of which the eye is the common organ? Such, accordingly, is the very simple principle on which the following speculations proceed; and which it is the chief aim of these speculations to establish. In prosecuting the subject, however, I shall not fetter myself by any regular plan, but shall readily give way to whatever discussions may naturally arise, either from my own conclusions, or from the remarks I may be led to offer on the theories of others.

The first ideas of *beauty* formed by the mind are, in all probability, derived from *colours*.* Long before infants receive

* It is, accordingly, upon this assumption that I proceed in tracing the progressive generalizations of these ideas; but the intelligent reader will immediately perceive, that this supposition is not essentially necessary to my argument. Supposing the first ideas of beauty to be derived from *forms*, the general conclusions which I wish to establish would have been precisely the same. In the case of a blind man, whatever notions he attaches to the word Beautiful (which I

any pleasures from the beauties of form or of motion (both of which require, for their perception, a certain effort of attention and of thought), their eye may be caught and delighted with brilliant colouring, or with splendid illumination. I am inclined, too, to suspect, that, in the judgment of a peasant, this ingredient of beauty predominates over every other, even in his estimate of the perfections of the female form;* and, in the inanimate creation, there seems to be little else which he beholds with any rapture. It is, accordingly, from the effect produced by the rich painting of the clouds, when gilded by a setting sun, that Aken-side infers the existence of the seeds of Taste, where it is impossible to trace them to any hand but that of Nature.

————— ‘Ask the swain

“Who journeys homewards from a summer-day’s

“Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils,

“And due repose, he loiters to behold

“The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,

“O’er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,

“His rude expression, and untutor’d airs,

“Beyond the power of language, will unfold

“The form of Beauty smiling at his heart.”

Nor is it only in the judgment of the infant or of the peasant, that colours rank high among the constituents of the *beautiful*. The spectacle alluded to by Aken-side, in the foregoing lines, as it forms the most pleasant of any to the untutored mind, so it continues, after the experience of a life spent in the cultivation of taste, to retain its undiminished attractions: I should rather say, retains all its first attractions, heightened by many stronger ones of a moral nature.

believe to be very different from ours), must necessarily originate in the perception of such forms or shapes as are agreeable to his sense of touch; combined, perhaps, with the grateful sensations connected with softness, smoothness, and warmth. If this view of the subject be just, an easy explanation may be deduced from it, of the correct and consistent use of poetical language, in speaking of objects of sight, by such a writer as the late Dr. Blacklock.

* The opinion of Shenstone, on a point of this sort, is of some weight. “It is probable,” he observes, “that a clown would “require more *colour* in his Chloe’s face than a courtier.”

"Him have we seen, the greenwood side along,
 "As o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
 "Oft as the wood-lark piped his evening song,
 "With wishful eye pursue the setting sun."

Such is one of the characteristic features in a portrait, sketched for himself, by the exquisite pencil of Gray; presenting an interesting counterpart to what he has elsewhere said of the poetical visions which delighted his childhood.

....."Oft before his infant eye would run
 "Such forms as glitter in the muses ray,
 "With orient hues.".....

"Among the several kinds of beauty," says Mr. Addison, "the eye *takes most delight in colours*. We nowhere meet with a more glorious or pleasing show in nature, than what appears in the heavens, at the rising and setting of the Sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light, that shew themselves in clouds of a different situation. For this reason we find the poets, who are always addressing themselves to the imagination, *borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic*."*

From the admiration of *colours*, the eye gradually advances to that of *forms*; beginning first with such as are most obviously regular. Hence the pleasure which children, almost without exception, express when they see gardens laid out after the Dutch manner; and hence the justness of the epithet *childish*, or *puerile*, which is commonly employed to characterize *this* species of taste; —one of the earliest stages of its progress both in individuals and in nations.

When, in addition to the pleasures connected with *colours*, external objects present those which arise from certain modifications of *form*, the same name will be naturally applied to both the causes of the mixed emotion. The emotion appears, in point of fact, to our consciousness, simple and uncompounded, no person being able to say, while it is felt, how much of the effect is to be ascribed to either cause, in preference to the other; and it is the philosopher alone who ever thinks of attempting, by a series of observations and experiments, to accomplish such an analysis. The following expressions of Virgil shew how easily the fancy confounds these two ingredients of the Beautiful under one common epithet. "*Edera formosior alba*." "*O formose* " *puer, nimium ne crede colori*." That the adjective *formosus* originally

referred to the beauty of *form* alone, is manifest from its etymology; and yet it would appear that, even to the correct taste of Virgil, it seemed no less applicable to the beauty of *colour*.

In another passage the same epithet is employed, by the same poet, as the most comprehensive which the language afforded, to describe the countless charms of nature, in the most beautiful season of the year :

“ Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos ;

“ Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.”

Similar remarks may be extended to the word Beauty, when applied to *motion*, a species of beauty which may be considered as in part a modification of that of *form*; being perceived when a pleasing *outline* is thus sketched, or traced out, to the spectator's fancy. The beauty of motion has, however, beside this, a charm peculiar to itself; more particularly when exhibited by an animated being;—above all, when exhibited by an individual of our own species. In these cases, it produces that powerful effect, to the unknown cause of which we give the name of *grace*;—an effect which seems to depend, in no inconsiderable degree, on the additional interest which the pleasing form derives from its fugitive and evanescent existence; the memory dwelling fondly on the charm which has fled, while the eye is fascinated with the expectation of what is to follow. A fascination, somewhat analogous to this, is experienced when we look at the undulations of a flag streaming to the wind;—at the wreathings and convolutions of a column of smoke;—or at the momentary beauties and splendours of fireworks, amid the darkness of night. In the human figure, however, the enchanting power of graceful motion is probably owing chiefly to the living expression which it exhibits;—an expression ever renewed and ever varied,—of taste and of mental elegance.

From the combination of these three elements (of *colours*, of *forms*, and of *motion*) what a variety of complicated results may be conceived! And in any one of these results, who can ascertain the respective share of each element in its production? Is it wonderful, then, that the word Beauty, supposing it at first to have been applied to colours alone, should gradually and insensibly acquire a more extensive meaning?

In this enlargement, too, of the signification of the word, it is particularly worthy of remark, that it is not in consequence of the discovery of any quality belonging in common to colours, to forms, and to motion, considered abstractly, that the same word is now applied to them indiscriminately. They all, indeed, agree in this, that they give pleasure to the spectator; but there cannot, I think, be a doubt, that they please on principles essentially different; and that the transference of the word Beauty, from the first to the last, arises solely from their undistinguishable co-operation in producing the same agreeable effect, in consequence of their being all perceived by the same organ, and at the same instant.

It is not necessary for any of the purposes which I have at present in view, that I should attempt to investigate the principles on which Colours, Forms, or Motion, give pleasure to the eye. With the greater part of Mr. Alison's remarks on these qualities, I perfectly agree; although, in the case of the first, I am disposed to ascribe more to the mere organic impression, independently of any association or expression whatever, than he seems willing to allow.

The opinion, however, we may adopt on this point, is of little importance to the following argument, provided it be granted that each of these classes (comprehended under the generic term Beautiful) ought, in a philosophical inquiry into the nature of Beauty, to form the object of a separate investigation; and that the sources of these pleasing effects should be traced in analytical detail, before we presume to decide how far they are all susceptible of explanation from one general theory. In this respect, Mr. Alison's work seems to me to be peculiarly valuable. It is eminently calculated to awaken and to direct the observation of his readers to particular phenomena, and to the state of their own feelings; and whoever peruses it with due attention, cannot fail to be satisfied, that the metaphysical generalizations which have been so often attempted on this subject, are not more unsuccessful in their execution, than they are unphilosophical in their design.

Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Burke are also entitled to much praise, for a variety of original and just remarks, with which they have enriched this part of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. But

although they appear to have aimed at a plan of inquiry founded on the rules of a sound logic; and although their good sense has kept them at a distance from that vague and mysterious phraseology concerning Beauty in general, in which so many of their predecessors delighted, they have, nevertheless, been frequently misled by the spirit of system; attempting to erect the critical inferences which their good taste had formed in some particular departments of the fine arts, into established maxims of universal application. The justness of this criticism, so far as it refers to Hogarth, has been shewn in a very satisfactory manner by Mr. Alison; and it will appear, in the course of our present speculations, that Mr. Burke falls, at least in an equal degree, under the same censure. Before, however, I proceed to any comments on the conclusions of this eminent writer, it is necessary, in the first place, to follow out, a few steps farther, the natural progress or history of the mind, in its conceptions of the Beautiful.

I have already taken notice of the pleasure which children very early manifest at the sight of regular forms, and uniform arrangements. The principles on which these produce their effects, and which render one regular form more pleasing than another, have engaged the attention of various authors; but it is sufficient for my purpose if the general fact be admitted; and about this there cannot possibly be any room for dispute. With respect to the theories which profess to account for the phenomena in question, I must own, that they appear to me more fanciful than solid; although I am far from being disposed to insinuate, that they are totally destitute of foundation.

The same love of regular forms, and of uniform arrangements, continues to influence powerfully, in the maturity of reason and experience, the judgments we pronounce on all works of human art, where regularity and uniformity do not interfere with purposes of utility. In recommending these forms and arrangements, in the particular circumstances just mentioned, there is one principle which seems to have no inconsiderable influence; and which I shall take this opportunity of hinting at slightly, as I do not recollect to have seen it anywhere applied to questions of criticism. The principle I allude to is that of the *sufficient reason*, of which so much use is made (and in my opinion sometimes very erroneously made) in the philosophy of Leibnitz. What is it that, in

anything which is merely ornamental, and which, at the same time, does not profess to be an imitation of nature, renders irregular forms displeasing? Is it not, at least *in part*, that irregularities are infinite; and that no circumstance can be imagined which should have decided the choice of the artist in favour of that particular figure which he has selected? The variety of regular figures (it must be acknowledged) is infinite also; but supposing the choice to be once fixed about the *number* of sides, no apparent caprice of the artist, in adjusting their relative proportions, presents a disagreeable and inexplicable puzzle to the spectator. Is it not also owing, *in part*, to this, that in things merely ornamental, where no use, even the most trifling, is intended, the circular form possesses a superiority over all others?

In a house, which is completely detached from all other buildings, and which stands on a perfectly level foundation, why are we offended when the door is not placed exactly in the middle; or when there is a window on one side of the door, and none corresponding to it on the other? Is it not that we are at a loss to conceive how the choice of the architect could be thus determined, where all circumstances appear to be so exactly alike? This disagreeable effect is, in a great measure, removed, the moment any purpose of utility is discovered; or even when the contiguity of other houses, or some peculiarity in the shape of ground, allows us to imagine, that some reasonable motive may have existed in the artist's mind, though we may be unable to trace it. An irregular castellated edifice, set down on a dead flat, conveys an idea of whim or of folly in the designer; and it would convey this idea still more strongly than it does, were it not that the imitation of something else, which we have previously seen with pleasure, makes the absurdity less revolting. The same, or yet greater irregularity, would not only satisfy, but delight the eye, in an ancient citadel, whose groundwork and elevations followed the rugged surface and fantastic projections of the rock on which it is built. The oblique position of a window in a house would be intolerable; but utility, or rather necessity, reconciles the eye to it at once in the cabin of a ship.

In hanging up against the wall of an apartment a number of pictures, of different forms and sizes, the same consideration will be found to determine the propriety of the arrangement. A

picture placed near one extremity of the wall will require a companion at the same distance from the other extremity, and in the same horizontal line ; and if there be any one which, in point of shape or size, is *unique*, it must be placed somewhere in the vertical line, which is equally distant from both.

Numberless other illustrations of this principle crowd on me ; but I have already said enough to explain the notion which I annex to it, and perhaps more than, to some of my readers, its importance may appear to justify.

The remarks which have now been made apply, as is obvious, to the works of Man alone. In those of Nature, impressed, as they are everywhere, with the signatures of Almighty Power, and of Unfathomable Design, we do not look for that obvious uniformity of plan which we expect to find in the productions of beings endowed with the same faculties, and actuated by the same motives as ourselves. A deviation from uniformity, on the contrary, in the grand outlines sketched by *her* hand, appears perfectly suited to that *infinity* which is associated, in our conceptions, with all her operations ; while it enhances, to an astonishing degree, the delight arising from the regularity which, in her minuter details, she everywhere scatters in such inexhaustible profusion.

It is, indeed, by very slow degrees that this taste for Natural Beauty is formed ; the first impulse of youth prompting it (as I before hinted) to subject nature to rules borrowed from the arts of human life. When such a taste, however, is at length acquired, the former not only appears false, but ludicrous ; and perishes of itself, without any danger of again reviving. The associations, on the other hand, by which the love of Nature is strengthened, having their root in far higher and nobler principles of the mind than those attached to the puerile judgments which they gradually supplant, are invariably confirmed more, in proportion to the advancement of reason, and the enlargement of experience.

The traces of art, which formerly lent an additional charm to the natural beauties which it was employed to heighten, become now themselves offensive wherever they appear ; and even when it has been successfully exerted in supplying defects and correcting blemishes, the effect is destroyed, in proportion as its interposition is visible. The last stage of Taste, therefore, in the progress

of its improvement, leads to the admiration of what Martial calls
—*Rus verum et barbarum* ;

—————“ Where, if Art
“ E’er dar’d to tread, ’twas with unsandal’d foot,
“ Printless, as if the place were holy ground.”

To analyze the different ingredients of the Beauty which scenery of this kind presents to an eye qualified to enjoy it, is a task which I do not mean to attempt; perhaps a task to which the faculties of man are not completely adequate. Not that this furnishes any objection to the inquiry, or diminishes the value of such approximations to the truth, as we are able to establish on a solid induction. But I confess it appears to me, that few of our best writers on the subject have been sufficiently aware of its difficulty; and that they have all shewn a disposition to bestow upon observations, collected from particular classes of facts (and perhaps accurately and happily collected from these), a universality of application little suited to the multiplicity and variety of the phenomena which they profess to explain. The digression may appear long to some of my readers; but I could not hope to engage any attention to the sequel of these discussions, till I had first endeavoured to remove the chief stumbling-blocks, which a theory, recommended by so illustrious a name, has thrown in my way. In the animadversions, I flatter myself I shall have an opportunity of unfolding my own ideas more clearly and fully, than I could have done by stating them at once in a connected and didactic form.

B. N. BONNERJEE.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE GEETA.

The birthless Self, whether imprisoned in an organic frame or not, or whether staying therein or quitting it, cannot be a subject of mourning. The Self is above all death and disease, and cannot be cut or cleft through. Therefore renounce grief. From company is originated lust or desire. From desire emanates anger. From anger germinates ignorance. From ignorance proceeds loss of memory. From loss of memory originates Death. Evil is the result of evil company while a company of the good leads to the annihilation of desires and the liberation of the Self. A man who has destroyed his desires, and is absorbed in the contemplation of the Self, is called a Sthira-Prajna (a man of undeviating mind). A man, who has practised self-control, sees that to be night or Nescience which common people hold as life and waking, and calls that day or life which commonly passes by the denomination of Night or Death.

The doings of a man who is contented in the thought of his own self, and does not concern himself with any thing that properly belongs to Not-self, are as unscrutinable as those of a god. O thou possessed of mighty arms, for such a man there is no duty act which, undone, leaves him in the rank of the weak or the defective. Possessed of true knowledge, he sees that attributes belong to the attributes alone and not to the self, and accordingly does not participate in their works. By the help of this internal light he baffles all temptations that lure others to destruction. O Arjuna, it is the fire of true knowledge that reduces all acts to ashes. As the petal of a lotus flower is not drenched by the water it rests upon, so the effects of acts or deeds cannot implicate a man in their sinful effects, who rest them in the Supreme Brahma, and do them only under the notion of being actuated by that supreme Entity. Equitable to all, such a Yogin finds the Universe in his own Self and his own Self in the Universe.

O my darling, the man who is vanquished in his attempts at practising Yoga, is incarnated after death in the family of the good and the prosperous. He who does what is good and blissful, can never meet with any discomfiture in life. This Nescience which is a necessary category in My Universal Self, baffles even the scrutiny of the most illumined beings; and only those who will attain Me, shall be able to cross this illusion of attributes.

O thou best of the race of Bharata, the miserable, the truth-seeking, the solicitors of wealth, and the wise are the four classes of men who worship Me in life. The wise behold Me by holding a spiritual communion with my Own Eternal Self. Brahma is supreme or perfect knowledge, and Nature is spiritual in her essence. The knowledge or consciousness, which takes cognisance of the external world and sensations begotten by it, is originated by Karma. The knowledge, or consciousness which is restricted to the world and its objects is finite or limited, while the knowledge or consciousness of the Self, is spiritual and infinite. O, thou best of the embodied beings, I am inherent in the religious sacrifices performed by men of Karma-Yoga. He who departs this life, meditating upon My Eternal Self, is undoubtedly assimilated in My Essence. A man gets that after demise which he meditates upon at the time of death. The man who having concentrated his Self on an occult point situate between the eye-brows, departs this life with the sacred OM rolling on his tongue, is merged in My Supreme Soul after death.

All things and beings, from the invisible atom to the Creator of the worlds, are but the attributes of My Universal Energy. Those who are prosperous and possessed of mighty prowess in life, are but the parts and parcels of My Infinite Energy. He who beholds the Universe as reflection of My Own Self, is emancipated from the bonds of re-births.

The human body is called the Kshetra (*lit.*, the field of consciousness), and he who possesses this knowledge is called a Kshetrajna. The knowledge which a Kshetrajna derives from the Kshetra, carries my sanction as true knowledge. When composed of primary material principles, sense of egoism, the invisible process of intellection, the ten senses, the five objects of sense-perception, will, desire, envy, pleasure, pain, the concourse of

sensations and their mutual antagonism and comprehension, etc., it is called the qualified Kshetra.

Absence of pride and vanity, cessation of hostile propensities, forbearance, straightforwardness, simplicity, veneration for one's preceptor, purity, fortitude, control of the senses, non-attachment to objects of the senses, indifference to the concerns of life, annihilation of egotistic feeling, spirit of finding fault with the body as subject to birth, death, old age, decay, disease and pain, non-attachment to one's sons, wives and domestic affairs, equanimity that cannot be disturbed by the happening of favourable events, unflinching devotion to My Self, resorting to places of solitude, aversion to company, cultivation of spiritual knowledge, perception of the fundamental truth, are but the components of right perception or knowledge, while things other than the preceding ones, are included in Nescience.

Now I shall narrate to you that, a knowledge whereof leads to the emancipation of one's true Self. The Supreme Brahma is without a beginning. He is identical with the quality of Sattva. His hands and feet extend all over the Universe. His eyes and head are distributed all over the infinite space. His ears are every where, and he stands enveloping all. He is devoid of all sense-organs, yet he is the master of their functions. Though unconnected, he supports all; though shorn of all attributes, he enjoys every one of them. He moves though immobile. He is both in and out of animal organisms. He is both near and remote, and invisible through his extremely subtle essence. Though indivisible in reality he stands divided among creatures. He is both the progenitor and destroyer of all created matter. He is the lord of all, and the only thing to be known. He is the light of the luminous bodies and the culminating point of darkness with the excess of his spiritual effulgence. He is knowledge, knowable, and an entity that can be comprehended by knowledge alone, and as such resides in the hearts of all. Some behold Him reflected in their selves in the course of a spiritual meditation, some there are who see Him only with third soul or psychic light. Some know Him with the aid of Sankhya Yoga. Some attain to Him by performing religious sacrifices (Karma-Yoga). Others comprehend Him not, but worship Him hearing of Him from others

even men of the latter type can cross the Ocean of Death, through their faith in the words of the Scriptures.

Knowledge originates from the quality of Sattva, Greed from Rajas, Nescience and wrong notions from Tamas. This is the path of attributes or qualities; and he who walks in this path, attains to Brahma. He who is similarly disposed to friends and foes, and is alike insensible to honour and dishonour, is said to be devoid of the three fundamental qualities. The tree of knowledge is the eternal Ashvattha, that branches out of its root in the heavens and grows with its head or top hung down. The Vedic metres or chhandas are its leaves. He who knows this mystic tree of knowledge and harmony, knows it alone. Roads from this life lead to two super-human regions or Sargas, the one is called divine, the other is demonic. Forbearance, patience, etc., are the attributes of the divine region, while impiety, impurity etc., are the characteristics of the other. Lust, anger and greed lead to hell, and therefore a man should shun these three vicious propensities in life. The practice of penances and charities and the performance of religious sacrifices originate from the quality of Sattva; and a diet of boiled rice, characterised by that quality, increases one's strength, virtue, health and duration of life. A course of food, consisting of boiled rice which is strong, and has the specific quality of generating abnormal heat in the body, is called the Rajasam and begets pain and begets pain and grief in the partaker thereof. A course of boiled rice, which is dry, sordid, and emits a fetid smell, or which has been partaken of by another, is called the Tamasam.

A religious sacrifice which is undertaken without any interested motive, is called the Sattvika, whereas that which is performed for the fruition of any particular object, is called the Rajasika. A sacrifice performed out of a spirit of bravado, is called the Tamasika. Annihilation of all killing propensities, worship of the gods performed with Mantras and according to regulated procedure and practice of penances, are called bodily Tapas. Speaking of words that are absolutely true, and that do not cause any grief to others, together with recitation of the Vedic verses and Mantras, are called the oral Tapasya. Subjugation of the senses, observance of a vow of silence, and purification of one's own mind, constitute what is called the mental Tapasya. A Tapas of the Sattvika type is practised without any interested motive, while a Tapas of the

Rajasa class, is practised for the realisation of a definite object. A Tapas, which is practised with the view of inflicting injury on others, is called the Tamasa.

OM TAT (that) SAT (enternal), are the three denominations of Brahma. Deeds, such as doling out charities, performance of religious sacrifices, etc., grant both earthly prosperity and the final liberation of one's self. The effects of acts may be grouped under three leads, such as the good, the evil, and the mixed. Those who have not practised renunciation, are not shorn of the necessity of assuming a subtle shape after death for enjoying the fruits of their works in life, while those who have practised such renunciation, do not stand under such an obligation. All human acts, whether of the Tamus, Rajasa, or Sattvika class, originate from one of such five causes, as contact with other persons' acts, ignorance, pain, fear, and non-desire. The subject (karta) the instruments (such as the senses), the three stages of motion or attempt, and the receptacle of the act, are the four usual factors involved in an act, the fifth element being the spiritual or the providential one. The knowledge of oneness of all things, is called the Sattvika. The knowledge which demonstrates the separateness of things, is called the Rajasika; while false or wrong knowledge is called the Tamasika. A Sattvika act, is an act done without a motive. A Rajasika act is an act done with an object. A Tamasa act is an act done through ignorance or illusion. A doer of the Sattvika class is not affected by the success or failure of his undertaking like a Rajasika subject, while a Tamasika actor or doer, is marked by laziness and craft. Equanimity belongs to the quality of Sattva, Sensations of pleasure or pain to the Rajas, while grief, etc., belong to the Tamas. A Sattvika act is marked by happiness throughout its continuance. A Rajasika act is crowned with happiness at the end, while a Tamasika act is attended with pain both at the outset and the conclusion. Therefore a man should worship the god Vishnu with his own good deeds, and success would attend his undertaking. The man who knows that the whole of the phenomenal universe, from the minutest atom to the mightiest Brahma, is but the reflection of the Eternal Essence of Vishnu, is the only true devotee of the god, and is blest with success in connection with his penances, etc.

K. L. BONNERJEE, B. L.

*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

(IX).

Bentinck's educational policy, the freedom of the Press his successor Sir Charles Metcalf gave, and the abolition of Persian as the court language proved great stimulus to English education. During this period extending from 1835 to 1854 the Government began to spend money lavishly for education. The Committee of Public Instruction showed great activity. The country was for educational purposes distributed into nine circles. The scheme was drawn up to provide each District with an Anglo-vernacular school and each circle with a college. In 1835 the Government founded the Calcutta Medical College for imparting a sound knowledge of the western medical science. The students had to be coaxed and cajoled, because in those days of religious ardour dissection was regarded as pollution. Actually a salute from the ramparts of the Fort William was fired when the first Indian student, Madhusudan Gupta, entered the dissection room. Now the authorities have had to frame strict rules for exclusion of numerous applicants. Free studentships were created in numbers. Brilliant professors were imported. Splendid buildings were raised. Hospital was opened. Thanks to the liberality of Mati Lal Seal and his family and other heroes of charities, the College has undergone such an expansion that in no distant date it can be expected to form a nucleus of a Medical University for India. Its professors have fairly maintained its reputation. Dr. Bumford and Dr. Lukis are not unworthy successors of Dr. Norman Chevers. It has given the country thousands of licentiates in medicine, some of whom have cut brilliant figures. Dr. Mohendra Lal Sarkar, Dr. Behary Lal Bhadury, Dr. Gopal Chandra Lahiri, of the past generation, Dr. Gopal Chandra Goswami, Dr. Akshaya Kumar Dutt, Dr. Nilratan Sarkar and others now in the land of living stand in the forefront of its numerous distinguished alumni. No important village in Bengal is without a passed physician of the Medical College. Doubtless, it gives sound training in the western system. But it

would be a decided improvement if the Hindu pathology and therapeutics were taught side by side with the western medical science as is provided in Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya's scheme of the Hindu University, and if along with the tenets of of the old school the scientific principles of Haneman were recognised. There was a tendency in the professors of those days to give the students an idea of the Indian medical science. Dr. Wise randomly opened the treasures of the Charaka and Susruta. Dr. T. E. Charles used to complete his course of lectures on obstetrics with a few lectures on the chapters of Susruta dealing with that subject. Some of the students, were so impressed, that they devoted themselves to the study of the Aryan system of medicine. Dr. Udaya Chand Dutt is their premier. His Hindu Materia Medica does credit to his *alma mater*. The pain he took for identification of the Indian plants is wonderful. He brought every available plant to Dr. King of the Botanical Gardens, and had them identified and reared up in that State nursery. Dr. Kanai Lal Dutt followed him. His work on Hindu Medicine is a valuable contribution. But the principal worker was our hero. He laboured for a dozen of years to open the goldmines of Charaka. The precious ores he has brought dazzle the eyes of even advanced America. The system of Haneman requires no recommendation. That the best products of the Medical College have taken to this and have been very successful practitioners is an unanswerable reason for incorporating it in the greatest of the State Colleges in India started for imparting a sound training of the western medical science.

In 1835 the Government founded a school at Dacca which was turned into a college in 1841. It is in prosperous condition and heads all such institutions in East Bengal. Next year the Hughli College was started under State protection with the rich legacy of Mahammad Mushin, the moslem saint, who looked upon the student community of Bengal as his sons and gave away his all for their education. The Hughli Enambara is another monument of his charity. The Hughli College soon made a name under the guidance of that veteran educationist, Captain Richardson. It has proved a successful first grade college. Law classes have been added to it and the Hughli District can reasonably be proud of such an institution. In 1836 the

Government opened a school at Berilly which was elevated to a college in 1852. The State established another English school in the Central Provinces in 1836. The private enterprise of the year was LaMartinier College at Calcutta. C. Martinier, a native of Lyons, who was a Major in the service of the King of Oudhe, left by his will Rs. 3,50,000 for the establishment of an educational institution at Calcutta under the management of the Government for the benefit of the European children of the city. The Government opened a college styled after his name, which is still doing good to the anglo-Indian community. Two years after, the London Missionary Society opened its Institution at Bhawani-pore for secular and evenangelical education. The library and the college buildings were erected in 1854. It created a name under such Principals as Rev. J. P. Ashton, and such professors as Johnson and Storrow. It exists as one of the prominent colleges of the city.

It 1840 Bentinck's educational policy was slightly modified by Auckland who was not simply a warrior but an educationist. It is undeniable that Bentinck having been much under the influence of Macaulay, his judgment was onesided. His Resolution dated March 7, 1835 distinctly stated "that all the funds appropriated for the purposes of education would be best employed in English education alone." Auckland in an elaborate Minute dated November 24, 1839 came to the right conclusion that while the Government should pay great attention to the promotion of European literatures and science, it could not neglect encouragement of native education. Even this small concession was too much for the anglicists to bear. Dr. Duff rushed out of his fold of Christian meekness to condemn in his oratorical claptraps the secular policy of the head of a secular Government. He poured forth the old vituperations of his chief, Macaulay, on the devoted head of oriental literatures though he was ignorant of even oriental alphabets. The works of Valmiki and Vyasa, Bhavabhuti and Kalidasa, which have captivated the best hearts of Europe and America, were flippantly characterised as useless and frivolous. The Sanskrit logic, the precision of which Mill and Jevon have not approached, the Sanskrit philosophy which has proved solace to Schopenherrs, were in a sweeping oratorical flash condemned as false by that fighting dove of the Church of Scotland. Such exhibition of

temper, such flippancy, such intolerance with the ideas of an old civilised nation may be pardonable in a secular enthusiast but not in one declaring himself follower of Jesus. The Government paid little heed to the cry of the anglicists. Four and ten years later the supreme authorities in England recognised the claims of education in all its branches.

In 1843 the disruption in the Church of Scotland made a split in the camp of the General Assembly's Institution at Calcutta. Duff, with W. S. Mackay, D. Ewart, J. Macdonald and Smith, seceded from the established Church and organised a Free Church of Scotland in Bengal with the help of some members of St. Andrew's congregation. Duff's Institution had to be removed in the beginning of 1844 from the premises on the Cornwallis Street in consequence of the Established Church having refused to give the use of the buildings to persons that had broken away from it. Duff was a little embarrassed. But a good cause never suffers. He hired the splendid house of Mathur Sen on the Nimtolla Street. The College was transferred there and there it was held for ten and three years. The Doctor felt little difficulty in meeting the heavy costs amounting to Rs. 800 a month exclusive of the salaries of the missionaries. Through the kind offices of liberal men in India and America he could even secure sufficient funds to purchase the plot of land where subsequently the stupendous buildings of the Free Church Institution as it came to be styled after the rupture were erected.

The Free Church Institution remained separate from The General Assembly's Institution for over fifty years. Recently good sense dictated the members of the different branches of the same Church to make up their quarrels and unite, and the two Institutions have amalgamated under the name of The Scottish Church Institution held in the original site near Hedua. It is second in rank to the Presidency College.

In 1845 St. Paul's School was opened. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta is *ex officio* the President of its Managing Committee. In the same year the Government founded the Krishnanagore College which has done much in spreading western thoughts in the District of Nuddea, the stronghold of eastern ideas. In 1846 the Jesuit Fathers founded the St. Xavier's College for the liberal education of Christians and non-Christians. It was remodelled in 1860, and rose to the

zenith of its glory under the Rectorship of the erudite scientist, Father LaFont. One of its brilliant pupils is Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee, the leader of the constitutional nationalists of India. In 1850 St. John's College at Agra was opened. The same year, as we shall see in the next chapter, an honorary educationist, Thakurdas Chackerbartty established in co-operation with Ganguli's father a high class English school at Janai, which claims the honour of teaching Ganguli. The Utterpara school was founded at the same time and prospered under the patronage of Joykissen and his family. In 1851 the Ajmère Collegiate School was ushered into existence under the paternal care of Dr. Buth. In 1853 Berhampore had its College. It has prospered of late through the munificence of the Cossimbazar Raj. The present Maharaja, Monindra Chandra Nandi, has granted a substantial sum for its improvement.

Thus we find that during the fourth period almost every important District in Bengal got a good institution for western education through the material assistance of the Government. An idea of the enthusiasm for English education in this period can be had from the fact that Duff's College got in 1844 not less than twelve hundred boys in its roll. The curriculum of the highest class of the institution in the year 1843, as given by Lal Bihery Day, was not low. It comprised in theology nearly the whole of Bible and Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ"; in poetry "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and Young's "Night Thoughts;" in prose Bacon's Essays, Dr. Smith's translation of "Novum Organum," and Foster's "Essay on Popular Ignorance;" in philosophy Brown's "Lectures on Mental and Moral Philosophy"; in mathematics Analytical geometry, spherical trigonometry, the differential calculus, and optics; in physics geology, and steam navigation; in Sanskrit "Mugdhavodha" and in Persian "Gulistan" and "Bostan."

A year or so after the promulgation of Auckland's policy, the Committee of Public Instruction was replaced by a better organised body called the Council of Education in 1842-43, at almost the beginning of Ellenborough's administration. The Council paid greater attention to the educational question. But like its predecessor it devoted its energy chiefly to higher education. The one hundred thousand *Pathshalas* or native primary schools, which Mr. Adam's enquiry during the days of Bentinck revealed to have been scattered over the country, were left to their fate. During the 12 years that

the Council existed the number of English and vernacular schools multiplied, and the efficiency of the colleges was enhanced. The Council set up in different parts of the country model vernacular schools. Hardinge amidst his Sikh campaign found time to sanction 101 such schools. But they could not flourish as they were unsuited to the land. The most famous of the Presidents of the Council of Education was the Hon'ble Bethune, who was a sincere patron of education. His name shall ever shine in golden letters like that of David Hare in the educational history of British India.

The fifth period of the history begins with the great Educational Despatch of 1854. The charter of 1853 made no provision for education inasmuch as the question was before the Board of Control. The Government of India had been convinced that the Educational Councils or Collegiate Boards were incapable of coping with the rapid progress of education in India and that its educational policy should be remodelled. The Board of Control in England took the question up with earnestness. Sir Charles Wood was then at the helm of the Board. Under his supervision a grand scheme was drawn up. His Despatch dated July 19, 1854 has been rightly characterised as the Charter of Education. Lord Dalhousie said that it comprised a scheme of education for all India far wider and more comprehensive than the local or the supreme Government could ever have ventured to suggest, and that it left nothing to be desired, if indeed it did not authorise and direct that more should be done than what was within the grasp of the Government at that time. It accepted the education of the entire people of India as a State duty. It is thus summarised in the able report of the Education Commission of 1882. The means the Despatch suggested for the improvement and extension of education were (1) the constitution of a separate department for the administration of education; (2) the institution of Universities at the Presidency towns; (3) the establishment of institutions for training teachers for all classes of schools; (4) the maintenance of the existing Government colleges and high schools, and the increase of their number when necessary; (5) the establishment of new middle schools; (6) increased attention to vernacular schools, indigenous or other, for elementary education; and (7) the introduction of a system of grants-in-aid.

The attention of the Government was specially directed to the importance of placing the means of acquiring useful and practical

knowledge within the reach of the great mass of the people. The English language was to be the medium of instruction in the higher branches, and the vernacular in the lower. English was to be taught wherever there was a demand for it, but it was not to be substituted for the vernacular languages of the country. The system of grants-in-aid was to be based on the principle of perfect religious neutrality. Aids were to be given (so far as the requirements of each particular district as compared with other districts and the funds at the disposal of Government may render it possible) to all schools imparting a good secular education, provided they were under adequate local management, and were subject to Government inspection, and provided that fees, however small, were charged in them. Grants were to be for specific objects, and their amount and continuance to depend on the periodical reports of Government inspectors. No Government colleges or schools were to be founded where a sufficient number of institutions existed capable, with the aid of Government, of meeting the local demand for education; but new schools and colleges were to be established and temporarily maintained where there was a little or no prospect of adequate local effort being made to meet local requirements. The discontinuance of any general system of education entirely provided by Government was anticipated with the gradual advance of the system of grants-in-aid, but progress of education was not to be checked in the slightest degree by the abandonment of a single school to probable decay. A comprehensive system of scholarships was to be instituted so as to connect lower schools with higher, and higher schools with colleges. Female education was to receive the frank and cordial support of Government. The principal officials in every district were required to aid in the extension of education; and in making appointment the Government was directed to prefer an educated man.

In pursuance of this mandate, the Government created in 1855 a Department of Public Instruction for each Province. In Bengal the honour of the first Directorship of Public Instruction fell upon Mr. Gordon. In every Province Indian and missionary enterprise having advanced the cause of English education the newly created Departments found their fields ready. "Thus at the outset," says the Education Commission of 1882, "the Madras Department found a scheme of education already fostered by in-

dependent effort, which merely awaited judicious encouragement; and it left the Department under less obligation than existed elsewhere to create schools of its own, or to stimulate a demand for education." In Bombay also for which the latter remark was intended the missionary societies had made impression upon the people, native enterprise had taken a part in the work, indigenous schools were numerous and the claims of the masses had been admitted in more than theory. We have given a detailed history of educational progress in Bengal which leaves little doubt that much had been already achieved in the field when the Director of Public Instruction came to grapple the educational problem.

In July 1855 the Government promulgated the grants-in-aid system for helping any school that gave good secular education in English or vernacular to males or females under proper local management subject to Government supervision. In the same year the Hindu College was re-organised. The lower department was named the Hindu School. The higher English Department was constituted into a separate institution called the Presidency College, the history of which is reserved for another chapter.

The other notable result of the Despatch was the incorporation of the three Universities of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. A University Committee was formed shortly after the Despatch reached India. This Committee framed a scheme for establishing Universities in the Presidency towns. There was no uniformity of standard in the curriculum of the schools and colleges of those days. Each institution had its own course. The system of examination was peculiar. It was held *vivavoce* partly by public visitors and partly by the teachers themselves. This was feasible because the number of schools was limited, and because the officials from the Governor-General to the magistrate took a keen interest in education and paid frequent visits to the educational institutions. We hear from Lal Bihary that Duff's College was visited every Saturday by this or that distinguished official. The uniformity of the standard of curriculum and examination could be brought easily by a controlling body. The University Committee felt no difficulty in settling that question. The difficult point was whether the Universities were to be made teaching institutions like the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge or whether they were to be only examining bodies. There was no requisite funds to

organise teaching bodies like the English Universities which were the result of endowments of a nation for centuries. So the scheme suggested by the Commission was that the Indian Universities should only examine and confer degrees in the faculties of Arts, Law, Medicine and Civil Engineering. The Government of India accepted the scheme. The Act of Incorporation (Act II of 1857) was passed. The Body Corporate called the Calcutta University was established with the Governor-General, Viscount Canning as the first Chancellor and Sir James William Colville, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, as the first Vice-Chancellor and with high officials like J. R. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of N. W. Provinces, F. J. Halliday, Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, Reverend Daniel Wilson, the Bishop, the Hon'ble George Anson, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India, and distinguished non-officials like Dr. Duff, Ramaprosad Roy, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, and Ram Gopal Ghosh as fellows. It was enacted that the Governor-General of India shall be *ex officio* the Chancellor and that the Vice-Chancellor with tenure of office for two years was to be elected by the Governor-General of India in Council. The University was empowered to charge reasonable fees for the Degree to be conferred. The Indian Universities Act (VIII of 1904) have brought certain changes but the Indian Universities are still the same examining bodies as they were at their inception. The Calcutta University has taken a step for becoming a teaching institution by establishment of a Law College. The Universities have all along, in selection of courses, recognised the claims of English and the vernaculars and the classics of the land. Out of deference to the policy of religious non-interference wisely pledged by the Government, they have also confined themselves to non-sectarian secular education. This has hampered the missionaries much. Their colleges are, no longer, the media of propagation of their tenets. The Universities being concerned with high education, the secondary and primary education is practically neglected for want of funds. The attention of the Government has, of late, turned to technical education.

The cause of Education was jeopardised by the mutiny. Lovers of darkness in India and Great Britain attributed the outbreak of disloyalty among the ignorant sepoys to the spread of western education. Lord Canning, Sir Frederick Halliday and other high officers of the time were not misled by the cry. They convinced the Board of Directors

and the Board of Control that education had nothing to do with the upheaval of the Sepoys. It was for this reason that the Educational Despatch of 1859 recognised the policy of Sir Charles Wood. But the mutiny had so crippled the resources of the State that the Court of Directors in their Despatch warned the Government much for enlarging their grant in the head of education.

In the pre-university days the Bengalis took to the study of western idea in right earnest. No such mercenary motive as Government service guided them. "It was," to quote Dr. Mukherjee, "an intellectual craving of some sort or other, stimulated by men like David Hare, that led to the systematic study of English literature and science. Young men and boys persevered in their academic course without any thought of their future career in life. Success at annual examinations, prizes obtained by dint of industry and application, had the same powerful effect on them which the laurel crown had on Grecian races. Parents did not generally understand or appreciate the zeal with which their children prosecuted studies, the value of which was not recognised in the Indian money market. But they felt a natural pride at distinctions carried by their own sons in the Town Hall or the Government House, and at the shouts and cheers which followed recitals of essays or dramatic speeches and in which Governor-General and members of Council freely joined. They did not, therefore, interfere with pursuits they did not themselves understand, and the children were left to follow their own course at school. These volunteers of western literature and science had not only no impetus whatever from Mammon to persevere in their academical career, but the call of Mammon was precisely the other way. We can safely affirm that never have there been any votaries of *Saraswati* of purer devotion to learning, for learning's sake, than the alumni of Anglo-vernacular seminaries of Calcutta of the 2nd and the 3rd decades of the present (last) century, when there could not be even a looming of the native subordinate services, executive or judicial, which were afterwards created and were themselves the effects, *not moving causes* of the early extension of Native education." Kisori had an intelligent father and a wise maternal grandfather who understood the value of western education and Kisori became a real votary of learning.

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LORD CURZON'S GOOD WORK.

The Bard of Avon, the shrewd observer of Man and Nature, in his own characteristic way says:—"The evils that men do live after them The good is of interr'd with their bones." This remark is not applicable here. We beg to point out a noble work of Lord Curzon, who next to Lord Dalhousie, made largest internal conquests. He won the hearts of Hindu, Muhammadan and other subjects by propounding a scheme for preservation of Ancient Monuments, and last, though not least, was the commemoration of the houses or dwellings which are notable for their historical associations. To revive the memories of the past and rescue those matters that were being relegated to the limbo of oblivion and around which are wrapped many a fond association was no doubt a laudable motive which actuated Lord Curzon. His Lordship represents the conservative spirit of his age and even in the wear and tear of a veceregal office he did not bid adieu to his nobler instincts. These acts of His Lordship will hand down his name to the posterity and a name which posterity will not willingly let die. The selection by the Lord Curzon's Government was by no means an exhaustive one and the list will be swelled as times will roll by but a good beginning was made, which nobody can deny. Posterity owe a great deal to its departed great men and they are duly bound to offer their homage and tribute at the shrine greatness; for this reason, the Government of India were led to consider the methods that might most advantageously be adopted for the preservation of historical relics and of interesting sites or buildings in India, and for the perpetuation of the surviving records of a past that is every day tending to disappear more and more from the

public recollection. Among the objects that commended themselves to their notice from this point of view was the commemoration of the houses or dwellings which are notable for their historical associations, or in which distinguished public men, whether European or Indian, have resided at different portions of their careers. A good many of these are still standing and are pointed out with certainty to the student or traveller. The antecedents and identity of others are already becoming matters of uncertainty; and authentic history is beginning to pass in some cases into tradition, in others into legend. It seemed desirable, before this process has attained further dimensions, to arrest and crystallize as far as possible the definite knowledge that is still forthcoming of the former residences of men who have left an enduring mark upon the civil and military administration, or upon the moral and intellectual development of India.

In England, the Society of Arts has for some time past interested itself in a similar undertaking by placing upon the facade of houses in London and elsewhere a circular terracotta medallion with a simple inscription on its face, recording the fact that this or that famous personage lived there in such-a-and-such-a-year. In this way, a number of valuable historical memories have been revived or recovered and a walk through some of the older London streets has been rendered not only interesting but instructive.

Accordingly, after careful consultation with the local Governments concerned, the Government of India have determined to adopt a similar plan in this country. The buildings which they have decided to commemorate for historical reasons, or as having been the residences of famous men are shown in the statements annexed to this Resolution, which indicate the grounds for the decision in each case. The number is necessarily limited, and great care has been exercised in the selection of those buildings whose associations are mainly personal, so as to prevent that which should be an honour to the few from becoming the prerogative of the many. Some of these houses are the property of Government and no difficulty arises in the placing of a memorial medallion upon them. Others belong to private persons; and the permission of the owner has been sought for its erection. It is understood that in all cases this has been readily given. It has not been found in England that any serious objection has been entertained by individual proprietors to the fulfilment of what is really a public trust; and the

Government of India have not been disappointed in their expectation that the standard of public spirit in India would be found to be in no way lower than in Great Britain. The Governor-General in Council trusts that the measures now adopted will have the effect of preserving those personal and local associations which in India are peculiarly liable to be forgotten, and that a direct stimulus will thus be given to the more intimate study of the history of the past. The example thus set may perhaps admit of being followed in places where distinguished Indian statesmen have rendered conspicuous service to Native States.

The following is a list of notable buildings in Bengal with the reasons for commemorating them:—5, Russel Street, Calcutta. This was the old Episcopal Palace, 1825—49, and residence of Bishop Heber in 1825-26.

No. 8, Mission Row, Calcutta. This was the house of General Clavering, Member of Council, in which he died, August 30th 1775.

No. 7, Hastings, Street, Calcutta. This building was the town residence of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of Fort William in Bengal, 1774—85.

No. 1, Mission Row, Calcutta. This was the residence of General Monson, Member of Council, 1774—76.

Lorretto House, 7-1, Middleton Row, Calcutta. This house was the garden-house of Mr. Henry Vansittart, Governor of Bengal, 1760—64. It was occupied by Sir Elijah Impey, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Calcutta, 1774—82, and also by Bishop Heber for a few months in 1824.

Bengal Club House, Calcutta. This was the residence of Lord Macaulay, Law Member of the Supreme Council, from 1834 to 1838.

11, Northern Circular Road, Calcutta. From 1814 to 1830 this was the residence of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, founder of the Brahmo Somaj. Born 1772, died at Bristol in 1838.

85, Amherst Street, Calcutta. This was the family residence of Raja Ram Mohan Roy.

House at the Corner of Church Lane and Hare Street, Calcutta. This was the residence of David Hare, an enthusiastic promoter of the English education of Indians. Born 1775, died 1842.

25 and 26, Brindaban Mullick's Lane, Calcutta. This was the residence of Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, C. I. E., educationalist, reformer and philanthropist. Born 1820 died 1891.

Nabakissen's house, Shobhabazar, Calcutta. This was the residence of Maharaja Nabakissen, Lord Clive's Diwan, who died in 1797.

59, Bhowany Churan Dutt's Lane, Calcutta. Birth-place and residence of Keshub Chunder Sen, religious reformer and Brahmo leader. Born 1838, died 1884.

Lily Cottage, 78, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta. Residence of Keshub Chunder Sen.

No. 5, Protap Chandra Chatterjee's Lane, Calcutta. Residence of Rai Bunkim Chunder Chatterjee Bahadur, Bengali novelist and prose-writer.

No. 6, Manicktolla Road, Calcutta. Residence of Raja Rajendra Lall Mittra, L. L. D., C. I. E., scholar and antiquarian. Born, 1284, died 1891.

Outram Institute, Fort William, Calcutta. This house was built for the Governor-General and was sometimes occupied by him. It was temporarily the residence of Bishop Heber, October to December, 1828.

Military Hospital, Calcutta. This building was formerly occupied by the Sadar Adalat, 1854 to 1870.

Hastings' House, Alipur. This house, originally the country seat of Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of Fort William in Bengal, 1774—85, was bought as a State Guest House by Lord Curzon, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in 1901.

Magistrate's House, Alipur. This house was occupied by Sir Phillips Francis, Member of Council, 1774—90. W. M. Thackeray, the novelist, who was born in Calcutta, lived here as a child.

Dum-Dum House, Dum-Dum.—The country-house of Lord Clive when Governor of Fort William in Bengal, 1755—60 and 1765—67.

House at Cossipore, Cossipore.—Residence of Sir Robert Chambers, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Calcutta, 1791—98.

Hastings Lodge, Rishra.—This house and estate, including originally sixty more bighas of land to the north, known as the Rishra Bagan or Garden, was from 1780 to 1784 the property of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of Fort William in Bengal.

Wilson's House, Serampore. This was the residence of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, 1832—58.

Carey's House, Serampore.—This was the residence of William Carey, Orientalist and Missionary, from 1800 to 1834.

Martin's Pagoda, Serampore.—This building was occupied by the missionary Henry Martin for public meetings and for private prayer and meditation in 1806. Martin died in Armenia in 1812, aged 32.

Cheap's House, Surui, Birbham.—Residence of Mr Cheap, the first commercial resident at Surui at the end of the 18th century.

House at Saidabad, Saidabad, Murshidabad.—Residence of Maharaja Nandakumar, who was executed for forgery on August 5th, 1775.

Diwan Khana Bara Mahal, Lalbigh, Murshidabad.—Residence of Mir Jafar, Nawab of Bengal, 1757—65.

Magistrate's Court, Malda.—The old East India Company's factory. Erected in 1771.

Government Office's, Chinsura.—The old Dutch barracks.

Government Office's, B-rhampore.—The old Dutch barracks.

Chajja Bigh, Bunkipur.—This house was formerly occupied by Mr. W. Taylor, Commissioner of Patna. Here the European residents took refuge for some weeks during the Mutiny in 1857.

The Little House, Arrah, Shahabad.—This building was the scene of the memorable defence of Arrah by a party consisting of nine Europeans, six Eurasians, three Indians, and fifty Sikh Police from July 27th to August 3rd, 1857, against three regiments of the Native army who had mutinied at Dinapore.

It is an appreciation of the noble work of Lord Curzon we quote in *extenso* the above resolution. We commend the continently of the above noble work by our present noble Viceroy. We hope it will not be taken amiss.

KRISHNA LALL BONNERJEE, B. L.

CULTIVATORS IN BENGAL.

Goldsmith has truly said that the bold peasantry is their country's pride. It is the cultivators who give us our daily food. When we consider what important function they do to our society and how useful they are we can not but look upon them with favour. The cultivating class performs a very useful function in keeping the machinery of our society agoing.

This cultivating class do not ^{hold} sold Government Promissory notes or shares in stocks. Their whole wealth consist of paddy stocked some in *golas* and some in *mories*, which is the produce of their land. They ^{hold} sold land under Zaminders on payment of money rent, and those who have no land takes lease of lands in *Bhag* or *Barga* as it is called on condition of payment of a certain share of the produce of the land.

Some of the cultivators cultivate their lands themselves, while others do the same by help of hired labourers called *munish*. Sometimes they work in exchange of labour called *Yauth*. Irrigation is very necessary for cultivation. In the Punjab there are canals for the purpose.

But the rich alluvial lands of Bengal do not require so constant irrigation. There are ponds in fields from which irrigation is made, and some of the cultivators acquire right of easement to take water to irrigate their lands though the pond is not theirs, and suits to exert their right of easement are not uncommon in the rice-producing districts of Bengal.

The irrigation is made by a *dona* which is a canoe-shaped thing made either of iron or of the timber of a palm tree. The *dona* is worked by on lower principle, and a pit is small near the edge of the pond where the water accumulates and the *dona* is worked. That pit is called *Mathna*. From that pit the water is let out by a channel called *chench nala*, and if the land beat

some distance or if the water has to pass through an angle then another pit is small where another *dona* is worked and sometimes a third is used. Sometimes rain-water that passes through lands is also utilised for the same purpose. This water comes out from the drains of the neighbouring village, and sometimes the surplus-water of the ponds of the village come along with it. The cultivators catch fish out of that water in a mechanical way called *Ara* by which the fish comes out of the water and accumulates in a pit there.

The present class is generally poor, but they having come in contact with law-courts have lost their proverbial simplicity, and it is not uncommon that peasants are seen to know the salient facts of the Bengal Tenancy Act.

They scarcely keep cowries with them, and in villages it is seen that petty purchases are made in exchange of rice. They have to suffer much in the hands of their landlords and never go in the hands of the money-lenders. To some of them from the latter, Government has introduced Co-operative credit societies. But their utility has not yet been understood by the cultivators, and they are rather afraid to come in contact with Government. In times of need the cultivators borrow money from the village money-lenders at a very high rate of compound interest, which swells soon into such large sums that the cultivator has to give up his own property, his land, which is the source of sustenance of him and his family, and to cultivate which he was obliged to borrow that money.

He can not sell his holdings. The present law is that in case of sale of a holding the landlord can re-enter, and the sale becomes void. The landlords in such cases demand large sum as *selami*, and so the value of the land is much reduced. In such cases payment of *selami* is compulsory or else the landlords refuse to recognise them as tenants, and they lose the very land they have purchased. The poor cultivators, who are generally occupancy raiyats have simply the right to use the land and take its produce. The advance of civilisation proves that properties must pass hands. This cannot be so in the case of the raiyats and their lands. They can not even mortgage their lands. Thus it comes to the fact that their hands are fettered. How inequitable it seems that on the hands of their peasants we have to

depend for our daily food, and the sufficiency of food grains depend on the property of these people. It would be of great benefit to these people and to the men in general if a new section be introduced in the Bengal Tanancy Act to the effect that occupancy holdings are transferable *per se* unless a custom to the contrary is proved, and may we hope that such amendments are made in some near future.

SURENDRA NATH ROY B.L.

THREE INDIAN NIGHTS.

FIRST NIGHT.

10-30 p.m.—To bed. 11.—Too much moonlight. Rise and shut it out.

Midnight.—Start or return of groups of congenial spirits (Indian) to or from the beach. They sing. Effect immense but unmelodious.

12-40—Owls active, and apparently discuss events of the day.

12-50.—Punkha stops. Jerk punkah.

1-15.—Dog-fight in compound.

1-25—Dog with tenor voice wins.

2 a.m.—Punkah coolie sleeps. Go out and wake him.

2-10.—Jackals arrive and hold committee meeting.

3-15.—Jackals disperse—gradually.

8-30—Cats engage in debate and combat.

3-35—Cat with soprano voice wins.

3-40—Punkah coolie sleeps. Go out and wake him.

4-2.—Rat trap goes down with a bang, and captive caught by tail drags trap after him along floor and downstairs.

5 p. m.—Cock crows.

5-1.—Another cock answers, and another, and another.

5-20.—Punkah coolie sleeps. Go out and wake him—with observations. He retorts that I am his father and his mother

5-45.—Squirrels begin chirping.

6.—Heated argument in compound between gardener and friend concerning two annas, six pies, and interest due thereon.

6-10.—Arise. Motto on daily calendar: "Sleep that Knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

SECOND NIGHT.

10 p.m.—To bed.

10-50.—Wedding procession with tomtoms—and fireworks along roads on three sides of house.

11-14—Wedding procession fades into distance.

Midnight—Return of wedding procession.

1 a.m.—Deaf man enters compound.

1 a.m. Hailed by the chowkidar, he vouchsafes a very audible explanation, which proves unsatisfactory. Intruder expresses disgust.

1-20—Deaf man proceeds on his way, Guard comments upon him and his ancestors.

1-55.—Donkey strays into compound and gives tongue.

2—Mosquito hunt inside bed-curtains. No kill.

2-40—The chowkidar has nightmare.

2-50—Lamp goes out. Boy forgetting to buy oil.

4—Alarm of snake among servants in neighbouring bungalow.

5.—Dhoby begins work in adjacent tank. Count 777 slaps of (presumably) my shirt on his jagged washing-stone.

6.—Bhisti's infants cry for mangoes in compound. Two women gathering leaves relate the incredible faults of their impossible husbands.

6-30—Crow conversazione on verandah rail.

6-45—Arise. Motto on daily calendar: "The birds chant melody on every bush."

THIRD NIGHT.

9-30 p.m.—Took strong sleeping draught prepared by sympathetic station doctor.

8-30 a.m.—Awoke. Informed of heavy thunderstorm, six-and-a-half inches of rain, and slight shock of earthquake during night. The Gorgeous East.

THOMAS SMITH-JONES.

SPIRITUAL LIFE OF MAN.

The Hindu Rishis paid no attention to that phase of life which the word ordinarily means in common parlance. Though in many instances, they have described the elements, to their minutest details which constitute the physical life of a man—yet it is the higher life, which has always received the greatest amount of attention from the *savants* of Ancient India. This world is a fleeting show and this life is mortal—and therefore a man should not care much for this physical or animal life. Senses, which keep up the activities of this life, are what should always be governed by a man who seeks to enjoy the sweets of a higher life in this world.

There are two forms of life which a man comes by in this world. The one is the inferior—and the other superior—the one lower and the other higher. The ordinary run of people, whom we daily and hourly see in this world, have the inferior form of life. They are busy with their animal comforts and do not perceive the higher ends of human existence. But the true life of man is something higher than the life of the beast and cannot be sustained by the mere supply of animal wants. If a man cares for animal comforts only—if he is busy with his appetites only he has either never been a man at all or has ceased to be a man; he is only an animal.

Many a man and woman of the present age are steeped in the notion that it is only by bread alone that man can live, that is to say that their whole lives depend upon the constant and adequate supply of those things which go to furnish animal health, animal strength, animal spirits, and general animal enjoyment; that this earthly bread is all they ever want or all they need ever seek; that when these things are provided, the rest of every thing can go to the wall. Besides hungering for the meat that perishes, a craving after all the good things which earth can supply, and a paramount principle of self-seeking and self-indulgence, over-riding all the finer and sometimes the coarser claims of morality and honour ought to be created. This indeed is like a libel against the modern society.

It is nothing but a truth, indeed a sad truth that we in this age see everywhere a wide-spread devotion to earthly comforts which practically throws into the background the higher part of our nature and the nobler spheres of activity. Indeed we find now animalism is in the ascendant and a culpable contentment with an existence wholly made up of temporal and even selfish interests, in short, a life fed on bread alone, a life consisting in, and dependent on the abundance of things possessed. For often parents, by precept and example, instil this animalism into the minds of their children, impressing it upon them by word and deed that their first and last duty in life is to get all they can or else they tacitly acquiesce in all their children's downward tendency and take no pains to eradicate their selfishness or to cultivate within them higher pursuits.

But such was not the life led by the Rishis—such was not the ideal of living placed by them, by example and precept, before humanity. The Hindu Rishis were prototypes of “plain living and high thinking.” In no other land the practical demonstration of this maxim was better seen than in the land of the Rishis. Our illustrious forefathers have not only left for us merely abstract accounts of these two forms of life but they have also left recorded the means of suppressing the lower, and cultivating the higher nature in man. The three *gunas* or universal tendencies of Nature by their influence upon the nature and constitution of man create three classes of man. *Sattwa* or the harmonizing tendency of Nature, when it predominates in a man, makes him perfectly angelic and urges him on to follow a life which is pre-eminently superior. *Rajas* or the self-centering tendency when it reigns supreme in the nature of a man, makes him an ordinary, self-seeking man many of who we see around us. And *tamas* or disorganizing tendency of Nature, when it prevails in the nature of a man, makes him a brute who knows nothing else than the mere satisfaction of animal appetites. By continued spiritual culture and self-abnegation, one can suppress his lower, and develop the higher nature. A true man, an ideal man, must always live the higher life.

Now to live such a life we must be content not with the most luxurious supply of all our physical wants, but by obedience to God's voice in our conscience and hearts, by following the higher

law of our being, by seeking for and finding all truth, by acting in harmony with the known laws of Nature and with the known laws of human nature which are moral and spiritual. If we always try to have God in all our thoughts, to set God always before us, then only we will be able to lead a *sattwik* or higher life in this world. We must seek in active obedience to His good laws that perfection of moral and spiritual health in which alone the highest life of man consists.

Being steeped in worldliness, man forfeits his humanity and takes level with the dumb creation. This stupefies the soul till it cannot see one of the eternal verities around it, and the danger of this consists in the fact that souls, thus paralysed, do not know or care about what they have lost. A thoughtless creature, whose life consists in eating of bread, in eating and drinking of the abundance of pleasures for which his hungry and thirsty body is ever craving, cares nothing about the loss of God. He seeks for companions those who are reckless as himself of all thought and anxiety for higher things. In regard to the true life of man he and they might as well be dead.

But the higher life as depicted by the Rishis is something grand and magnificent. He is above all animal appetites and passions. He does no work for his own-self; what he does is for establishing universal harmony or order. His life is a standing example of continued self-sacrifice. He does not care for bread or luxuries; the only object of concern with him being the advancement of his own soul. By continued spiritual culture he makes his individual soul immersed in the Divine Soul. He conquers worldliness and desires and enjoys the perennial sweet of divine presence in him. He surrenders his own self and will at the altar of the Supreme Self and Will, and always, in his action, declares it.

PSYCHE.

*PRELIMINARY TO THE GREAT JAJNA OF
JUDHISHTHIRA—EMPEROR OF INDIA.*

Having heard of the glory of the illustrious monarchs (of old), and ascertained also the acquisition of regions of felicity by performers of sacrifices in consequence of their sacred deeds, and thinking especially of that royal sage, Harishchandra who had performed the great sacrifice, king Judhishtira desired to make preparations for the Rajasuya Sacrifice. Being busied with his thought about the Rajasuya, the King had no peace of mind.

Then worshipping his counsellors and others present in his *Sabha*, and worshipped by them in return, he began to consult with them about that sacrifice. Having reflected much, that king of kings, that bull amongst the Kurus, inclined his mind towards making preparations for the Rajasuya. That prince of wonderful energy and prowess, however, reflecting upon virtue and righteousness, again set his heart to find out what would be for the good of all his people. For Judhishtira, that foremost of all virtuous men, always kind unto his subjects, worked for the good of all without making any distinctions.

Indeed, casting off both anger and arrogance, Judhishtira always said, *give unto each what each is to have*. And the only sounds that could be heard were, *Blessed be Dharma, Blessed be Dharma* (Judhishtira). Conducting himself thus and giving paternal assurances to every body, there was none in the kingdom who entertained any hostile feelings towards him. He, therefore, came to be called Ajatashatru (having no one for his enemy). The king cherished every one as belonging to his family and Bhima ruled over all justly. And Arjuna using both his hands with equal skill protected the people from (external) enemies. And the wise Sahadeva administered justice impartially. And Nakula behaved towards all with humanity that was natural to him. And owing to all this, the kingdom became free from disputes and fear of every kind. And all the people became attentive to their respective occupations.

The rains became so abundant as to leave no room for desire ; and the kingdom grew in prosperity. And in consequence of the virtues of the king, persons living upon usury, the articles required for sacrifices, cattle-rearing, tillage, and traders, all and every thing grew in prosperity. Indeed, during the reign of Judhishthira who was ever-devoted to truth, there was no extortion, no stringent realisation of arrears of rent, no fear of disease, of fire, or of death by poisoning and incantations in the kingdom.

It was never heard at that time that thieves or cheats or royal favourites ever behaved wrongfully, towards the king or towards one another amongst themselves. The conquered kings on the six occasions (of war, treaty, etc.) in order to do good unto the monarch and worship him ever used to wait upon him, traders of different classes come to pay him the taxes leviable on their respective occupations. And accordingly during the reign of Yudhishthira who was ever devoted to virtue, his dominions grew in prosperity. Indeed, the prosperity of the kingdom was increased (not by these alone but even) by person wedded to voluptuousness and indulging in all luxuries to their fill.

And the king of kings, Yudhishthira, whose sway extended over all, possessed every accomplishment and bore everything with patience. And, O King, whatever countries the celebrated and illustrious monarch conquered, the people everywhere, from Brahmanas to swains, were all more attached to him than to their own fathers and mothers.

Vaisampayana spoke, "King Yudhishthira then, that foremost of speakers, summoning together his counsellors and brothers, asked them repeatedly about the Rajasuya sacrifice. Those ministers in a body, thus asked by the wise Yudhishthira desirous of performing the sacrifice, then told him these words of grave import :—One already in possession of a kingdom desireth all the attributes of an emperor by means of that sacrifice which aideth a king in acquiring the attributes of *Varuna*. O prince of the *Kuru* race, thy friends think that worthy as thou art of the attributes of an emperor, the time is even come for thee to perform the Rajasuya sacrifice. The time for the performance of that sacrifice in which *Rishis* of austere vows establish six fires with *mantras* of the Sama Veda, is come for thee in consequence of the Kshatriya possessions. At the conclusion of the Rajasuya sacri-

fice when the performer is installed in the sovereignty of the empire, he is rewarded with the fruits of all sacrifices including the Agni-hotra. It is for this that he is called the conqueror of all. Thou art quite able, O strong-armed one, to perform this sacrifice ! All of us are obedient to thee. Soon will you be able, O great king, to perform the Rajasuya.

Therefore, O great king, let thy resolution be taken to perform this sacrifice without further discussion ! Thus spoke unto the king all his friends and counsellors separately and together. And Yudhishtira that slayer of all enemies, having heard these virtuous, bold, agreeable, and weighty words of theirs, accepted them mentally. And having heard those words of his friends and counsellors, and knowing his own strength also, the king, O Bharata, repeatedly thought over the matter. After this the intelligent and virtuous Yudhishtira, wise in counsel, again consulted with his brothers with the illustrious *Ritwijas* about him with his ministers, and with Dhaumya and Dwaipayana and others.

Yudhishtira spoke, how may this wish that I entertain of performing the excellent sacrifice of Rajasuya that is worthy of an emperor, bear fruit, in consequence of my faith and speech alone ?

Vaisampayana spoke, O thou of eyes like lotus leaves, thus asked by the king, they replied at that time unto Yudhishtira the just in these words :—Thou art, O King, conversant as thou art with the dictates of morality, worthy to perform the grand sacrifice of Rajasuya. After the Rajasuya and the Rishis had told these words unto the king, his ministers and brothers highly approved of the speech.

The king, however, possessed of great wisdom and with mind under complete control, actuated by the desire of doing good unto the world, again revolved the matter in his mind, thinking of his strength and means, the circumstances of time and place, and his income and expenditure, for he knew that the wise never come to grief owing to their always acting after full deliberation.

Thinking that the sacrifice should not be commenced pursuant to his own resolution only, Yudhishtira, carefully bearing upon his shoulders the weight of affairs, thought of Krishna that persecutor of all sinners as the properest person to decide the matter, inasmuch as he knew him to be the foremost of all persons,

possessed of immeasurable energy, strong armed, without birth, and born amongst men from pleasure alone. Reflecting upon his god-like feat the son of Pandu concluded that there was nothing that was unknown to him, nothing that he could not achieve, and nothing that he could not beat. And Yudhishtira, the son of Pritha, having come to this settled resolution, soon sent a messenger unto that master of all beings, conveying through him blessings and speeches such as one senior in age might send to one that is younger.

And that messenger riding on a swift car soon arrived amongst the Yadavas and approached the presence of Krishna who was then residing in Dwaravati. And Achyuta hearing that the son of Pritha had become desirous of seeing him, desired to see his cousin. And quickly passing over many regions being drawn by his own swift horses, Krishna arrived at Indraprastha, Janarddana approached Yudhishtira without loss of time. And Yudhishtira received Krishna with parental affection, and Bhima also received him as affectionately. And Janarddana then went with a cheerful heart to his father's sister (Kunti). And worshipped then with reverence by the twins, he began to converse cheerfully with his friend Arjuna who was joyed upon seeing him. And after he had rested awhile in a pleasant apartment and was fully refreshed, Yudhishtira approached him at his leisure and informed him of his own business.

Judhishtira spoke, I have wished to perform the Rajasuya sacrifice. That sacrifice, however, cannot be performed by one's wishings alone to perform it. Thou knowest, O Krishna, everything about the means by which it may be accomplished. He alone can achieve this sacrifice in whom everything is possible who is worshipped everywhere, and who is the king of all kings.

My friends and counsellors approaching me have said that I should perform that sacrifice. But, O Krishna, in respect of that matter, thy words shall be my guide. Of counsellors, some from friendship do not notice the difficulties. Others from motives of self-interest say only what is agreeable. Some again regard that which is beneficial to themselves as worthy of adoption. Men are seen to counsel thus in matter awaiting decision. But thou, O Krishna, art above such motives ! Thou hast conquered

both desire and anger. It behoveth thee to tell me that which is most beneficial for the world.

Krishna spoke, O great king, thou art worthy, for all thy qualities, of the Rajasuya. Thou knowest every thing, O Bharata, I shall however still tell thee something.

Those persons in the world that now go by the name of Kshatriyas are inferior (in everything) to those Kshatriyas that Rama the son of Jamadagnya exterminated. O lord of earth, O bull of the Bharata race, thou knowest what rule these Kshatriyas taught by the instructions traditionally handed down from generation to generation have established amongst their own order (in respect of the competence of the person who desires to perform the Rajasuya). The numerous royal lines and other ordinary Kshatriyas all represent themselves to be the descendants of Aila and Ikshaku. The descendants of Aila, O king, as indeed the kings of Ikshaku's race, are, know, O bull of the Bharata race, each distribute into an hundred separate dynasties. The descendants of Yayati and the Bhojas are great, both in extent (number) and accomplishment. O king, these last are to-day scattered all over the earth. And all the Kshatriyas worship the prosperity of those monarchs. At present, however, O monarch, king Jarasandha, overcoming that prosperity revered of their whole order, and over-powering them by his energy, hath set himself over the heads of all the kings. And Jarasandha enjoying the sovereignty of the middle portion of the earth (Mathura) resolved to create a disunion amongst ourselves. O monarch, that king who is the lord paramount of all kings, and in whom alone the dominion of the universe is centered, properly deserves to be called Emperor. And, O monarch, king Shishupal endued with great energy, having placed himself under his protection, hath become the generalissimo of his forces. And, O great king, the mighty Vakar, the king of the Karusha capable of fighting by putting forth his powers of illusion, waiteth, O great king, upon Jarasandha, as his disciple. There are two others, Hansa and Dimvaka, of great energy and great soul, that have sought the shelter of the mighty Jarasandha. There are others also, (*viz.*,) Dantavakra, Karusha, Karava, Meghavahana, that wait upon Jarasandha. He also that beareth on his head that gem which is known as the most wonderful on earth,

that king of the Javanas who hath chastised Muru and Naraka, whose power is unlimited, and who ruleth the west like another Varuna, who is called Bhagadatta, and who is the old friend of thy father, hath lowered his head unto Jarasandha, by speech and specially by act. In his heart however, tied as he is by affection to thee, he regardeth thee as a father regardeth his child. O king, that lord of earth who hath his dominions on the west and the south, and who is thy maternal uncle and who is called Purujit, that brave perpetuator of the Kunti race, that slayer of all foes, is the single king that regardeth thee from affection. He whom I did not formerly slay, that wicked wretch amongst the Chedies who representeth himself in this world as a divine personage, and who hath become known also as such, and who always beareth, from foolishness, the signs that distinguish me, that king of Vanga, Pundra, and the Kiratas, endued with great strength; and who is known on earth by the name of Paundraka and Vasudeva, hath also embraced the side of Jarasandha. And, O king of kings, Bhismaka the mighty king of the Bhojas the friend of Indra—the slayer of hostile heroes who governs a fourth part of the world, who by his learning conquered the Pandryas and the Kīratha—Kanshikas, whose brother the brave Akriti was like Rama the son of Jamadagni, hath become a servitor of the king of Magadha.

We are his relatives and are, therefore, engaged every-day in doing what is agreeable to him. But although we regard him much, still he regardeth us not and is engaged in doing us ill. And O, King, without knowing his own strength and the dignity of the race to which he belongs, he hath placed himself under Jarasandha's shelter at sight of the latter's blazing favour alone. And O exalted one, the eighteen tribes of the Bhojas, from fear of Jarasandha, have all fled towards the west. And so also have the Shurasenas, the Bhadrakaras, the Vodhas, the Shalyas, the Patachcharas, the Surthulas, the Mukuttas, and the Kulindas along with the Kuntis. And the kings of the Shalwayana tribe with their brethren and followers; and the southern Panchalas and the eastern Koshalas have all fled to the country of the Kuntis. So also the Matoyas and the Sannyastapalas, overcome with fear, leaving their dominions in the north have fled into the southern country. And so all the Panchalas, alarmed at the Power of

Jarasandha, have left their own Kingdom and fled in all directions. Sometime before, the foolish Kansa, having persecuted the Yadavas, married the two of the daughters of Jarasandha. They are called Asti and Prapti and are the sisters of Shadadeva. Strengthened by such an alliance, the fool persecuting his relatives gained an ascendancy over them all. But by this conduct he earned great obloquy. The wretch also began to oppress the old kings of the Bhoja tribe, but these to protect themselves from the persecution of their relatives, sought our help. Having bestowed upon Akrura the handsome daughter of Abuka with Sankarshana as my second I did a service to my relatives, forsooth Kansa and Sunaman were slain by me assisted by Rama. But after the immediate cause of fear was removed (by the death of Kansa) Jarasandha, his father-in-law, took up arms. Ourselves consisting of the eighteen younger branches of the Yadavas arrived at the conclusion that even if we struck our enemies continually with excellent weapons capable of taking the lives of the foe we would still be unable to do anything unto him even in three hundred years. He hath two friends that are like unto the immortals, and in point of strength the foremost of all men endued with might. They are called Hansa and Dimvaka who are incapable of being slain by weapons.

The mighty Jarasandha when untied with them become incapable I think, of being vanquished by even the three worlds. O thou foremost of all intelligent men, this is not our opinion alone, but all other kings also are of the same mind. There lived, O monarch, a king of the name of Hansa. He was slain by Rama (Valadevé) after a battle of eighteen days. But, O Bharata, hearing people say that Hansa had been killed, Dimvaka, O King thought that he could not live without Hansa.

He accordingly jumped into the water of the Yamuna and killed himself. Afterwards when Hansa the subjugator of hostile heroes heard that Dimvaka had been killed, returned to his kingdom with an empty heart. After Jarasandha returned, O slayer of all foes, we were filled with pleasure and continued to live at Mathura. But when the widow of Hansa and the daughter of Jarasandha, that handsome woman with eyes like lotus leaves, grieved at the death of her lord, went unto her father, and repeatedly urged, O, monarch, the King of Magadha, saying,—slayer of all foes, kill thou the slayer of my husband!—Then, O, Great

King remembering the conclusion to which we had come of old, we become exceedingly cheerless and fled from Mathura. Dividing our large wealth into small portions so as to make each portion easily portable we fled from fear of Jarasandha, with our cousins and relatives. Reflecting upon every thing we fled towards the west. There is a delightful town towards the west called Kushasthali adorned by the mountains of Raivata. In the city, O Monarch, we took up our abode. We rebuilt its fort and made it so strong that it became unimpregnable to even the Gods. And from within it even the woman might fight the foe, why speak of yadava heroes; O slayer of all foes; without fear of any kind, we are now living in that city. And, O, tiger of the Kuru race, considering the inaccessibility of that first of mountains and regarding themselves as having already crossed the fear of Jarasandha, the descendants of Madhu have become exceedingly glad. Thus, O, King, though possessed of strength and energy, yet from the oppression of Jarasandha we have been obliged to repair to the mountains of Gomanta, those mountains are three *yojanas* in length. Within each *yojanas* have been established one and twenty posts of armed men. And at intervals of each *yojanas* are hundred gates whose arches consist of the valour of the heroes engaged in guarding them. And innumerable Kshatriyas invincible in war, belonging to the eighteen younger branches of the Yadavas, are employed in defending these works. In our race, O King, there are full eighteen thousand brothers and cousins. Ahuka hath an hundred sons, each of whom is almost like a God (in prowess), Charudeshna with his brother Chakradeva, Satyaki, myself, Valadeva the son of Rohiny and my son Shamva who is equal unto me in battle; these seven, O king, are *Atirathas*. Besides these there are others, O king, whom I shall presently name. They are Kritavarman, Anadhrishti, Shamika, Samitinjaya, Kanak, Shanku, and Kunti. These seven are *Maharathas*. There are two sons also of Andhakabhoja and the old king himself, endued with great energy, these are all heroes each mighty as the thunderbolt. These Maharathas, choosing the middle country, are now living amongst the Vrishnis. O, thou best of the Bharta line, thou alone art worthy of being an emperor. It behoveth thee, O Bharata, to establish thy empire over all the Kshatriyas! But this is my judgment, O king, that thou wilt not be able to celebrate the Rajasuya as long

as the mighty Jarasundha liveth ! By him have been immured in his hill-fort numerous monarchs like a lion that hath deposited the slain bodies of mighty elephants within a cave of the king of mountains. O; slayer of all enemies, king Jarasandha, desirous of performing a sacrifice through the instrumentality of the other monarchs, adored with fierce ascetic penances the illustrious God of Gods, the lord of Uma. It is by this means that the kings of the earth have been vanquished by Jarasandha. And, O, best of monarchs, he hath by that means been able to fulfil the vow he had made, relative to his sacrifice. By defeating the kings with their troops and bringing all of them as captives into his city, he has swelled its crowds enormously.

We also, O king, from fear of Jarasandha at one time, had to leave Mathura and fly to the city of Dwaravati. If, O great king, thou desirest to perform this sacrifice, strive to release the king confined by Jarasandha as also to compass his death. O son of the Kuru race, otherwise this undertaking of thine can never be completed. O thou foremost of intelligent men, if the Rajasuya is to be performed by thee, you must do so and not otherwise. This, O king, is my view (of the matter). Do, O sinless one, as thou thinkest : Under these circumstances, O king, having reflected upon everything taking note of causes, tell us what thou thyself thinkest proper !

Yudhishthira spoke, intelligent as thou art, thou hast said what none else is capable of saying. There is none else on earth who is a settler of all doubts. Behold, there are kings in every province employed in benefiting their respective selves. But none amongst them hath been able to achieve the imperial dignity. Indeed, the title Emperor is difficult of acquisition. He that knoweth the valour and strength of others never applaudeth himself. He indeed, is really worthy of applause (worship) who engaged in encounters with his enemies beareth himself commendably.

O thou supporter of the dignity of the Vrishni race, man's desires and propensities, like the wide earth itself adorned with many jewels, are varied and extensive. As experience can seldom be gained but by travelling in regions remote from one's home, so salvation can never be attained except by acting according to principles that are at a great height compared with the ordinary level of our desires and propensities. I regard peace of mind as

the highest object here, for from that quality may proceed my prosperity. In my judgment, if I undertake to celebrate this sacrifice, I will never win the highest reward. O Janarddana, endued with energy and intelligence, these that have been born in our race think that some one amongst them will at some time become the foremost amongst all Kshatriyas. But, O exalted one, we also were all frightened by the fear of Jarasandha and O sinless one, by the wickedness of that monarch! O thou invincible in battle, the might of thy arm is my refuge. When therefore, thy tookest fright at Jarasandha's might, how should I regard myself strong in comparison with him? Madhava, O thou of the Vrishni race, I am repeatedly depressed at the thought whether Jarasandha is capable or not of being slain by Thee, by Rama, by Bhima Sena, or by Arjuna. But what shall I say, O Keshava, Thou art my highest authority in everything!

Hearing these words, Bhima well-skilled in speech spoke. That king who is without exertion, or who being weak and without resources entereth into hostility with one that is strong, perisheth like an ant-hill.

It may be generally seen, however, that even a king that is weak, by wakefulness and by the application of policy, may vanquish an enemy that is strong and obtain the fruition of all his wishes. In Krishna is policy, in myself strength, in Arjuna victory. So like the three (sacrificial) fires that accomplish a sacrifice, we shall accomplish the death of the king of Magadha.

Krishna then spoke, one that is of immature understanding seeketh the fruition of his desires without an eye to what may happen to him in the future. It is seen that no one forgiveth for that reason a foe that is of immature understanding and inclined to serve his own interests. It hath been heard by us that in the *krita* age, having brought every one under their subjection, Tauvanaswin by the remission of all taxes, Bhagiratha by his kind treatment of his subjects, Kartavirya by the energy of his asceticism, the lord Bharata by his strength and valour, and Marutta by his prosperity—these five become emperors. But, O Yudhishtira, thou who covetest the imperial dignity deservest it (not by one but) by all these qualities, (*viz.*) victory, protection afforded to thy people, virtue, prosperity, and policy. Know, O bull of the Kuru race, that Jarasandha, the son of Vrihadratha

is even such (*i.e.* a candidate for the imperial dignity). A hundred families of kings have become unable to oppose Jarasandha. He, therefore, may be regarded to be an emperor for his strength. Kings that are wearers of jewels worship Jarasandha (with presents of jewels). But wicked from his childhood, he is scarcely satisfied with such worship. Having become the foremost among all, he attacketh yet with violence kings with crown on their heads. Nor is there seen any king from whom he taketh not tribute. Thus hath he brought under his sway nearly an hundred kings. How can, O son of Pritha, any weak monarch approach him with hostile intentions; kept in the temple of Siva, devoted unto that God and offered as sacrifice unto him like so many animals, do not these monarchs feel the most poignant misery, O bull of the Bharata race, a Kshatriya that dieth in battle is ever regarded with respect. Why shall we not therefore, meet together and oppose Jarasandha in battle; He hath already bought eighty-six kings; fourteen only are wanting to complete one hundred. As soon as he obtaineth those fourteen, he will begin his cruel act. He that shall be able to obstruct that act will surely win blazing renown. And he that will vanquish Jarasandha will surely become the emperor of all the Kshatriyas.

“Yudhishtira spoke. Desirous of the imperial dignity, but acting from selfish motives and relying upon courage alone, how, O Krishna, can I despatch ye (unto Jarasandha). Both Bhima and Arjuna I regard as my eyes, and Thee O Janarddana, as my mind; How shall I live deprived of my eyes and mind? Yama himself cannot vanquish in battle the mighty host of Jarasandha that is endued, besides, with terrible valour. What valor can ye exhibit against it? This affair that promises to terminate otherwise, may lead to great mischief. It is my opinion, therefore, that the proposed task should not be undertaken. Listen, O, Krishna, to what I for one thing. O Janarddana, desisting from this act seemeth to me to be beneficial! My heart to-day is afflicted. The Rajasuya appeareth to me difficult of accomplishment. Vaisampayana spoke. Arjuna who had obtained that excellent of bows and that couple of inexhaustible quivers, and that car with banner, as also that assembly room, now addressed Yudhishtira and said, I have obtained O king, a bow and weapons and arrows and energy and allies and dominion and fame and

strength. These are always difficult of acquisition however, much they may be desired, learned men of reputation always praise in good society nobleness of descent. But nothing is equal to might. Indeed, O mornarch, there is nothing I like more than prowess. Born in a race noted for its valour, one that is without valour is scarcely worthy of regard. One however possessed of valour, that is born in a race not noted for it, is much superior to the former. He, O king, is a Kshatriya in every thing who increaseth his fame and possessed of valour though destitute of all (other) merits, will vanquish his foes. One however, that is destitute of valour though possessed of every (other) merit, can scarcely accomplish anything. Every merit exists by the side of valour in an incipient state concentration of attention, exertion, and destiny, exist as the three causes of victory. One however, that is possessed of valour doth not yet deserve success if he acts with carelessness. It is for this that an enemy endued with strength sometimes suffers death at the hands of his foes. As meanness overtakes the meak so folly sometimes overtakes the strong. A king therefore, that is desirous of victory, should forsake both these causes of destruction. If for the purpose of our sacrifice we endeavour to slay Jarasandha and rescue the kings kept by him for a cruel purpose, there is no higher act in which we could employ ourselves. If, however, we undertake not the task the world will always regard us as incompetent. We have certainly the competence, O King, why should you therefore, regard us as incompetent? Those that have become Munis desirous of achieving tranquillity of souls, obtain red-clothes with ease. So if we vanquish the foe, the imperial dignity will easily be ours. We shall, therefore fight the foe.

Vasudeva spoke, Arjuna hath indicated what the inclination should be of one that is born in the Bharata race, especially of one who is the son of Kunti. We know not when death will overtake us in the night or the day. Nor have we ever heard that immortality hath been achieved by desisting from fight. This, therefore, is the duty of men, (*viz*) to attack all enemies with the help of the policy indicated in the ordinance. This always gives satisfaction to the heart. Aided by good policy, if not frustrated by destiny, an undertaking becomes crowned with success.

If both parties aided by such means encounter each other, one must obtain ascendancy over the other for both cannot win or lose. Aided, however, by bad policy which again is destitute of the well-known arts, a battle ends in defeat or destruction. If again, both parties are equally circumstanced the result becomes doubtful. Both however cannot win.

When such is the case, why should we not, aided by good policy, approach the presence of the foe, and destroy him, like the current of the river uprooting tree? If covering our own faults we attack the enemy taking advantage of his holes, why should we not succeed? This, indeed, is the policy of all intelligent men that no one should fight with foes that are exceedingly powerful and at the head of their well-arrayed forces. This too is my opinion. If however, we accomplish our purpose by secretly entering the abode of our foe and attacking his person, we shall never earn obloquy. That bull among men Jarasandha alone enjoyeth unfading glory, like him that is the inner soul of every created being. But I see his destruction before me. Desirous of protecting ourselves we will either slay in the end by him.

Judhishtira spoke, O Krishna who is this Jarasandha, what is his energy and what his prowess, that he hath not been burnt having touched thee like an insect at the touch of fire? Krishna spoke. Hear O monarch, who Jarasandha is, what his energy, and what his prowess and why also he hath been spared by us even though he hath repeatedly, offended us. There was a mighty King of the name of Vrihadratha the lord of the Magadhas. Proud in battle, he had three *Akshankhinis* of troops. Handsome and endued with energy and possessed of affluence and prowess beyond compare and always bearing on his person marks indicating installation in sacrifices, he was like a second Indra. In glory he was like unto Surya, in forgiveness like unto the earth, in wrath like unto the destroyer Yama and in wealth like unto Vaisravaṇa. And, O thou foremost of the Bharata race, the whole earth was covered by his qualities that descended to him from a long line of ancestors as with the rays of the sun. And O bull of the Bharata race, endued with great energy that monarch married the two twin-daughters of the King of Kashi both endued with wealth of beauty. And that bull among men made an engagement in secret with his wives that he would love them

equally and would never show a preference for either. And the lord of earth in the company of his two dearly-loved wives both of whom suited him well, passed his days in joy like a mighty elephant in the company of two she-elephants or like the ocean in his personified form between Ganga and Yamuna (also in their personified forms). The monarch's youth, however, passed away in the enjoyment of his possessions, without any son being born unto him to perpetuate his line. The best of monarch failed to obtain a son to perpetuate his race, even by means of various auspicious rites, and *homas*, and sacrifices performed with the desire of offspring. One day, the King heard that high-souled Chanda-Kaushika, the son of Rakshivat of the illustrious Gautama race, having desisted from ascetic penances had come in course of his wanderings and sat under the shade of a tree.

The King went unto that Muni, accompanied by his two wives, and worshipping him with jewels and valuable presents gratified him highly. That best of Rishis, trustful in speech and firmly attached to truth then told the King—O King of Kings, I have been gratified with thee ! O thou of excellent vows, solicit thou a boon ; King Vrihadratha then, with his wives, bending low unto that Rishi, spoke these words choked with tears in consequence of his despair of obtaining a child. O holy one, forsaking my kingdom I am about to go unto the woods for practising asectic penances ! I am very unfortunate, for I have no son ! What shall I do, therefore, with my kingdom or with a boon ?

Krishna continued, hearing these words (of the King) the Muni controlling his outer senses entered into *Yoga* meditation sitting in the shade of that very mango tree where he was. And there fell upon the lap of the seated Muni a mango that was suicy and untouched by beak of parrot or other bird. That best of Munis, taking up the fruit and mentally pronouncing certain *mantras* over it, gave it unto the king as the means of his obtaining an incomparable offspring. And the great Muni possessed also of extraordinary wisdom, addressing the monarch, said, return, O King, Thy wish is fulfilled. Desist, O king, from going (into the wood). Hearing these words of the Muni and worshipping his feet, the monarch possessed of great wisdom returned to his own abode. And recollecting his former promise (unto them) the king gave, O bull of Bharata race, unto his two wives that one fruit.

His beautiful queens dividing that single fruit into two parts, ate it up. In consequence of the certainty of the realisation of the Muni's words and his truthfulness both of them conceived as an effect of their having eaten that fruit. And the king beholding them in that state became filled with great joy. Then O wise monarch, sometimes after, when season came, each of the queens brought forth a fragmentary body. And each fragment had one eye, one arm, one leg, half a stomach, half a face and half of an anus.

Beholding the fragmentary bodies, both the mothers trembled much. The helpless sisters then anxiously consulted with each other, and sorrowfully abandoned those fragments endued with life. The two midwives then (that waited upon the queens) carefully wrapping up the still-born fragments went out of the inner-appartments (of the place) by the backdoor and throwing away the bodies returned in haste.

A little while after, O tiger among men, a Rakshasa woman of the name of Jara living upon flesh and blood, took up the fragments that lay on a crossing. And impelled by force of fate, the female cannibal united the fragments for facility of carrying (them away). And O bull among men, as soon as the fragments were untied, they formed a sturdy child of one body (endued with life). Then, O king, the female cannibal with wonder-expanded eyes, found herself unable to carry away that child body hard and strong as the thunder-bolt. That infant then, closing his fists red as copper, and inserting it into its mouth, began to roar terrible as rain-charged clouds.

Alarmed at that sound, the inmates of the palace, O tiger among men, suddenly came out with the king. O slayer of all foes, the helpless and disappointed and sad queens also, with breasts full of milk also came out suddenly to recover their child. The female cannibal, beholding the queens in that condition and the king too so desirous of offspring, and the child also that was so strong, though within herself I live within dominion of the King who is so desirous of offspring. It behoved not me, therefore, to kill the infant child of such an illustrious and virtuous monarch:—The Rakshasa woman then holding the child in her arms like the clouds enveloping the sun, and assuming a human form told the King these words,—O Vrihadratha, this is thy child: given to

thee by me O take it! It hath been born of both thy wives by virtue of the command of the great Brahamana. Cast away by the midwives, it hath been protected by me.

"Krishna continued, O thou foremost of the Bharate race, the handsome daughters of the King of Kashi having obtained the child, soon drenched it with their lacteal streams. The King ascertaining everything, was filled with joy, and addressing that female cannibal disguised as a human being possessing the complexion of God, asked,—O thou of the complexion of the filaments of the lotus, who art thou that givest me this child? O auspicious one, thou seemest to me as a Goddess roaming at thy pleasure.

Krishna continued, Hearing these words of the King, the Rakshasa woman answered,—Blessed be thou, O King of Kings! Capable of assuming any form at will, I am a Rakshasa woman called Jara. I am living, O King, happily in thy house, worshipped by all. Every day I wander from house to house of men. Indeed, I was created of old by the self-created and named *Grihadevi* (the House-hold Goddess) of celestial beauty. I was placed (in the world) for the destruction of the Danavas.

He that with devotion painteth on the walls (of the house) a likeness of myself endued with youth and in the midst of children, must have prosperity in his abode. Otherwise a household must sustain decay and destruction. O lord, painted on the walls of thy house is a likeness of myself surrounded by numerous children. Stationed there, I am daily worshipped with scents and flowers with incense and edibles and various object of enjoyment. Thus worshipped in the house, I daily think of doing thee some good in return. It chanced, O virtuous king, that I behold the fragmentary bodies of thy son. When these chanced to be untied by me, a living child was formed of them. O great King, it hath been so owing to thy good fortune alone, I have been only the instrument, I am capable of swallowing the mountain of Meru itself, what shall I say of thy child? I have however been gratified with thee in consequence of the worship I obtain in thy house. It is therefore, O King, that I have bestowed this child on thee!

"Krishna continued, having spoken these words, O King Jara disappeared then and there. The King obtaining the child then entered his palace. And the King then caused all the rites of infancy to be performed on that child. And the King

ordered a festival to be observed by his people in honor of the Rakshasa woman. And the monarch equal unto Brahma himself then bestowed a name of his child. And he said that because the child hath been united by Jara therefore, should be called Jarasandha (united by Jara). And the son of the King of Magadha, endued with great energy, began to grow up in bulk and strength like a fire into which hath been poured libations of clarified butter. And increasing day by day like the moon in the lighted fortnight, the child being to enhance the joy of his parents. Krishna spoke. Sometimes after this the great ascetic, the exalted Chand Kausika, again come into the country of the Magadhas. Filled with joy at the advent of the Rishi, King Vrihadratha, accompanied by his ministers and priest and wives and son, went out to receive him. And, O Bharata, worshipping the Rishi with water to wash his feet and face, and with the offerings of the *Arghya*, the King then offered his whole kingdom along with his son for the acceptance of the Rishi. The adorable Rishi accepting that worship offered by the King addressing the ruler of Magadha, O Monarch, said with well-pleased heart. O. King I know all this by spiritual insight. But hear, O King of Kings what this son of thine will be, as also what his beauty, excellence, strength and valour. Without doubt this son of thine, growing in prosperity and endued with prowess, will obtain all these. Like other birds that can never unite the speed of Vinata's son (Gadura), the other monarchs will not be able to equal in energy to this thy son who will be endued with great valour. And all those that will stand in his way will certainly be destroyed. Like the force of the current that can never make the slightest impression upon the rocky breast of a mountain, weapons hurled at him even by the celestials will fail to produce the least pain in him. He will blaze forth above the heads of all that wear crowns on their brows.

Like the sun that darkens the lustre of all luminous bodies, this son of thine will rob all monarchs of their splendour. Even Kings that are powerful for their large armies and numberless vehicles and animals, upon approaching this son of thine, will all perish as insects upon fire. This child will seize the growing prosperity of all Kings like the ocean receiving the rivers swollen with the waters of the rainy season. Like huge earth that bears all kinds of produce, supporting things that are both good and evil, this child

endued with great strength will support all the four orders of men. And all the kings of the earth will live in obedience to the commands of this child, like every creature endued with body living in dependence upon Vayu that is dear as self unto beings. This prince of Magadha the mighties of all men in the world will behold with his physical eyes the god of gods called Rudra or Hara, the slayer of Tripura. O thou slayer of all foes, saying this, the Rashi, thinking of his own business dismissed king Vrihadratha. The lord of the Magadha then, re-entering his capital, and calling together his friends and relatives installed Jarasandha on the throne. King Virhadratha then conceived a great distaste for worldly pleasure.

And after the installation of Jarasandha, king Vrihadratha followed by his two wives became an inmate of an ascetic asylum in the woods. After O King after his father and mother had retired into the woods, Jarasandha by his valour brought numerous kings under his sway. Vaisampayana continued, king Vrihadratha, having lived for sometime in the woods and practised ascetic penances, ascended to heaven at last with his wives. King Jarasandha also as uttered by Kanshika, having received those numerous boons, ruled his kingdom like a father. Sometime after when King Kansa was slain by Vasudeva, an enmity arose between him and Krishna. Then O Bharata, the mighty King of Magadha, from his city of Girivraja whirling a mace ninety-nine times, hurled it towards Mathura. At that time, Krishna, of wonderful deeds was residing in Mathura. The handsome mace hurled by Jarasandha fell near Mathura at a distance of ninety-nine *Yojanas* (from Girivraja). The citizens beholding the circumstance well went unto Krishna and informed him of the fall of the mace.

The place where the mace fell, is adjacent to Mathura and is called *Gadavasan*. Jarasandha had two supporters called Hansa and Dimvaka, both of whom were incapable of being slain by weapons. Well-conversed with the science of politics and morality, in counsel they were the foremost of all intelligent men. I have before told thee everything about that mighty pair.

They two and Jarasandha, I believe, were more than match for the three worlds. O, brave King, it was for this that the powerful Kukkura, Andhaka, and Vrishni tribes, acting from motives of policy, chose not to fight with him.

*AN INDIAN SCHOLAR OR THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF KISORI MOHAN GANGULI.*

(X)

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

In 1857 Kisori Mohan was sent to the high class English school in the village. It had been established in 1850 under the name of the Janai Training School by his father Chandra Nath and his step-maternal uncle Thakurdas Chakravartty with the help of the local magnates, Ramnarayan Mukherjee and his nephews. It was no mean credit to the people of Janai and its neighbourhood that they founded an institution in the early fifties for English education of their children when the British Government was not fully awakened to its educational responsibility, and the great Educational Despatch of 1854 was not promulgated and none of the Universities was established. This instance of self-help of the people of Janai was eulogised by the President of the Council of Education, the Hon'ble J. E. D. Bethune in 1851. He visited the institution twice and proved a patron to it. It was through his kindness that when the grants-in-aid system first came into operation, the Janai Training School got the special grant of Rupees one hundred a month in 1855. Though it was not the first institution of English education in Bengal, yet as the history of its establishment throws a floodlight on the attitude of the people of the interior of Bengal towards the question of English education in the early fifties we give that history in the words of Kisori Mohan. After describing the state of English education in the metropolitan districts of Bengal before the efforts of Lord William Bentinck, Ganguli goes on—"A Eurasian gentleman of the name of Mr. James Saunders came to Baksa. He put up in the house of Babu Hara Chandra Mitra and soon gathered round him dozens of pupils, Brahmans and Kayasthas. After Mr. Saunders had left Baksa, another gentleman, named Rajballabh Datta came to Janai. He opened a school in the fine building belonging to

Babu Kali Prasad Mukherjee and situate just in front of that gentleman's dwelling house * * * Although in qualification he was much inferior to Mr. Saunders, nevertheless he became very popular in consequence of his social virtues. During Babu Rajballav's residence at Janai, another gentleman, named Babu Nobocoomar Mukherjee came. He put up in Nutanbati (the house of Jagamohan Mukherjee). In qualifications he was far superior to Babu Rajballav and he took pains for founding something like a regular school * * * After Babu Nobocoomar had established himself, a gentleman named Babu Gurudas Chatterjee came. He put up in the house called Golabati. Though not inferior to Babu Nobocoomar, yet he could not gather a sufficient number of pupils. Both of them at last went away. Then came a Eurasian gentleman of the name of Mr. Ferme. He put up in the building attached to the stables of Babu Ramnarain's dwelling house. Mr. Ferme was followed by another Eurasian gentleman of the name of Mr. Daniel Alexander Singer. Babu Ramnarain Mukherjee was his patron. Mr. Singer, however, did not remain long. After his departure a gentleman of the name of Kali Charan Mitra came. He put up in the house of Babu Hara Mohan Mukherjee. Besides the children of Babu Hara Mohan's family, the number of pupils that Kali Charan took was very few. It would seem that Babu Kali Charan's patron, seeing the large number of pupils that desired to avail of the instructions of the new teacher, feared that the education of the children of his house might be interfered with and, therefore, passed strict orders that the number of extra pupils should on no consideration be suffered to increase. This attitude of Babu Kali Charan's patron seriously threatened the education of the children of the other Brahman and Kayastha houses of Janai and Baksha. People felt keenly the want of a regular English school with a regular staff of teachers. None of them, however, came forward with a definite scheme for achieving the desideratum. It was under such circumstances that the Janai Training School was founded in 1850, under the auspices of the late Baboo Ram Narain Mookerjee.

"The gentlemen who rendered the most effectual aid in the establishment of the school were Baboos Chandra Nath Ganguli (Kishori Mohan's father) and Thacoordas Chuckerbutty. Baboo Chandra Nath Ganguli, an inhabitant of the place, felt keenly the

want of a regular school at Janai. He at first proposed the matter to his brother-in-law, Baboo Thakoordas Chuckerbutty, a well-known educationist of Calcutta, who warmly took up the idea. The two friends felt that nothing could be done without the active co operation of Baboo Ram Narain Mookerjee, the local zeminder. When Babu Thakoordas opened the subject to Baboo Ram Narain, the latter readily entered into the project and promised every kind of assistance. Without further consultations of any kind he placed the *Bungalow*, adjoining his dwelling house, at the disposal of Baboos Thacoordas and Chandra Nath and gave them the required sum of money for purchasing the necessary furniture for the infant school. Baboo Chandra Nath made his arrangements very quietly. With the exception of Baboos Ram Narain and his enlightened nephews Baboos Chandra Kanta Mookerjee, Frankristo Mookerjee, and Prasanna Coomar Mookerjee, besides Baboos Chandra Nath and Thacoordas, the project of establishing a regular English school was not known to any body till the school furniture and teachers had all come from Calcutta."

'It is a trite observation that no new institution, however beneficial, has ever been founded without evoking opposition either local or general. Macaulay notices that the first project of lighting the streets of London after Restoration met with considerable opposition before it could be carried out. The advocates of darkness, we may be sure, were not without conscientious scruples, and were not in want of plausible arguments. No wonder, therefore, that the project of founding an English school in the midst of a Brahman village should meet with considerable opposition before it could be accomplished. The orthodox members of the local community took fright at the prospect of their children being brought up in a foreign course of learning. They had heard that that learning frequently destroyed the faith in religion of those amongst their countrymen that had cultivated it. They feared that their children would cease to offer them, when dead, the coveted oblation of water and the cherished *Pind* of so much spiritual benefit. It was not dullness, it was not hostility to knowledge, that gave birth to the opposition; it was sensibility, it was love of religion that prompted it. It required the most delicate tact to deal with men alarmed about their spiritual welfare. Fortunately, Baboo Ram Narain Mookerjee possessed very great tact. He suc-

ceed in allaying the fears of the old and provoking the enthusiasm of the young. Though himself belonging by age to the old and orthodox class, yet he had many qualities that fitted him to sympathise with the aspirations of the younger generation and interpret between them and the old. The speech he made in the public meeting deeply stirred every heart. For himself he said he did not care for his *Shrad* or *Pind*. He would, while living, live in such a way as to make himself independent of the oblations and offerings of his children. If the prophecies in Sastras to which allusions had been made in the meeting, were to be believed, each succeeding generation of Hindus would become more and more irreligious in the present iron age without the agency of English education. On the other hand the spirit of the times required that the children of the middle classes should acquire a knowledge of English if they desired to qualify themselves for Government service or for the professions of Engineering, Law and Medicine. If the higher advantages of an education in the language, the sciences, and the arts of a very successful nation before whom all India lay prostrate had no attraction for his countrymen, the very selfish object of earning a livelihood under the altered conditions of their country should determine them to send their children to an English school. The opponents of English education were routed by this highly practical consideration that Baboo Ram Narain Mookerjee urged. The subject of establishing an English school in the midst of this ancient Brahman village owing allegiance in social matters to Brahman chiefs soon became an accomplished fact."

The peculiarity of the school was that it did not move in the beaten tract. The founder Babu Thakur Das introduced a novel system of education, called the *Training System*, "having for its object the education of the full man, or the simultaneous development of the intellectual, the moral, and the physical parts of the child,—a system based upon the principles first enunciated and reduced to practice by David Stowe of Glassgow." The school was distributed originally into two departments, the "Initiatory" and the "Juvenile." After the foundation of the Calcutta University and the affiliation of the school to the University another department called, the Senior, was added. The "Initiatory" department consisted of 3 classes, the "Juvenile" had the same number of classes, while the senior had at first one and

subsequently two classes. In the 3rd class of the Initiatory department the English and vernacular alphabets were taught by card-boards containing on one side the letters and on the other easy words beginning with the particular letters to be taught. "Thus for instance" to quote from the report of Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, dated 5th April 1855 "the card for the Bengali letter ন (na) had on its reverse the picture of a boat, the Bengali name of which নৌকা (nauka) begins with that letter." The English alphabet was also similarly taught by graphic pictures. In the two other classes spelling, meanings of words, grammar, arithmetic, and geography were taught not in the dry fashion from the book but by creating in the students an interest for those subjects by what was then called the "gallery lesson" which is similar to the modern "kindergarten" system. Thus the teacher took up a "glass" for his subject of lecture one day and explained its composition, qualities etc. "What is in my hand?" asked the master. "Glass, sir," replied a student. "Can you see through it?" the teacher asked. "Yes" answered another. "How will you call an object through which we can see?" asked the mentor. "Transparent" answered a third boy. "What is its synonym?" was the next question. "Translucent" the teacher himself said. Thus the students were made to understand the thing and to express their thoughts in simple English. This is opposed to the system of cram which the Universities have brought into the land and which they are now striving to check. In the Juvenile classes higher books of literature, mathematics, science etc. were taught. The education proved so sound that one who passed through the Juvenile department could freely talk in simple and idiomatic English and extorted the admiration of such distinguished visitors of the school, as the Hon'ble J. E. D. Bethune, Mr. Sutcliffe, Principal of the Presidency College, Mr. G. Davis, Fellow of the Royal College of Preceptors etc.

The school was first opened in the bungalow belonging to the out-house of Ramnarayan. The number of students soon multiplied. Even those who opposed its establishment found out their mistake and sent their boys. A permanent building was required within a year. Ramnarayan promised a contribution of Rs. 5,000. Chandra Nath and Thakurdas appealed to their rich friends and acquaintances at Calcutta. Chandra had a very winning tongue. He could secure

by a happy hit Rs. 1000 from Babu Ashotosh Dev—better known by the nickname Cchato Babu of Calcutta who was an acknowledged leader of the Kayastha community of the city. Thakurdas and Chandra Nath could collect Rs. 5,000. The Janai gentry too contributed something. Thus the funds were raised. Next they turned their attention to the selection of the site. It was settled that the school should be located at the outskirts of the village. There was at the eastern extremity of the village a fine piece of land which belonged to Hara Mohan and his brothers. Chandra approached Gopi Mohan. He was one of the orthodox opponent of English school and he refused to part with the land for establishing a heterodox institution. Abhaya Charan Mukerjee, the youngest son of Kaliprasad, came to the rescue. He threw open his fine garden-house just in front of the proposed site and induced Gopi Mohan to give up the land for the school. He caused a rumour to be spread that he would locate the school in his outhouse which was in front of Gopimohan's and that he would bring European teachers who would eat the forbidden food there and throw bones at Gopimohan's residence. Gopimohan was alarmed and thought it better to ward off the evil by giving up the land at the outskirt of the village. Be it said to his honour that he and his brothers made a free gift of the land. Such were the difficulties which early advocates of English education had to experience in those days for the spread of mass education.

The school building on a high culverted floor, with its commodious rooms and a central hall, bears an imposing sight. It was fortunate in obtaining Babu Prasanna Commar Ghose as its first Head Master. He was a good scholar, sedate, advanced in age and a man of unimpeachable character. Here is how Ganguli describes him in a letter to his younger brother, Babu T. K. Ghose who was an able member of the Subordinate Executive Service and rose to the office of the Inspector General of Registration of Bengal.

"I think you are aware that Janai owes much to your brother of pious memory, viz., Babu Prasanna Commar Ghose. He was an intimate friend of my father who induced him to go to Janai and assist the people in establishing a higher class English school in that secluded Brahman village. I was a boy when Babu Prasanna Coomar was the Head Master. I directly remember the

respect that was paid to him by even the elderly people of our village. In this connection many anecdotes are told to this day, one of which may bear repetition. On one occasion about half a dozen respectable inhabitants, all above sixty years, were standing together by the road-side. Their *chadars* were on their shoulders. Some one came and reported that Babu Prasanna Coomar was coming that way. Forthwith all the gentlemen wrapt their bodies saying it would not be proper to remain naked before Prasanna Babu. The truth is, the latter, by superiority of his character, commanded a respect which even Deputy Magistrates backed by all the prestige of their official position, fail to command. To this day the fame of the goodness of your brother is fresh in Janai."

Under Prasanna's supervision the school flourished. Then there was no University. The teachers of those days tried not simply to cram book-lessons into the giddy brains of young students but to develop their mental and moral faculties. They kept a constant watch over the conduct of the boys either at school or at home. Prasanna was a terror to wicked and an object of love to the honest boys. While Kishori Mohan was in one of the lower classes and a boy of 9 or 10 years, once his classmate, Prasanna Kumar Mukerjee, brought a charge against him of having caught some fishes which had escaped out of the complainant's tank in consequence of heavy rain. The teacher called master Ganguli to answer. He pleaded that the fish ceased to be the complainant's property as it had escaped his tank and he committed no wrong in catching it from his own drain. The grave Head Master could not but smile at this answer which raised the important question of *feræ naturæ* and dismissed the complaint.

When Prasanna Coomar found the school well established, he left it in 1858 and accepted service under the Burdwan Raj where he became a member of the Maharaja's Council and Principal of his College.

After Prasanna Coomar, came rather in rapid succession, Hari Nath Mukherjee, Chaitanya Charan Dutt, Sripaty Mukherjee, Chandra Coomar Sen, and Gopi Nath Mukerjee as Head Masters. Hari Nath died early. Chaitanya Charan afterwards joined the Bengal Secretariat where he proved an able assistant. Sripati Mukherjee became a Deputy Inspector of schools and he is

remembered for his able speech on the Training system delivered in a meeting of the Hare Anniversary. Chandra Coomar was a senior scholar. Gopi Nath became a Vakil of the Calcutta High Court. In 1863 came Jadu Nath Ghosh. He was rightly characterised by the Hindoo Patriot of olden days as the Arnold of Rugby. He was an erudite scholar and writer. He was well known in Calcutta as the Principal of Seal's Free College. With Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar as leader, he started the Metropolitan Institution. But for his premature death, he could have left a permanent mark on English literature. He was a voracious reader and left a splendid library of rare books. While at Janai he put up in the house of Mahesh Chandra Bannerjee. He took special care of his students, used to teach them at morning and evening without any remuneration and was an enthusiast of English education. He afterwards became a collaborateur of Ganguli in the conduct of the *Nation* and *Magazine Old Series*.

These were the Head Masters during Ganguli's career at the school. Of other teachers mention should be made of Shyama Charan Gunguli and Kanti Chandra Mukherjee. Shyama Charan was the second master in 1860-1. He afterwards became the Head Master of the Uttarpara school and ultimately rose to the position of the Principal of the Uttarpara College. His abilities as a teacher are well known and he can boast of having the majority of the brilliant scholars of Bengal for his pupils. He is a bit of an antiquarian and linguist. His pamphlets on educational questions have much sense.

Kanti Chandra Mukherjee through the recommendation of Babu Thakurdas subsequently entered the Jaipur State as the Head Master of the Maharaja's School and by dint of shrewd intelligence and undoubted capacity rose to the position of the prime-minister. His name is green in Jaipur.

Some of the brilliant fellow students of Ganguli are Jogendra Nath Chawdhury M.A., B.L., who now happens to be one of the leaders of the Allahabad High Court Bar, Anurup Chandra Mukherjee to whom Janai owes a debt that can never be repaid, Shyamapada Chowdhury who is a retired Deputy Magistrate and Bijaya Govinda Chaudhury L.M.S., Babu Ashutosh Mukerjee M.A. B.L., the first Raychand Premchand Scholar, was senior to him by one year. Ganguli finished the Initiatory department in 3 years. In 1860 he was in the 3rd class of the Juvenile department. In 1861

he was promoted to the 2nd class and in 1862 he finished the Juvenile department. In 1863 he was in the Entrance class, or the Senior department and was ready to matriculate. But his age being then 15 and the University having had promulgated the stupid rule that boys under 16 years could not be allowed to appear in the examination, he had to lose a year. He matriculated in 1864. Thus some of his classmates like Jogendra Nath Chowdhury became senior to him by a year. He passed in the second division but having stood first in the Hughli circle got the 3rd class scholarship of Rs. 10 a month tenable for 2 years. While in school he was not as mindful to his studies as to outdoor exercises. Yet he used to stand high in the classes. The secret was that he had a sharp intellect and a strong memory.

Nursed in the lap of poverty as Ganguli was, his physical exercises in early years consisted of useful work at home such as making bricks, thatching huts, raising mud-walls, cutting wood, repairing hedges, digging ditches, tending cows, and nursing plants. In such manly feats his maternal uncle Kali Krishna Mukherjee was his associate. Here is how he describes his exercises of early days.

"There was no work that I and Kali Krishna did not do. We excavated the ditch round our garden, repaired the hedges, tilled the ground, cut wood for fuel, attended the cow *Rashmani*, which Kali brought from Shyama Devi. We made bricks about 5,000. Kali Krishna was stronger than myself. Yet as it was difficult to carry water for making the clay soft for bricks, we brought a *Siuni* and with it the task of water-carrying was made very easy. Kali Krishna made a *jhul* in our pond and duct over our garden. A quarter of an hour's use of *Siuni* was enough for our purpose. We erected mud-walls. After the cyclone we repaired some thatches. I was more skilful than Kali Krishna in every kind of work. But as he was stronger I could not do without him."

Young Ganguli excelled his school-mates in all sorts of physical exercises. He was then slender and active. People wondered how that spare and agile Kisor Mohan could turn out before forty a sedentary recluse fond of his study and averse to all kinds of outdoor exercises and all sorts of physical labour. In running, swimming and playing he always stood the first. He was a good angler from boyhood. In gardening he yielded to none. He retained this love of rearing trees upto his old age.

He knew carpentry and smithery as well. He was fond of picnics. Money was then scarce. The schoolboys in those days had little chance of getting pice for tiffin. In picnics Kisori Mohan and his friends could not contribute much in cash. But they could amply pay in kind. Some supplied the flour, some the *ghee*, some the vegetables and some the spices and oil. Thus picnics could be easily had. Those days of plenty and fellow-feeling are gone. Villages have lost their old cheerfulness and all is sombre there.

In his school-career Ganguli had to sustain a terrible bereavement in the death of his maternal grand-mother, Kali Kumari in 1861 when he was a boy of three and ten. All the boys of the family felt it keenly. The good lady endeared herself to them so much that all of them looked upon her as their mother. Kisori Mohan had a very soft heart and the shock to him was very great. She died of dysentery with blood which developed into typhoid. It was to her that Kisori Mohan owed his gentleness and simplicity. From her he learned the art of endearing himself to others.

After her death the burden of rearing the boys fell on Ganga Devi—a cousin-sister of Srinath. Ganga Devi with his son Ramchandra Bannerjee were brought up as members of Srinath's family. Being the daughter of a *Kulin*, she had never gone to her husband's house. She was a prudent house-wife. There was nothing amiss in her management. But the gloom, cast over the mind of Srinath and the young boys by the death of Kali Kumari Debi, could not be easily removed. Srinath was so unnerved that his condition caused anxiety. His sorrow did not speak but silently began to eat into his heart. After a year, Kisori Mohan, seeing the sad state of his grand-father, wanted to divert his mind to a new object of love and proposed his marriage for a second time. The old gentleman was at first reluctant. But when he found that his grandsons and nephews would not mortified by his marriage, he married a grown-up girl of good manners, Satyabhama Devi, who was a daughter of Hara Mohan Simlai of Janai. It was a noble scene of sacrifice. The young grandsons sacrificed their sentiments for those of the grandfather. The envy, which the intelligent progeny of one wife feel for the second wife, is so keen and natural that it is a matter of wonder how young Kisori Mohan and his brother could conquer the passion at that tender age. The selection of the bride was very happy. Satyabhama Devi

never showed any sign of jealousy at the grand-children of her pre-deceased co-wife. The grandfather too never became a henpecked. Two years after her marriage Satyabhama bore a lovely boy, who was named Gopal. Even the ushering into the world of an heir to the affection and estate of his maternal grandfather could not excite any feeling of envy or animosity in Kisori's heart.

Kisori evinced from early years an insatiate thirst for information. He was very fond of hearing from the elders, male and female, stories of his ancestors. He pressed all for telling him not fables but stories. Thus he heard with zest the story of Raja Krishna Nath of Cossimbazar from Nabin who used to prepare the image of Durga in his house. Even when young, he was the best informed of his batch about the lineage of his and his friends and relatives. With advance of age, this passion for information increased and became methodic. When he came across a man, literate or illiterate, rich or poor, high or low in social rank, he would open conversation with him to test whether the man could give him any news worth securing and would record in his notebooks if anything valuable could be drawn out of him. His memorandum-books are mines of curiosities. One will find there genealogies of his friends and relatives, curious stories of great men, scraps of local annals and general history, copies of charitable wills, dates of birth and death of well-known men, descriptions of places and countries, and even prescriptions of incurable diseases like hydrophobia secured from the *Sadhus*. In his boyhood he mastered the stories of Ramayana, and Mahabharata and other Puranas from the *Kathakas*. The institution of *Kathakata*, which offers a unique opportunity to the illiterate and the young for learning the stories of the sacred books of India, has already been described in Chapter III. While Kisori was of eight summers, Digambar, the celebrated *Kathaka* of the Bansberia house, was engaged in the house of Kali Prasad Mukherjee to recite Mahabharata for three months. The would-be interpreter of Mahabharata imbibed a passion for the grand book in his early years from the fascinating recapitulation of its contents by a skilled reciter. He was so attracted, that every evening the handsome boy attended the recitation and listened with rapt attention to the feats of the sons of Pandu and Dhritarashtra. Tears rushed out of his eyes when the miseries of the virtuous brothers were described in glowing words and he

laughed outright when the famous reciter to relieve the strain introduced ludicrous incidents. The intelligent appreciation on his part attracted the notice of the elders.

Janai, being an important village, was visited almost every year by a *Kathaka* of more or less fame. Dharani, the nephew of Ramdhan Siromani, also showed his skill at Janai. He was a passed master in the recitation of Ramayana. His sweet voice and mastery of music made him the prince of Kathakas. Young Kisori heard of such reciters the achievements of Rama and Ravana related in a charming way. He poured over the pages of Kasiramdas and Kirttibas voraciously. So deep impression the stories of Ramayana and Mahabharata made on his juvenile mind that they were localised forever. Thus a portion of Hridayaram's house was, in his mind's eye, Ayodhya, the abode of Dasaratha. Another part of the same house was the golden Lanka, the capital of the Rakshasas. A third spot near the same house was Mithila where Rama and his brothers were married to Sita and her consins. A particular tank there was looked upon by the credulous boy as the ocean and his imagination spread Rama's bridge thereon. A small lawn was taken to be the battlefield. Similarly the scenes of Mahabharata were given by his boyish mind local habitation in his native village which were not removed in his after life.

While Kisori Mohan rose by rapid promotion from class to class his maternal uncles, Becharam and Kali Krishna progressed in snail's speed and had to give up the school as they reached the junior department. Mathematics compelled the two brothers to retire. Becharam could not proceed farther than simple addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Vulgar fraction proved to him insurmountable difficulties. Kali Krishna advanced a step further for he began geometry. But the fifth proposition of Euclid was a puzzle to him and he felt no interest in mathematics of higher classes. Instead of being exposed to the ridicule of the whole class he absented himself in the hours of mathematics. Becharam also became a runaway boy in all hours except those for English. Srinath heard it and plainly asked them if they would continue study or seek for employment. They were for service. Their names were withdrawn from the school. In 1863 Becharam got an opportunity of service in the up-country. Rameswar Chaudhuri, who had become an important factor in Allahabad,

came to Janai for a suitable bridegroom for his daughter. He took a fancy for Becharam and one of his distant cousins, Ashutosh. Both the boys were taken to Benaras and admitted to the Benaras Collegiate School. Some months after, Becharam gave up the school and expressed his desire for service. Rameswar's wife liked him more than Ashu. The girl too expressed her desire to marry Becharam. At this, Ashu became jealous of Becharam and entreated him not to stand in his way. Becharam assured him that he would not be his competitor and he could not be for his uncle Srinath was unwilling to marry him to the daughter of Rameswar who was a *Bhanga Kulin*. Becharam came away to Janai and did not go back to Rameswar till Ashu was married to his daughter. Becharam returned to Allahabad in 1864 and through the kindness of his patron secured an employment in the E. I. Ry. goodshed, which proved lucrative. Thus he could come to the help of his uncle, and used to remit Rs. 10 to his uncle for family-expenses.

Ramchandra Bannerjee, the son of Ganga Devi, was older than Kishori Mohan by several years and had given up studies when Kisor was in the lower classes. He reached up to the preparatory class and was serving as a clerk in a mercantile firm in Calcutta while Kisor Mohan matriculated. Kali Krishna was then preparing to come to Calcutta for search after service. Raj Mohan was then in the third class.

In the year in which Ganguli passed the Entrance Examination i. e., in 1864 corresponding to 1272 B. S., Bengal was visited by a terrible cyclone which convulsed it from one end to the other. Without any previous indication the storm suddenly broke on a fine September morning. It was the season of *Durga Puja*. Only 2 days after the *Puja* was to take place Bengal wears a gala appearance at this time. Mother *Durga* is worshipped in every influential village. Rich and poor, young and old, all Hindus in the vast Province look with wistful eyes for this joyful occasion. Thousands of men, who live at distance for the sake of bread, hurry back to their sweet home to enjoy the festivity. Father meets the son, and son meets the father, Brothers meet brothers and husband meets wife in this X'mas of Bengal. The cyclone having broken only 2 days before the *Puja*, it marred the joy of the festivity to a great extent. It devastated the whole

Province. Millions of trees and hundred thousands of *kuchha* and *pucca* houses fell. But the loss of lives was not great, as the storm raged in day. It began at about 10 o'clock in the morning and spent itself by 4 o'clock. But within the few hours it caused a revolution. First the trees were shorn of their leaves which strewed over land and water knee-deep. Then the plants themselves fell in millions smashing houses and blocking the ways. Even such mighty monarchs of the vegetable world as huge banyans and Pippals were wrung out by the circular storm with the ease with which we twist a tooth-stick. The tall cocoanuts with their leafy crowns had to suffer much like the soldiers in the van. The palmyra of of stronger texture had also to bear the brunt of the fight. The havoc of the weaker plants, mangoe, jack, black-berry, and *liches* is indescribable. The plantain fell in heaps at first breath of the gale. Only the pliant bamboos saved themselves by bowing their heads at the approach of the victorious enemy. The strawbuilt sheds of the *kuccha* houses flew away at each gush like so many pieces of papers. The violence of the storm can be inferred from the fact that it carried even sea-going vessels on the breast of the Ganges high upon the banks snapping the iron chains as so many threads. The loss to the country boats was immense. The Bay of Bengal became so boisterous that its waves seemed to be at war with the welkin. Many merchants were ruined by their big consignments being sunk. The damage to paddy and other crops was also serious and the price of food-stuffs went up. During the *Puja* plantain-leaves could not be had to serve the purpose of dishes for the invited. The leaves of lotus were used as substitute. The cyclone was so severe that it has become an historic event and illiterate people in Bengal count age from the year of this storm.

Kisori Mohan had a vivid recollection of this terrible freak of nature. When the storm grew into intensity he was afraid that their cowshed in the garden attached to their house would give in and their favourite cow, Rashmani and her calf would be killed. Kisori Mohan and Kali Krishna risked their lives for the cow and the calf and took them away from the shed. A few minutes after there came a gush of wind and the shed toppled down like a house of cards. Kisori Mohan reconstructed the shed a few days after with the help of his mate, Kali Krishna. The tank in their garden

was stuffed with so much leaves and torn branches of the trees that it was certain to be putrefied in a few days. He took precaution from before. The very next day the storm was over, with Kali Krishna's help he removed the branches and raised basketfuls of leaves. But to clear the tank was not feasible for the two boys. So professional divers were engaged and under Ganguli's superintendence the tank was cleared in a day or two. To purify the water he spread lime over it and thus saved the tank and its fish. He used to tell a funny story about the reading of the newspaper-reports of the storm by a teacher of his school. The friend of India was then the best conducted journal. The Janai School subscribed a copy of it. Glowing description of the storm appeared in it day after day. A teacher of the lower classes read the word 'cyclone' with which he was not familiar as 'clyone.' He talked of the violence of 'clyone.' Ganguli and his chums laughed in their sleeve at the dogged mispronunciation of the word.

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MAN'S PLACE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

Man by his form, language and reason has attained the position of *Facile princeps* in the animal kingdom. "What a piece of work is man! how infinite in faculties," who effectively bridges over the physical and the spiritual world. This acknowledged master and judge of all things, is a feeble creature born of woman, oscillating between tears and smile, as a pendulum of anxieties. But he is gifted with an intelligence which grasps all knowledge with alacrity; and with an imagination which seeks for the author of his destiny. Hence the proper study of mankind is man.

The wisdom of the market-people shows the phases of the human race better than many an ostentatious thesis upon him. By reading and writing man becomes full and exact, without them he makes an imbecile who runs headlong into crime. To meditate upon the harmony of nature is in itself an ample task for a wise man, who never runs in vain to foreign countries. Wit and folly are the two ends of the human intellect. The compensating balance of nature puts man in common lot, without preference to a special class. Every good has its defect, and every evil has its advantage, this law teaches the Legislator to draw up his code.

All nations pass through different cycles of thought. Long before Comte, *agnosticism of a better kind* had been preached by Buddha, the Light of Asia. All prophets show the final purposes of an Infinite Being whose existence is announced by the same

Nature. Faith in the providence of God generates in man a strength that defies the evils of environments, and despotism. Action and reaction we meet in all sections of Nature, and her laws. The formidable enigma of heredity is enchained with fatality; or the effects of *karma* as adjustment of different disparities in the mankind. Long before Charles Darwin, the Hindoo Rishis had noted that man was developed by thousands of life-evolutions in the animal kingdom. He was developed from the mammals, whether from the apes or cows not ascertained. The law of heredity had little to create the body, it was the effect of karma; and the vital energy elected such a body to animate as would best develop its potentialities, and that mysterious doctrine of Predestination ruled its future. The laws of heredity, selection, and survival may be valves to protect the types, but still the physical varieties of such types have been advancing in no very slow steps in the world.

The theory of non-fecundity of hybrids is exploded, and that regarding change of complexions stands modified. Immigrations to, and colonizations from, different zones have been multiplying complexions of mankind. How far the use or disuse of certain organs caused a change in the types of man is still uncertain, but modern ethnologists, agree that qualities obtained by habit may be *inherited* if other environments remain unchanged. A few types are dwindling from causes yet unknown to the forms of pigmies of Africa, or of the Archepellagoes. Education gives a turn in the man's nature, but his character is the effect of habit. The law of survival preserve also the equilibrium of the primitive conscience with the surroundings. Most nations take to adoption to preserve the house, but the Hindus adopted Kshetroja sons to resuscitate the family, blood—the laws of ethics must always be relative to the circumstances of the nation.

As regards the intermingling of races, Sir H. Johnston notes, there is a greater tendency towards it between the whites and the colored races than is generally known. Such intermixture of the whites with the Etheopean, Dravidian, or the Mongol have advanced rapidly in Asia, America and Africa. But however, the status of the Jews in the Christain land is highly peculiar. The force of environments has sucessfully overleaped the sentimental barriers. But certain indiscreet connexions, together with the

unscientific treatment of the *ancient mothers* and other bad habits, have tended to deteriorate the original stock.

Again some people are more active and ardent than befit their nature, break down in the prime of life by repeated strain upon the nerves and other organs; and necessarily their children are deteriorated or malformed. These ardent men undertake so many matters simultaneously that they can hardly accomplish half the routine—their knowledge of the works being second hand, they get into the gates of poverty very soon; and their children go to the dogs from culpable negligence of the precious guardians. Poverty in itself though not a sin, still it is the parent of many a one. Notwithstanding all this *babel* in variety of the human race, man with his complex language and high moral rectitude, is installed by Nature as the master of the animal kingdom to rule them with justice and mercy. With respect to the food of man the index of nature is rather complex. Some take to vegetables, others to meat, and the third to a mixed dish. But science and experience recommend such food that affords adequate nutriment to the community, taking into consideration the climate, and habits of the members. Similar difference in the drink is also found, but in modern times the ardent drinks are at a discount; except on medical purposes, when all sorts of food and drink are allowable to help Nature best.

Again we have to feed the spiritual portion of man, as well as the material part—the body, the soul and its cravings must be fed with humanitarian exercises, and by devotion to the Lord of Causations. The human heart cries against material development merely that shuts up the ultimate chain of causation into obscurity. The meditation on the attributes of the Creator is highly nutritious to the spiritual growth. The religions of love, and humanity are steps towards such advancement, sympathy for the fellow-beings bring on the noblest possession of man, a nobility of character. And the character of a people does settle the laws and institutions of the nation. Energetic members are valued in all communities; but the laws of the nation should check its waste, specially in our moral life. No activity can be effective unless it is in the right direction. A great fortune laid out for philanthropic enterprise from servile fear, debases the character of the

giver. To cultivate love and charity is noble; but to cherish fear and austeritation is ignoble. Nature is stern,—as men sow, so shall they reap. Certain laws are laid down by Providence to guide man, which if he deliberately choose to violate, he must abide the consequence. We must all learn the doctrine of compensation; the application of the law of conservation of energy to states and nations which accurately measures the strength and efficiency of the nation. The greatness of a nation depends upon the unselfishness of its members. Rome perished in the unweildy extension of his empire, keeping her spiritual life below the normal temperature. The sense of equality of men, if rashly cherished, is apt to lead to a depraved social individualism, and not true democracy.

Auguste Comte laid it down that religion grows with civilization. He of course meant his religion of humanity, but not religion in the accepted sense. For with civilization we find secularism, scepticism, and materialism grows rampant, and invades the theological belief with indifferent success. For we fail to find in them that harmonious concentration of thought and action which a theological religion can alone contribute to any human community. Civilization lays down discipline of social nature, without any hold on the psychic nature of the humankind. Man's religious instinct cannot be improved by discipline alone, but may be cultivated by encouraging the cravings for devotion and worship. Religion that directs man to follow duties not merely as discipline but as habit, whether such religion may be natural, demonstrable, inspired or revealed, it leads to the throne of God. But sincere worship and devotion do not court a demonstration or pageantry. It is based upon affection, love, and self-sacrifice, instead of terror, tradition, or self-interest. Sincere devotion has very little to do with philosophy of religion; which may be good for academic discussions in synods; but it is of little use for individual progress towards the Great Lord of the Universe. Hence all religions are agreed that man is created in the image of God. So it is quite impossible for a same man to believe that there is no purpose in this evolution of the animal kingdom, and no *mind* to guide or produce the result. Without reason, man would not be man—the least gifted man has something better than the most sagacious animal.

Devotional attachment to orthodox views alone does not permit men to be open, and fit to grasp all truths regarding the universe. It is therefore desirable to get a well-trained mind to learn enough to enable the man to work and enjoy, or to live well and happily. The tendency to keep mind contented without the appreciation and knowledge of the material well-being of the community, he lives and moves in, is not only stupid, but suicidal. One of the chief elements of the material prosperity of Germany is their proper appreciation of such doctrine. On the other hand, England and France with all profession of liberalism are hurling towards absurd schemes of socialism in politics. Inordinate awakening of the consciousness of the weaker sex, and the masses must needs lead a civilised nation towards the abyss of impracticability; or to the rock of social dissolution. The feudal chief with his retainers subsisted by possession of social instinct of self-preservation. Individualism is not patriotism; it has a disintegrating tendency in the civilised states. Despite all kinds of revolutionary methods, social superiorities of rank must ultimately prevail. India, which has passed through so many political and social revolutions, still retains the superior position of certain classes. All members of the animal kingdom, from the invisible animalcule to the greatest prophet, are but part and parcels of that Infinite Energy which pervades the Universe.

We have already intimated that man is raised at the top of the animal creation by his eloquent language which in itself is a possession envied by gods. Max Muller very aptly says "there are sermons in every word." We can hardly describe what wonders may be achieved by the human language; but that it is a magnificent depository of human thoughts may be perceived on its surface. It is not attainable by any other animal. There is a wider difference between the animal sounds and the human language, than there is between the higher instincts and the reason. It is a crowning gift of nature reserved for man alone. Reason may be said to be the language in its first stage. Love, affection and similar, other passions that bind mankind together, would have been feebler without the help of language. The ties and feelings which constitute the very essence of the social life of man, may have a parallel in the other creatures: but their level is very much low. There may be a family in a birds' nest, but

when examined closely, how very transient and fickle is the love which is found among the members of such nest; whereas in men love grows stronger and deeper with years. Men are better taught by the intercommunication of ideas than by any other art of living. Despotism of custom does insist upon the importance of primitive thought and action, and brings forth a genius to mend it. But disregard of old custom should not be encouraged, until worthier modes of action for general adoption is discovered.

Buddha defined humanity as non-malice, or sympathy. He denounced slaughter and cruelty. The Buddhists desist from flesh-eating, or ill-treatment towards animals. They also feed them, and endeavour to protect them from slaughter, or cruelty still they must destroy insects or animalcules by breathing and drinking. Man should exercise sympathy so much as practicable from the nature of things. Nature sometimes encourages flesh-eating, but the sentiment of fellow-feeling is engrained in the human heart. Cannibals are dying away. The habit might have grown from necessity, instead of cruelty or malicious feeling. A few Barbarians bury alive their decrepit ancestors to relieve them from sufferings of old age. They are indiscreet, but neither ferocious nor malicious towards such ancestors. They store up the tombs with food and other comforts of living. Even the ferocious beasts of prey are hardly malicious. Snakes are found to be revengeful, like the malicious classes of the civilized nations. The preparation of an open cremation is condemned as ghastly, but the feeling underlying it is pure and holy. The perpetual widowhood among the Hindoos is decried as cruel, though the master of humanitarian positivism has adopted it in his rituals. The purdah of the women of India was adopted as protection of female chastity; though it is now unnecessary to a certain extent.

It is patent from modern history that nations have become less turbulent and ferocious than were their ancestors. We find that the passions of love, hatred, jealousy, envy, ambition, and greed now are the same as we had in ancient days; but we find the modern actors are modified by higher sense of justice and humanity advanced by the civilization of the present age. Now it is easy for the moralist to open fresh springs of human consciousness by the sudden awakening of planes both intellectual and psychic, if he would follow the current of historic events closely throughout the

civilised world. The system of political arbitration, and international courts and congresses, points conclusively to that direction. Cruelty towards animals are endeavoured to be appeased in all civilised communities even in food, sacrifice, ritual, or punishment. The door of female emancipation is being opened in the Hindoo, and Mahomedan communities. They are both stirring themselves to set up Universities independent from those of Government Universities existing in India. With the increasing female education among them; and their sisters of the Christian and the Brahmo churches having obtained it, a limited kind of emancipation is needed to preserve the solidarity of the Bengalee nation. Now as to the rights of inheritance and succession being different in different nationalities, the personal rights of the family headman is translated to separate kinds of relations as preferred by the respective communities. The testamentary selection comes later on than the intestate succession, which was the only method recognised by the primitive society. The essence of such proprietary rights, *i.e.*, privileges enjoyed over portions of the physical world, lies in the power to exclude others from interference with such enjoyment. Trade-marks, or copy-rights are more complicated kinds of rights and liabilities that grew as the effect of the surroundings of an individual life in the state. The distinction between property and possession is the same as the right to act is to the power to do so upon a certain object. But crimes or or offences touching the Government itself, is dealt in Penal Code. Before the introduction of writing, the codes of Civil and Criminal Laws were handed down to posterity by traditions that were in the custody of the priests, and they were respected as the common laws of the nationality or country. Writing and printing gave facilities to fresh legislations. But from the very earliest date of legislation a wrongful or fraudulent act has been always denounced as vitiating every transaction regarding Civil rights of the State. The legal position of corporate bodies were founded by the statutes of more advanced communities; its debts being paid from and out of the corporate funds. An agreement to pay additional sum to the landlord in consideration of the improvements made without the tenants help has been included among common law by all civilised states. Mere book learning does not create business men. I may make bold to assert that a larger portion of work in the

world has been achieved by those who had no docility in their youth. One of the chief qualifications of a business-man is his decisiveness of character, and not mere knowledge in the literature of the country; which of course is improved by the acquisition of knowledge in his younger days. One of the principal evils attendant upon public life is its inseparable connexion with ambition, and love of fame. For when a man is in the position of trust, it must be done as much unselfishly as is possible for human nature. But there must needs be division of labour; so a great man should choose his assistants without the least incentive for official jobbery. Honesty is the best policy in every department of life. The legislative bodies of all nations must keep time with the progress of civilisation. Both civil and criminal codes be collected with an eye to correct the evils rampant in the community. The latter specially must not be too hard and repressive to the spirit of the people. Man, not Draco should legislate for all stages of a nation. Humanitarian principles should be infused gradually in mild doses. The attainment of universal love and charity is possible, and such development may be expressed as the manifestation of God, or theophany in Nature. By education, habit of concentration, and exercises in the psychic plane man does acquire a will-power highly potent and wonderful. This fact had long been observed by several ancient nations, but modern mesmerism, hypnotism, or Christian treatment are its practical developments in a more attractive garb. In the days of old those mental faculties went by the name of *black art*, as the people in general could not follow the principles, that were jealously guarded as secret tradition. This human will power has bestowed upon man special privileges to dominate man and animals. Centuries before prophets healed all sorts of evils, disclosing the universal dominion of man over the animal kingdom; and the orderly method of divine Providence. Man should therefore worship the universal Energy with love and devotion to insure future success.

AHALYA BAI.

CHAPTER IX,

The Moon looking to all the world like an umbrella held over the head of Lady Earth by her devoted suitor Time, adorned the firmament gilding trees and mountains and every other object below with the floods of her silver light. Dundirao, in obedience to the behests of his master, pursued his way in the moon-lit night to the hamlet in the outskirts of Mahu, and entered Rishi's hut.

"Welcome! Dundi, my boy," said Rishi invitingly, as he rose to embrace the young man. "Ranoji is dead then," he asked, "Alas! what says Daulatrao?"

Dundirao was on the point of answering, when a man of dark complexion gigantic proportions, and of an immensely sturdy frame dashed into the hut, and the conversation of the men already there, was kept in abeyance. The beard of the person who thus unceremoniously introduced himself into their presence was darker than his body and longer than his hair. The confused masses on his head, the peacock feathers worn in the same place as an adornment, the countless multi-coloured beads strung round his neck, and the heavy bright axe in his right hand showed that he was a denizen of the mountain-tracts and woodlands.

His eyes like two balls of fire flashed such looks that struck terror even into the stony heart of Dundirao. With a gruff voice in a rude Maharatta dialect, the intruder enquired "Is not Tantia come yet? What has Dundirao said? Can we depend upon his words?"

"Well, Ganda, come, be seated" said Rishi in a cordial tone; and as the former took his seat, Rishi asked him to listen to Dundirao, whom he exhorted to explain his mission.

"Our bread is well-nigh buttered, Ganda Bhil" said Dundirao in a low voice with suppressed rapture, "Listen, my good man, Jaswantrao, Daulatrao, Gomojirao and other such powerful men vowed to cross swords with the Queen. If you join your Bhills to the forces already against her and help to fight her out, you will have your own share of the reward. You can have all the booty

for yourself. Why, Sir, Mulharrao on his death-bed willed that his daughter-in-law should adopt an heir in the event of his grandson's demise. You need not go to the other end of the world to find one; there is one among his relations. Our Chiefs will install him on the throne and crown him as Holkar. You will support the new Holkar, won't you?"

"Ha! let me see," exclaimed Rishi, "yes, I know the Holkar. Splendid choice that. Well, Ganda," he continued fixing his gaze on Ganda Bhill don't doubt it. Ahalya shall not continue on the throne. I have told Rathakantarao so; of course I spoke in her favour when Syam Sunder Dutt interviewed me. But that is a different matter. By God, I am determined to see their ruin. Mulharrao did me grave injustice and I shall avenge it now. Let the country be roasted in a frying pan. Go and commence pillage at once with your two thousand Bhills. Here take my blessing. My age has inspired into the hearts of the people, veneration for me and they have cast themselves in the depths of my illusion. Well now go: don't falter."

"Bravo! Bravo! well said" yelled out the enraptured mountaineer with the peculiar cry of a wild animal, at the prospect shown to him by Rishi "now or never, my prowess shall be tested. A hundred buffaloes shall be sacrificed to Kali, if victory be mine. Aye, a human sacrifice too, if that were possible. Go" he added turning to Dundirao tell Daulatrao, that I agree."

"Mulharrao inflicted a great wrong upon our venerable friend here" said Dundirao in response to Ganda, "Ahalya Bai protesting against his intended marriage with Kamala Bai, abused Daulatrao in the most unworthy manner and discomfited him. And what is worse, Kamala is now no more, having drowned herself to death. Hence Daulatrao craves your sympathy and support to revenge himself on the queen. Now that both of you have heard of his plan, and acquiesced in it. I will apprise my master of it, and have the preparations for the installation commenced at once. And Ganda Bhill will lose no time in beginning his campaign."

With these words Dundirao bowed to Rishi and was about to walk out, when a man, accompanied by a boy of seventeen years, ushered himself into their midst. The individual who thus arrived, had more remarkable features than Ganda Bhill and was even

more terrible-looking. Though shorter by half a foot than Ganda in stature, yet he had more cruel lines on his face than the mountain Chief. Behind him literally quaking with fear was a boy who began to cast vacant and terrified looks on them. He was a handsome lad.

"Here, Ganda, I have brought this pretty-looking lad for you" Said Tantia Bhil, as he entered Rishi's dwelling with the boy, "He was journeying from Poona to Indoor. Do with him as you list." And to show he was in earnest and meant what he said, he drew the boy with a rude jerk.

"Well" replied Ganda Bhil, after he took a survey of the boy by the aid of the meagre light furnished there. "He will do well for a sacrifice to Kali. Go," he said to Tantia, his eyes beaming with satisfaction. "Go, take him and strike."

Hardly had this mandate fallen from the lips of the Bhil Chief when the lad's heart gave a violent throb and his body was bathed in perspiration. Instantly he gave vent to a fierce scream and was stunned. Like a tree felled at the root, he dropped to the ground and remained senseless.

"Beware how you play the rogue, Badmash" cried Tantia vociferously and to be as good as his word he applied twice the whip to the form of the senseless being at his feet. The boy, however, donned the armour which fear supplied and he remained motionless.

"No, he must be immediately sacrificed" said Ganda to his friend and they bore him away in their arms as a corpse. Dundirao, whose ear caught every word that fell from the lips of the two savages and who did not lose sight of a slight movement of theirs was humane enough not to think of leaving the boy without rescue. But the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself and got the better of him and totally disarmed him from giving a practical turn to his humane intentions and seeing that discretion is the better part of the valour, he measured his steps to gain his master.

Not many days had elapsed after the above incidents transpired, when plunders, dacoities, and high-way robberies became the order of the day, and the country was in the throes of a great panic. People bitterly wailed over the insecurity of the persons of their women and of their property, and carried their woes to

the ears of the queen and threatened to leave the country. The harrowing tales of villages having been set fire to, and of men mercilessly hunted down like wild beasts so exercised the queen's pity for the people and her own helplessness to redress their woes, on account of the treachery of the army, that she soon became a prey to grief and gave way to despair; so much so, she felt, she would fain relinquish her title and give in to the Ministers.

As she found her spirits had totally wrecked her, and no hope from any quarter illumined her vision, she sent for Rathakantarao and Syam Sunder Dutt and as soon as they arrived, she gave vent to the grief and despondency which weighed down her heart in the following manner:—

"Sir, the worst has come, and you see how powerless my position is rendered to prove a match to it. Methinks it is better far to leave the kingdom and find my way to the holy shrine at Benares and spend life's taper at the feet of Visvashwar. She was compelled, Kamala, Chastity incarnate, to seek a watery grave, long before her time. And there's none in the land to bring the miscreants within the meshes of the Law. And then instigated by Jaswantarao, Raghunathrao is about to invade us. It was only yesterday that Kristna Pant of Poona came from Poona and confirmed the news, having been told by Dadaji Ghokale who was a member of the Peshwa's Council. The Bhills have in their own way, been contributing to the general situation by ravaging the people on all sides. Of what good is the kingdom to me when the people's cries are rending my heart to pieces. Is it to wring taxes from them and grow myself fat on them? Alas! Alas! What shall be done?" and she writhed her hands in despair.

"Courage, my lady," said Rathakantarao, as he observed the queen pale and trembling with exhaustion brought about by mingled sorrow and despondency "Courage, my lady, think you that these wretches can forever hold their own? No, no, vice shall never triumph nor prosper. While myself and Syam Sunder Dutt, Tukaji and Siva Nana are alive, Indore shall never be conquered. Why, my lady, it is you to bid us have courage. So long as you do not forsake it, we will brave all. Be easy on that account."

"Well, madam, is Muktha Bai progressing well?" he asked after a moment's pause "and how fares her maid?"

"Well, my hopes are centered in you all" returned the queen, go yourself and Syam Sunder Dutt and lay hand on the villains. I have naught else to trouble me. Yes, thanks, my daughter is saved by the damsel you sent us. She is so funny she makes one in tears laugh. Her sprightly face dispels sorrow."

"Pray your Majesty, grant us leave" said Syam Sunder Dutt "Srijut Rathakantarao and myself will go directly and bring to the court the principal men of the banditti with their lives."

"Yes, bid Tukaji to be alert with the army" and she bade them adieu.

CHAPTER X.

Without a slit, without a hole, scarcely allowing a pencil of light to penetrate or an ant to creep in, impervious and impenetrable were many of the forests in the wild land surrounding the Vindhya mountains. One day the interior of one of these forest-lands was the scene of a great commotion, the echoes of which rang in the air and threatened to rend the sky. Wild with religious fanaticism, the Bhills were making the fiercest cries and uproarious acclamations and overcome by their devotional fervour, they centered their looks on a lad bound hand and foot to a tree. The boy was besmeared all over his person with a red-coloured mud. With his forehead dotted in the middle with saffron, head just annointed, with tears gliding fast down his cheeks, the boy was ready to be offered up by the Bhills as a sacrifice to Kali. All the horror and the grief he felt at his heart, too deep for expression, was betokened only by the hot water streaming from his eyes.

The reader is sufficiently apprised that the rabble had collected itself there to witness the sacrifice which Ganda Bhill was offering to his Goddess, of the handsome boy, whom Tautia Bhill waylaid and presented to his chief. While both sexes of the Bhills were filled with ecstatic joy, the occasion called forth in their midst, with his arms clasped round the tree like a lizard, the boy was there, bound for the other world. The spiritual head of the tribe then advanced with a glittering sabre in hand and took his aim on the neck of the boy. While the men were,

resounding the air with their shouts and the women cheered, the sword flew unto the boy with a flash. Fatal would have been the blow to the boy, had he not swung his head to the other side. Regaining his self-possession at once, the lad raised his hands in a suppliant manner, bowed to Ganda Bhil and said, "Sir, why do you sacrifice me to your Goddess? I am the only son of my mother, having survived my younger brother whom, not long ago, Death made a victim to small pox. I want to see my sister and am going from Poona. I have lost my father and the burden of supporting my poor family is now on me. I am bound for Indore to seek the help of my relatives to obtain some means by which to save my poor family. My mother fondly hopes to see me employed and drive the wolf from our door, and she will be watching my return with anxious concern. Save me, Sir, oh save me."

The lad's appeal wrought pity in many a bosom of the men and women there, but with Tautia Bhil it was otherwise, for the boy's entreaties only succeeded in exasperating him.

"Don't leave the wretch" thundered Tautia Bhil fixing his looks on the priest, "don't leave the wretch or else the wrath of the Goddess will descend on us. Is not it through her grace that we have succeeded in looting so many villages without having an hair of our heads injured. And do you now falter to give her her due? Nay strike friend and waste no time."

The priest, a tiger in human form, was in no need of the exhortation being repeated to him and without losing another moment, he raised his right hand well tried on the summary disposal of many a human being and aimed his trusty sword at the boy. The hilarious mob shouted at the top of their voices "Jai Bharati." The boy fancied that the weapon fell on his neck, and closed his eyes in prayer. At this juncture "the Marattas" "the Marattas" cried many voices in terror and dismay. Soon the crowd dispersed. Some fled for their lives, some ran for bows, others eagerly clutched at arrows and stones. Frantic with fear the Bhills flew helter-skelter, in all directions, like so many disintegrate atoms. The Maharatta band was, however, close upon their heels, Rathakantaro and Syam Sunder Dutt riding on stately beasts, one behind the other in front. The venerable priest laid down the sword and disappeared with some

Bhills who readily appreciated the practical wisdom of their spiritual head. The men who survived their comrades sent showers of stones and arrows on to the enemy for some time and then fought with swords in close quarters with great heroism. A fierce fight ensued. The disorderly Bhills who warred in a rough method with their rude weapons, could hardly be a match to the organised force of the Maharattas who were armed to teeth with guns and bayonets and other destructive agencies which civilization put them in possession of and they were easily routed. The fray ended in Rathakantarao receiving a nasty sword-cut on the back which was however, amply compensated for by the capture of Ganda Bhill by Syam Sunder Dutt. The injury which old Rathakantarao sustained was so grave that he had to be sent away on a cart in advance to a place near by where medical aid could be procured for him; and this done, Syam Sunder Dutt lagged behind to have the captive conducted under his charge. While the battle was still raging, some of the Bhills untied the boy and made away with him. With the prisoner Ganda Bhill and four of his servants, Dutt travelled on easy stages and after two days march through woodlands and rocky ranges, arrived in the vicinity of Rishi's cottage. The shades of evening having already fallen on the earth, he made up his mind to tarry at the hut that he might drown the fatigue of his long journey. One of the four servant men who accompanied Dutt was personally acquainted with Ganda Bhill, who now took advantage of this circumstance to make in tears incessant but inaudible appeals to him to help his liberation. Dutt and the rest of the men were, as it were, like a trap and the friend of Ganda Bhill could neither respond to him nor vouch his help. Ganda Bhill felt that his death was certain on the gallows and he knew Ahalya Bai too well to expect any mercy shown to him by her. His arms were tied fast to his back and being deprived of their use, he was like a dead tiger—motionless. As each case in the direction towards Indore was gained, he bewailed his death was a day nearer and the memories of his many sins, his treasons, and his murders trooped into his brain and made him insensible to sleep or hunger. The news of Ganda Bhill's capture was the occasion for feasts in many a house. Syam Sunder Dutt had the prisoner bound hand and foot and ordering his four men to mount guard, each for

three hours, he posted himself at the gate and reclined on a rude couch supplied by Rishi.

"The whole country in one breath" observed Rishi "rejoices at the capture of this marauder. Dispose him of as early as possible. You have done an heroic act which will forever remain green in the people's memory. Aha! who can contemplate the extent of torture the people suffered at his hands! And today their prayers for God's retribution were answered and he pays dearly for it."

"It is all the fruit of your blessing" replied Syam Sunder, "how can it be otherwise, when you are benevolently disposed towards the Holkar house. It is all your grace."

This exchange of compliments was interrupted by the advent of a Mahammaden who came in quest of Syam Sunder and advancing enquired if that person was there.

"Abdul Nabee", Dutt's ears caught the familiar voice and rising betimes he asked "here I am, but what brought you now, is anything the matter?"

"Nothing particular, Maharaj" said the messenger "Her Majesty bade me deliver this despatch to you." He handed the papers to Dutt.

"Good Heavens! how little did I expect that it would come all so soon." Dutt said rather to himself as he finished reading the letter. Scarcely hearing Rishi's interrogation as to the contents of the missive, Dutt hurried himself into the hut, summoning the old man after him, and awaking Ganda Bhill, he said to the latter "hear you what Her Majesty writes, now listen—" "Ganda Bhill need not be brought hither. See that he is hanged tomorrow morning on the bough of a tree in the presence of the rest of the Bhills, Gonds and other hill-tribes, that they may take a warning from what they witness and never more be guilty of treason." So be prepared." As his eyes moistened a little at the decree of death he had to read, he stepped out and sought his couch in the moonlight. The last words of Syam Sunder Dutt fell on Ganda Bhill like a thunderbolt and he was already a dead man-pale and silent. Rishi spoke to him and carried consolation.

As Dutt stretched himself in the open moonlight not only the sorrow for having had to break the tidings of death unto a fellow

creature had weighed upon his heart, but he was also oppressed by the memory of another incident although of a very different nature. The full moon that was playing high in heavens and the soft breezes that crept over him awakened in him the tender passion of the man, as the recollection of his first interview with Kamala and other incidents of the occasion stole into his head. Neither the thought of Ganda Bhil nor his duty to his Sovereign had for the time any place there. Acting upon the impulse of the felicitous thoughts which took possession of his mind, he rose from the spot and directing the sentinels to be wary and requesting Rishi to keep watch, he measured his steps to the place where he first encountered Kamala Bai.

"Ha! my beloved, Ha! Kamala" having reached the place, he could not contain himself and broke into a wail "how brief was your life on earth? You have escaped death from the bull to meet it in the well! How fondly I hoped you would be spared long! But little could I anticipate that you would so soon terminate your life perforce. You are no doubt happy in heaven and you have carried my heart away with you, why not my person too? These eyes that once loved to dwell on you, love not to dwell on others. This mind which revelled in thoughts of you, loathes to think of others."

His eyes welled with water and his heart heaved heavy sobs and he went on "Was it not here, that to save you, I slew the fierce beast with my sharp arrows? Was it not here again that I raised you in my arms and feasting mine eyes on your face to my heart's content, made you rest under the shade of a tree? Aye, was it not here first that you opened your eyes on me—eyes which spoke more eloquently than voice, and engendered a new hope in me."

Now walking a few paces to and fro as if in a dream, now sitting here and there, reclining on bare earth, thus was he tossed in the ocean of love and passion.

V. L. NARASIMHAM.

ASPECTRAL VISION.

FACT, NO FICTION.

My brother K—died of an attack of erysipelas. The most painful scene I can trace though a vista of twenty years is my recollection of the hour when seated by his bedside I watched the conflict between life and death. Even now I can recall the moment when his spirit passed to the vast unknown. My memory is clear that under the veil of night his remains were conveyed to the cremation ghat and ere another sun rose the last trace of his earthly existence was swept by the angry flames.

A year rolled noiselessly away. Then came the night of my weird experience which even at this distance of time I shudder to relate.

It was a cold February night. Muffled in my warm clothes I occupied a chair in my reading room. Before me was a table, behind a book-shelf and *lining* the walls were some sofas. Verily the room was not air-tight but my lamp in full blaze threw warmth enough to subdue the chill that was creeping in through the chinks of its bolted doors

The house abuts upon a street of the city. A long row of columns represent its frontage. Encased as it were by the colonnade runs an upper verandah overlooking the street. On to it open a suite of three apartments, the westernmost being my reading room, at the time I am speaking. Behind the suite runs parallel an inner verandah overlooking the courtyard and sweeping eastward away to the inner apartments. A corridor separates the westernmost room from the middle one, forming as it were, the connecting link between the two verandahs. Just to the north of my reading room and adjoining it is a staircase whose flight of stairs with but one gentle bend descend to where the gateway meets the courtyard. This is the architectural arrangement of the frontal section of the Sadar (outer division of the house). The reading room which was the scene of my narrative has two

venetian windows opening over the stairs and two doors, one communicating with the outer verandah, the other giving entrance from the corridor.

In this room was I seated in the full comfort of a luke-warm sensation beguiling the tedium of solitude with a stray-writing. I was alone in the house save for a burly servant who stretched on a charpoy on the gateway, between sleep and waking, little cared who rapped at the gate he kept closed. I was alone, I repeat, for the rest of the household were away to join a wedding and to contribute to the situation my cousin Haran, my solitary companion, had just walked out to meet an appointment. Though alone I was not a bit oppressed with a sense of loneliness. In the agreeable pursuit to which I lent myself I was all but lost, only conscious that my good Hookah was giving me hourly treat.

Scribbling or scrawling, call it what you may, I was driving my pen mercilessly, no pause, no rest, not another thought when a boom from the ramparts of Fort William, announced the hour of nine. Simultaneously 'tin, tin' my clock jerked out its measured note. The hush of night was falling, the hubbub of the city was well nigh sunk, Nature seemed retiring to rest.

But no sleep weighed my eye-lids. Not grudging its absence I went on dropping now one line, next another, anon a third, my pen producing an agreeable squeak in the profound silence.

While I was thus occupied a low grating noise cut the air. It was a sofa creaking, a sofa near the wall. Without giving it more than a momentary notice, I proceeded with my writing. Into the silence broke again that little curious sound. I was loath to give it a measure of attention. A creak again after a few minutes, the sound now risen to a higher key.

'It must be a rat romping about, I paused to think. Not relishing a beastly freak I hissed out to scare the brute away. Accompanying the sibilant sound a series of bangs, as I beat the table, filled the air with awful persistence. The storming was enough to affright a tiny beast boasted *I as I* reverted to my occupation content that no more freak was destined to jar upon my auditory nerves. For full quarter of an hour nothing broke the quiet.

Ha? What noise again, A strange scratching as loud as one could make with big nails upon a cushion. I stamped my feet three times on the floor to warn my *fancied disturber* that it was carrying

its pranks too far. The sound reverberated through the stillness. To watch its effect I kept my eyes fastened for some time on the seat of disturbance. No more repetition. I concluded that the warning had taken effect, the *tricky* had turned tail.

With a round curse on the rat-tribe I focussed back my attention to the theme in the mind. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes more passed. But Great God! What was it? A sudden jerk had sent a sofa wheeling round. I sprang up lamp in hand. This was more than a rat could do. Was it our old puss frolicing? I passed my hand over the sofa to feel if any living thing was in it. Under and behind it, nay, on all sides I looked, swinging the lamp round and round. Then followed a pretty close examination of the room, every inch of it I searched through and through, but cat or rat nothing was in evidence. In the walls there was not a hole to admit a fly.

Tired with the fruitless search I pushed the sofa back to its place and returned to my seat in a state of positive bewilderment. What could it be, mused I, my pen refusing to do its office till I had solved the puzzle out. Was it all a trick of imagination. Did I only fancy noises that were not? These were the questions that surged up in my mind like ocean waves. No, no there could be no deception of fancy, the sofa had actually been shoved out of its place. Certainly it was no automatic action requiring no agent.

Once I thought it was R—my next neighbour playing a trick, having by some means slipped into the house unperceived, but was it possible for him to transmit a motive force through the dead wall. At this point my divination failed. Guesses and surmises swarmed through the brain. They rose like bubbles, like bubbles to melt. In fact a strange confusion possessed me. My brain was in a tumult. However after some time spent in vain imagining I managed to rally my attention to my work and had scarce dropped a few lines when a violent rattle passed round with the speed of lightning as though all the sofas shook and clattered one by one. A thrill ran tingling through my vein. I sprang to my feet. Could it be a shock coming from the bowels of the earth. No, no, for then the table would oscillate, the lamp too and the chair I occupied. Dismissing the theory of earthquake I clung to the impression that it was some living thing the author of the disturbance.

Seizing the lamp in hand I renewed a thorough search of the

room. Now tugging at a sofa, next shaking the bookshelf, I was for full half an hour all stir and bustle but nothing showed itself to verify my notion of a living cause.

One might think that there was something uncanny about the house, but was I to tolerate stuff and nonsense—I who had taken a freer gulp at the draught of knowledge, whose brain was warm with the fumes of modern science, whose mind was stocked with rich western ideas—was I to court a sense of the supernatural. What, the absurdities of my ancestral notions glaring conspicuously on my mental retina, my sympathy never going with anything that borders upon the occult world, was I to be humbugged by an antiquated foolery? Pshaw? I took that it was some sneak playing a nasty trick.

To catch him in the midst of his trickery I decided on a sally out. No sooner thought than done. I had burst into the corridor, but no flitting form dodged through the semi-darkness there, no uncertain shadow wreathed about it. Next I flew to the outer Verandah. In the illumination of the street-lamp the Verandah stood out in bright relief against the shades of night. Up, down, up, down, I tramped, applying various degrees of motion to my feet but discovered not a vestige of living creature. I peered over the railing into the lifeless street. Not a wheel crunched it, not a foot pattered. The silence was unbroken save by the occasional 'hay-ho' of a distant policeman or an engine screeching from the not-far-off railway station. It was past eleven.

I strode back to the corridor, then on to the inner Verandah. It was dark, dark, for the night was moonless, the stars feeble and the haze of winter hung like a sable pall. I drew to the railing and peered straight into the courtyard. All around it looked like a daub in the blackening gloom, shapeless and indistinct. From where I stood the Verandah shot away into the night and darkness. Above, behind, nay on all sides rolled the pitchy waves of mist and through the blackness loomed the sharp outlines of my zenana.

I stood, a picture of bewilderment, my back against the stairs-door, my left hand resting on the railing, my eyes fixed on vacancy. The stillness was deep and tense, a thing to be felt. Suddenly a clang tore the air, clang, clang, as if a metal tub was sent tumbling and tossing. The echoes were not yet dead when there followed a heavy thump. Both seemed to proceed from the direction of the zenana.

Alert in every straining nerve I darted back to my room, took the lamp and opening the stair-door hurried down to the gateway where sprawled my sleepy porter.

"Bhrigu Sing" I shouted out "wake up."

The sleeper awoke but not without a grunt.

"Is any thing the matter" mumbled he, rubbing his eyes.

Perhaps he found me a bit flurried.

"Come along" I said, "I heard a noise inside."

Needless to say I proceeded to make a tour of the house. He rose up, grasped his Sota and followed me with his usual swaggering gait. His Sota as it beat the floor produced a clamorous music in the deathly quiet.

Up stairs we dashed, swept the inner verandah crossed a low terrace and gained the upper floor of the zenana. Its rooms, its verandah, its recesses and all we observed closely. Next we descended to its lower storey and subjected it to a close scrutiny. Nor was its courtyard spared. Every inch of it was examined, hole and corner, nook and cranny, but nothing was found to explain the cause of the sound.

No fitting form, no shuffling feet inviting a hot pursuit we turned to retrace our steps and had just advanced a few feet when a loud crash shook and shattered the night hush. It seemed to come from the direction of my reading room. We ran, ran, top-speed, devouring the way. Coming within view of my reading room my first impulse was to peep in. Gracious Heavens? No litter of upturned furniture, no topsy-turvy wreck, every thing normal, nothing displaced.

To the outer Verandah we scudded, hoping to find a sign of commotion in the other rooms of the suite. Their doors were under lock and key but through the window panes my lamp shot in reflection enough to reveal their interior. Every thing was in its place.

I became more and more puzzled. My attendant whose wild excitement found no scope for operation was not a little nettled. However after a short observation that night had queer noises more illusory than real he volunteered to spread his charpoy somewhere on the Verandah as a proof against further break of the nocturnal stillness.

In a few minutes I found him buried in his bed-clothes. Bid-

ding him keep awake I trudged back to my room and before setting myself back in my chair had bolted the door. It was midnight. My clock announced it and it was confirmed by the wind wafting a ding-dong from the neighbouring chapel.

No more noise, no more motion in the house, I began to wrench myself from the spasms of thought that were incoming, receding and rolling like waves and applying the mind to the pleasing contemplation of a jolly scene which a novellete provided, felt fairly on the way back to equanimity. The silence now seemed alive with a sense of relief and time went noiselessly by.

Suddenly I was startled by a movement within, a heavy beat of hands and knees, as if some one bustled on all fours across the floor. I started to my feet, seized the lamp and stooping down threw a jet of light on the pavement. The golden stream flowed round in a lustrous sheet. With every faculty strained I craned my neck forward, peered from side to side, sat, squatted, swung round on my heels, swung the lamp to and fro but not a sight save my own shadow, not a sound save my own hushed movement could I be conscious of.

Was not I in my right mind? Was there something amiss in my own hearing or was it my imagination playing a trick? These were the questions that agitated me. For a moment I was struck by a sense of the supernatural. A superstitious dread set my pulses beating wildly, but with an effort I tore myself from what I deemed unscientific reflections and set about divining some living cause. For several minutes I remained occupied with myself, my brain racing, the imagination at cracking point. After useless straining to get at the truth. I rose up and deposited the lamp on the table.

But oh horror? What did I behold. Even now my blood curdles when I recall the vision. Before me on the other side of the table stood a human figure bolt upright and motionless as a statue. His face though pale as amber was by no means alarming, only the eyes had a wide winkless sort of stare and frozen into their depth was a ghastly look. His right arm was down by his side, the left half-crossed his breast gathering in its grip one end of the red wrapper which in many a fold covered his body.

At the first hasty glance I had taken him for my third brother O—for the characteristics of the faces agreed and imagining that

the latter had returned ahead of the rest I had no reason to be dubious about his identity, only I was amazed how could he effect an entrance so magically.

"Ah? O—, is that you" I cried out in a tone of surprise "but how came you in? Are not the doors bolted and the windows closed?"

No answer.

"Why don't you speak" I demanded impatiently, turning my eye full upon the face.

In an instant it flashed through my brain that there was something in the feature that recalled the memory of my dead brother. A thrill of terror darted through every nerve. I jumped to my feet more than half electrified.

"I am no O—but K—" the figure spoke out sharp and clear. A familiar note lurked in the hoarse voice.

In a flash the startling conviction overwhelmed me that it was the dead come back. There was no mistaking the identity, the eye, the nose, the matted hair, the voice the same as in life, only a little too hoarse. Was it a hallucination, the mere phantasy of an overheated brain, a deception of the eye? No, no; my eye did not deceive me, no trick of fancy, no delusion, no dream. As sure as I was myself it was my dead brother K—standing before me, the same, the same.

"K—is dead. Can this be a Bhoot (his ghost)" I shook out the words as I turned to fly in a panic of fright.

"I—am—no—Bhoot—but—Preyt" these words fell on my astounded ear.

My blood went clammy cold. Trembling in every limb I tore myself from the table-side with a desperate jerk. Down went the chair with a crash which shattered the stillness. My wrapper half falling off my shoulders trailed on the floor. Between sense and stupor I reeled backwards and was saved from a fall plump by the right arm making a grab at the bookshelf and the feet striking against a sofa at the back. I have no recollection what I did save that I stood aghast, frozen into a dumb terror. A scream must have burst from my lips.

The spectre spoke something hurriedly. The words floated into the still air but in an agony of dreadful listening I could not distinguish a syllable. Then all at once it vanished.

Presently the corridor resounded with a scurrying of feet, next the inner verandah as far as the precincts of the inner apartments, then the sound began to fade, seemed to be retreating into distance and melted away.

After the spectre was gone my whole frame shook violently, the brain swam, every thing seemed blotted out from my view, I sank upon the sofa. Then came an awful sensation of heat. A profuse perspiration followed inspite of a wintry night. I slipped off my drenched coat and longed in vain for a fan to cool myself with. Once or twice. I essayed to call out to the servant but felt tongue-tied.

How long was I left to the awful state I have no idea. I seemed an eternity but from the dreadful hush the ear was at last relieved by a loud knock at the street-door and shouts of Durwan, durwan. It was Haran's voice. My first impulse of relief was to cry out, but a lump rose in my throat. I could catch my servants response, his heavy foot fall, the grating of the street-door, then a crunch of feet up the stairs and a rap at last at the door of my room.

"Who" I demanded feverishly.

"Only me" was the response. It was Haran's voice.

"Haran?" I cried out.

"The same."

I staggered to the door and opening it let him in.

"Fill me a glass of water, Haran" I gasped out, flinging myself back upon the sofa.

One, two, three I emptied three glasses. "Fan me" I requested.

The day's issue of the Statesman did the office of a fan. I felt a return to life.

"Why, what's the matter, what has put you out?" he inquired curiously, perhaps he saw by the working of my features that I was horribly shaken.

"Oh Haran, I have seen a ghost" cried I.

"Ghost?" He uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise.

"Indeed?" replied I "K's spirit jast appeared before me."

He gazed at me in blank amazement. I related all that had happened. An awful dread took possession of him. His nervousness did not cease until the servant was called in and made to lie down on one side of the room.

"You would have died with fright were you in my place" taunted I.

Sleep forsaking our eyes we sat up brooding over the subject, with ears strained to catch the faintest sound and the heart beating fast. The night was never more sluggish. After all it wore away and dawn breaking loosened the grip on our spirit. My family returned late in the day and great was their consternation when I gave an account of the night's adventure.

On the fourth night the spirit appeared to me in a dream. He was clad in the same costume. In a mournful strain he told his tale of woe, perhaps the same tale which I had been unable to catch in my moments of shocking fright that dreadful night. He urged me to—for his salvation. Several times he had sought my side, said he, but I was not conscious of his presence. Finding me alone in the house, he made himself visible.

KALI KUMER GHOSH, B.L.

YOGA AND SPIRITUALISM.

Sankhya taught us what is soul and what is non-soul. It analyzed the non-soul principles and instructed us how they should be separated. The teachings of *Kapila* were followed by those of *Patanjali*. The earliest work we have on the Yoga is the *yoga-sutras* consisting of four chapters, *viz.*, on contemplation (*Samadhi*), on the means of its attainment (*Sadhan*), on the exercise of transcendent power (*Bibhuti*), and on abstraction or spiritual insulation (*Kaibalya*). We have the aphorisms of yoga by *Patanjali*. He discusses what concentration is, what is the condition of the soul during concentration and at other times. He then proceeds to consider the modifications of the thinking principle or the soul of which a classification is given and the hindering of these modifications is effected by means of exercise and dispassion. The author divides meditation into two classes, *viz.*, with an object or without an object. Meditation leads to the liberation of the mind, which first discusses the distinction between soul and nature, and after acquiring discriminative knowledge by which conjunction between soul and nature is removed, it obtains perfection when soul is "alone *Kevala* or in desiderated state of *Kaivalya*."

Of the Grecian philosophers, Pythagoras and Plato particularly taught that "the end of philosophy is to free the mind from the encumbrances which hinder its progress towards perfection and to raise it to the contemplation of immutable truth." When the conjunction between soul and nature is perceived, the knowledge amounts to our possessing *mool prakriti*, the root or plastic origin of all, distinct from soul. It comprehends *buddhi* or intelligence, consciousness or egotism, five subtle rudiments called *tanmatra*, visible to invisible beings and producing five grosser elements, earth, water, fire, air and space, eleven organs of sense and action of which five are external, five internal and one being the mind.

"These eleven organs with the two principles of intelligence or consciousness or egotism are thirteen instruments of knowledge; three internal and ten external likened to three warders and ten gates."

The object of Yoga is to realise the teaching of Vedanta, to hold communion with the universal infinite spirit and to live, move and have our being in *Him* not as a human being but as a spirit.

Those who have written on Yoga are not unanimous as to the *modus operandi* but on one point they are all agreed, *i. e.*, acquiring command over the vital life.

The Yogis think that the *gyanakash* descends from the centre of the skull one-eighth of an inch and rests on the top of the brain. "The space between the skull and brain is a perfect vacuum and is called *brahmarandhra*." In the invisible region lies the soul through which Divine light is visible. Sound, colour, taste, form and smell do not reach this region. The vital life goes as far as the top of the brain and to annihilate that life *Pranayam* is practised. It consists in the inspiration, retention and expiration of air and the longer the retention is, the greater is the progress. Some Yogis practise only the retention which is called *kumbhaka*. The God of infinite perfection has constructed the human frames so that it is adapted both for mundane and spiritual purpose. The *gyanakash* is perfectly void. It is "full and all-pervading consciousness and pure wisdom." It is unlimited. This is the *akash* to be gained, but for mundane purposes, the power of this atmosphere is sent down to the mortal part of the body. The soul coming under the brain is under a limited atmosphere and drops down through a hole touching the eyes, the nose and passing the gullet joins the alimentary canal bringing it down to *Kula-kundalini* which is in the stomach. It covers the fundamental and the reproductive organ whence it joins the spinal cord through which it ascends and goes up to *Brahmarandhra*. So the soul descends through three small pipes (namely, *Ira*, *Susumna* and *Pingala*) and ascends in like manner through three small pipes. The soul in its descent through different parts of the body creates different faculties or states which have no real independent existence. In the centre of the skull we have the faculty of wisdom, In the top of the brain we have the faculty

of wit or intelligence or *buddhi*, the commencement of the mortal sphere. In the middle of the brain we have the faculty of knowledge. In the bottom of the brain we have prudence. Memory is in the centre of the forehead. The faculty of *muse* is in the centre between the two eyebrows. In the tip of the nose we have self-love, self esteem and self-delusion. The faculty of irritation, dullness etc., is the centre of the tongue. In the centre of the throat we have the faculty of intellect. The passions are in the centre of the heart and are of twenty-eight kinds. In the navel we have the sense of hearing, touch, sight, taste, and smell. In the *Kula kundalini* we have the faculty of nature or elements.

These different departments are all harmoniously adjusted and give rise to what the Europeans call Phrenology which in reality is an index to the soul life, but indicates a development of faculties or feelings temporarily created by the descent of the soul, and of its being prolonged in certain part of the body. The soul wishing to regain its normal condition ascends through the spinal cord till it reaches the *gyanakash* or *brahmarandhra*. The ascension is accelerated by spiritual exercises. Meditate on the soul of nature in the *Kula kundalini* in the abdomen first, then meditate on the soul of senses in the navel, then meditate on the soul of passions in the heart, then meditate on the soul of intellect in the throat, then meditate on the soul of conscience in the centre of the tongue, then on the soul of ideas and ambition in the tip of the nose. In the centre of the throat is the faculty of intellect on which meditate. Then meditate on the faculty of irritation in the centre of the tongue. Then go on meditating on the departments of the brain in successive order,—the faculty of *muse* between the two eyebrows, the faculty of memory in the centre of the forehead, the faculty of prudence in the bottom of the brain, the faculty of knowledge in the middle of the brain, the faculty of wit or intelligence in the top of the brain, the limit of the mortal region which mortals have to pass over either in this or the next life. *Gyan sankalum tantra* says the throat, fundament and navels are the circles to be gone through, and that the nine gates are the eyes, ears, noses, mouth, fundament, the reproductive organ, and mind "is the tenth organ. The Yogis locate the faculty of seeing "in the pit of the stomach." Magnetism not only confirms it but finds it

in the tip of the finger, in the occiput and in the sole of the feet. Taste is found in the epigastrium. *Brahmagyan tantra* mentions the circles as follows;—in the fundament, in the reproductive organ, in the navel, in the heart, in the throat and in the head. The *Kula-kundalini* overlaps the fundament and reproductive organ, and the region between them is the *yonistan* the whole of which forming the *kundalini* circle is where the knowledge of the elements is. It may be in the plexuses. It is like a serpent and while asleep or dormant it preserves its character as the organ of elements. It is joined with the three pipes of the spinal cord, through which the soul ascend the *brahmarandhra*.

The object of *pranayam* is to awaken *kundalini* in the first instance. In the *hatapradipika* and other works the action of *kundalini* is altered by *kumbhaka* or retention of the air.

K. P. C.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE CAMP.

Possessing a mind cast in a somewhat matter-of-fact mould without any particular leaning to the marvellous, much less the superstitious, I am of course no believer in what is commonly called *presentiment*; still remarkable coincidences do occasionally happen, which, whilst they confirm the weak and wavering in their opinions on this head, have a tendency, perhaps, to unsettle such minds as are opposed to the delusion. This is a cogent reason, it may be urged, why the subject had better not be entered upon; but as the feeling in question, it is to be hoped, is comparatively harmless, and as a degree of interest may be excited by some trifling details of a case in point that fell within my own observation, I will venture to recount them, premising that the tented field, where danger hovers round, is peculiarly the nursery of Presentiment. Brutus, Napoleon, and if I mistake not, Cromwell too, had each his portentous vision in camp.

It was during our arduous struggle with Ava, for arduous it undoubtedly was, both as respects the fighting and the feeding, that a brigade of the British army was recamped in a picturesque, but most incommodious spot, on the banks of the Sittang river, *en route* from Pegue to Tougho; from which latter place we were separated by a sea of jungle almost boundless in extent. That Tougho was somewhere to be found amongst the woods and mountains, we had little doubt, but there was very great doubt of our ever finding or rather reading it, so scantily were we supplied with carriage for the troops, and so many natural obstacles threatened to oppose our progress. Our morning's march, on the day in question, had terminated somewhat abruptly, on ugly-looking stockade having suddenly presented itself to our advance, which nevertheless, was yielded without a struggle.

It was on the brow of a precipitous hill, commanding the road, of course, and covered with jungle in which the whole country in that range is closely wrapped as in a green mantle. At the foot of this position would the narrow tortuous road

(little else than a forest foot-path), following the course of the stream, which at this point is of inconsiderable breadth, and nearly they hid from view by tangled underwood, and the dark and overhanging foliage of the lofty teak tress, the chief marketable production of these parts. Now and then, through an opening in this verdant screen, our eye was refreshed with a passing glimpse of the gentle river, as it rolled noiselessly by. The troops composing our little force, about 1,000 in number, European and native, besides artillery and pioneers, were located partly in the frail tenements within the captured stockade on the hill, and partly below, a tent being pitched where ever a few feet of cleared ground could be had. In truth, it was a most irregular and gipsy like encampment, if encampment it could be called; but however disorderly it might have seemed, the scene was picturesque.

It was on the evening of that day, that, in company with another officer, I scrambled down from the stockade on the hill where my corps was quartered, to see how our friends were getting on in the lower regions. The heavy night-dews were already falling, the myriads of the insect tribe peculiar to a tropical forest, were wide awake, and as we threaded our way through the Sylvan camp, the native soldiery were busily engaged in preparing their simple evening meal, whilst the Europeans were strolling about, smoking their pipes, or collected in groups discussing the topics of the day, which were few enough. On a tempting carpet of green sward beneath some noble trees, was the mess-tent of the regiment, which we entered, and here we found several young officers lolling about upon the tables after their frugal supper, and speculating upon the issue of the work before us on the morrow; for the next morning's march, a distance, we were told, of twelve miles, was to introduce us to a strong and extensive town which was to be carried by assault, failure in such cases being seldom or ever anticipated.

Most of the party were in their usual high spirits (for, as the old song has it "who so merry as we in camp") but there was one marked exception in poor A—an intimate friend of mine and one of the most amiable and gallant men of his corps. Still, though he had ever borne himself bravely through many a sharp encounter with a barbarous enemy in this instance when on the eve,

as we thought and hoped, of a conflict, appeared down-hearted, or I should rather say, low-spirited, in a remarkable degree, and on our rallying him upon it, he accounted for his feeling much in this way; "Low-spirited I certainly am, and I cannot help it, nevertheless when the time of action arrives, you may be assured I shall do my duty; but I have a very strong presentiment that I shall fall to-morrow, or the first time we meet the enemy, for—(naming an interesting Burmese girl, to whom he was attached, and who was well-known to many of us) some time ago gave me a ring, with the assurance that, as long as I wore it, no harm would happen to me, now this very morning I have lost my magic ring, and the extraordinary depression of spirits that has followed my loss satisfies me that some dire calamity is at hand; such in effect were his words. A—, as before stated, was amongst the bravest, and certainly one of the sprightliest men in the regiment; but in this case there was no dispelling the cloud that hung over him, so settled was his conviction that mischief was at hand.

The following morning's march will not readily be forgotten by all who took part in it. The breaking up of an encampment in the East is at all times a most stirring scene, and more especially upon active service. The white streets of canvas disappear, as it by magic, amidst the pealing of bugles, the rolling of drums, the rumbling of artillery, and the creaking and groaning of loaded hackeries:—

Then there is mounting in hot haste the steed. The mustering squadron, and the clattering ear, &c.

Great, doubtless, is the apparent confusion but a suitable tap of the drum or ring of the bugle changes the face of things with all the effect of a harlequin's wand; and this human chaos is suddenly transformed into a gay and gallant line, whose scarlet clothing and glittering bayonets are readily discernible even in the dubious morning light, when nature's more sombre features can scarcely be distinguished. On the morning referred to, the *generate* beat soon after 4 A. M., and we were under arms from that hour till nearly sunset, dragging our slow length along through a labyrinth of jungle, and exposed to the rays of a grilling sun and a straggling fire from an unseen foe, no very pleasant accompani-

ment to a laborious day's work : our expectations of a fight, however, with the expectation of the skirmishing *en route*, were not on that day realized, the strong point against which we were directed having been vacated on our approach. A—however, could not shake off his despondency though all tried to laugh him out of it. The brigade had been scarcely two days in its new quarters, when the regiment to which A—belonged was detached, in a great hurry, to take possession of a point of considerable importance, some fifty miles distant, no opposition being apprehended, the occupants of the place having been reported friendly to us. The whole affair, in fact, was to be a sort of *Promenade militaire*, as the French call it of a pleasure excursion on a grand scale. The peal of their bugles roused me from my slumbers, for they marched down to the point of embarkation soon after midnight, and I almost wished myself one of the party ; for young soldiers on service delight in perpetual motion ; they are ever on the look-out for excitement, and being to be sadly *ennuyés* after a day or two's halt on the same ground ; they have a craving desire.

TO SEE SOMETHING NEW ON EACH NEW DAY.

On this occasion, many took their fowling-pieces, for they expected some good shooting, and they were not disappointed. Others again carried their bridles and saddles with them, not doubting that the new ground they were about to try would supply them with ponies, very few of us at that time being mounted on an animal of any kind. My desponding friends accompanied his corps on this occasion.

It was on the second day after the March of this detachment that, about noon, a hurried note, in pencil, was brought into camp, by a very worn Burman, from the commanding officer of A—3 corps, giving lamentable account of their proceedings. The place they were expected to occupy with so much facility was found to be in a most formidable position, strongly fortified, and garrisoned by a less determined set of fellows, and upon the corps advancing to the assault, it was repulsed, after a short resistance, with heavy loss leaving the killed, and it is to be feared, some of the wounded, on the ground.

'Amongst the slain was the gallant old colonel and poor A—, the latter having been shot through the body by a musket-ball

within a few yards of the works. Thus were the poor fellows deep-seated apprehension as to his fate verified within five or six days. It is but fair to add, injustice to the corps that sustained this discomfiture, that they were very deficient in officers, but very few being present; and to this defect as well as to the circumstance that the enemy reserved their fire until our troops had planted their ladders (thereby encouraging them into the belief that the post was empty), must, perhaps, be mainly attributed their defeat.

Four days subsequent to their disaster, I formed one of a body of troops that had been promptly despatched from head-quarters to retrieve matters; a duty we had the gratification of fulfilling effectually, though not without a severe struggle and heavy loss, for these Burmans fought uncommonly well.

Upon this occasion, I saw all that remained of my poor friend A—, suspended by the heels from a gibbet erected on the river's bank, but so mutilated by birds of prey, and discoloured by exposure to the sun; that the body was with difficulty distinguished.

We had, however, the satisfaction of giving it, in common with many other bodies of fallen comrades, Christian burial, that is, as far as circumstances would admit.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

F. B. D.

*LIFE-SKETCH OF A GREAT BENGALI JURIST
AND ADVOCATE :*

Being that of the late Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, Barrister-at-Law.

1844—1906.

INTRODUCTION.

Born 29th December, 1844 : died 22nd July 1906.

Sir Lawrence Hugh Jenkins, the present Chief Justice of Bengal, in his speech at the Mayo Hospital on Friday the 25th August 1911, in declaring the new female ward open in memory of the Late Woomes Chunder and Hemangini Bonnerjee spoke of the deceased as follows :—

“Fifteen years and more have passed since I first had the honour of meeting of Mr. Bonnerjee. He was then at the zenith of his career, a powerful yet graceful advocate, an enlightened leader of political thought, a man true and upright, ever zealous for the progress of India, and possessed of an ardent and abiding love for his country and countrymen.”

Such a man died in Croydon, in the land of his adoption on the 22nd July, 1907, after a strenuous and successful career at the bar of the Hon'ble High Court of Calcutta and in the Judicial Committee of His Majesty's Privy Council—an unique honour which ever fell to the lot of an Indian. Biography of such an individual we propose to write. Our readers must naturally be anxious to know of the ancestry of such a distinguished personage.

HIS BIRTH, PARENTAGE AND EARLY EDUCATION.

From paternal as well as maternal side, Mr. Bonnerjee inherited vast legal culture. His father was a distinguished Attorney-at-Law and on his mother's side he was descended from the renowned Sanskrit Scholar, philosopher and Jurisconsult to the East India Company, Pandit Jogonnath Turkopunchanun of Tribeniy in the District of Hooghly, for his mother was a great-great-grand-daughter of that famous learned *savant* of Bengal. It was Puudit Juggonnath whom the East India Company selected

for codifying the Hindu Law for helping the English Judges to administer it. It is still extant, being called Jagannath's Digest of Hindu Law. The great aptitude shown by Mr. Bonnerjee in his remarkable career as an Advocate was due in a great measure to the hereditary instincts on his material as well as paternal side. His grandfather, Pitamber Bonnerjee was a Banian or Managing clerk of Messrs. Collier Bird & Co., the then Government solicitor of the Supreme Court of Calcutta. The solicitor being perfect stranger to this land, unfamiliar with the language, mode of thought of the people, had in a great measure to depend upon their Banians. They knew good English, fair knowledge of law and perfect knowledge of procedure. In fact, their opinion was so reliable that people used to call them 'Law Men' and people acted up to their advice like gospel-truth. They were men of vast influence, men of culture and like the Roman *tribunes* ever ready to succour the distressed. This branch of Bonnerjee along with the other branches of Bonnerjee-family that made their mark upon political history of Bengal, trace their origin from Bhattacharayan, one of the five Brahmins brought by Adisur from Kanouj and noted for their high character and attainments. Mr. Bonnerjee was 27th in descent from Bhattacharayan as is shown in the Genealogical table of Bonnerjees prepared by his beloved cousin, Mr. Krishna Lal Bonnerjee, B.L., Pleader, Sealdah Courts and inspection of which can be had on application. From Vikrampur to Baganda the Bonnerjee-family migrated towards the end of the 17th century. Towards the end of 18th Century, Mr. Bonnerjee's grandfather came to Calcutta and by the help of Narayan Misser, an influential man and relative of Pitamber and Babu Uma Charan Bannerjee, Pitambur rose from a private tutor and school-master to the position of Banian of Government solicitor's office. Mr. Bonnerjee's father the late Grees Chunder Bonnerjee was one of the earliest Indian Attorneys of the Calcutta High Court and a sketch of his life was given in the September number of National Magazine in 1903. The sketch had the benefit of Mr. Bonnerjee's revision which appeared in two or three issues later. The father of Sir Charles Paul, Advocate-General of Bengal and Grees Chunder worked in the same office as articled clerk to an Attorney. It is a strange coincidence that sons of two attorneys would shine as greatest barristers in the Calcutta High Court later on. The

friendship with their fathers was confirmed in their sons and they had mutual respect and esteem. Pitambur had eight sons in one or other names of Siva *viz.*, Grees, Sumbhu, Siva, Mohesh, Bhairub, Rajendra, Batu, Kalicharan. It is with the eldest son of the eldest son of Pitambur with whom we are concerned but on the whole, the whole family is a noble cultured family. Sumbhu Chandra's eldest son is Mahendra Nath Bonnerjee, Attorney-at-Law and his youngest is Krishna Lal Bonnerjee B L., Pleader. Most of the kinsmen are graduates and undergraduates of the Calcutta University and of good and lovely nature. All grades of legal practitioner from Muktear and Revenue Agent to Advocate practising in the Judicial Committee of His Majesty's Privy Council are to be found in the family. Babu Bhairub Chunder was well-known vakil of the Calcutta High Court. Babu Bhuban Chandra Bannerji, late Government Pleder of Midnapur belonged to this family.

Babu Pitambur Bonnerjee had considerable property at Kidderpur and within the metropolis itself, but all these he lost afterwards not for his prodigality but for his great acts of charity and performing *pujas* or other holy ceremonies. From a very small beginning, he rose to a position of great eminence and power. He was truly a wonderful man. His eldest son Grees Chunder was an *alumnus* of the old Hindu College, and died in the year 1868 at the early age of 45. He had four sons of whom Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee is the second, and Satya Dhona Bonnerjee Bidyabhusan, M. A. B. L., Attorney-at-Law who died in October 1902, the youngest, the other two having died while young.

Mr. Bonnerjee was born on the 29th December 1844 in Kidderpur the countryhouse of his grandfather, where afterwards Mr. Bonnerjee erected a splendid mansion called 'the Kidderpore House' which was acquired by Government for extension of Kidderpore Dockyard, even in Crydon where Mr. Bonnerjee lived called his house after 'Kiderpore House' such was his love for Kidderpore. From Kidderpore the young child was brought to Simla 28, Nayan Chand Dutt's Street. He was first sent to a patsala of Hararam Gurumohasoy where men like Mr. N. C. Bose Attorney-at-law, Abinas Chunder Ghose, the late Interpreter and Translator, High Court. Khetter Mohun Ghose and a *posse* of bright and intelligent men of Simla were initiated into the mysteries of three R's; and having learnt his mother-

tongue there, he was sent for picking up the English language to the branch school attached to the Oriental Seminary, the *alma mater* of Kristodas Pal and Shumbho Chunder Mukerjee. When the seminary fell on evil days Mr. Bonnerjee extended his helping hand and saved it from collapse after the death of Babu Bacharam Chatterjee, its Secretary.

From the branch he went to the main school, and from the Oriental Seminary, Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee was admitted into the Hindu School and read there under Babu Mohesh Chunder Bonnerjee and Mr. Caruduff. In 1861, he was in the first class of that school, but did not appear even at the Matriculation Examination.

ON THE LADDER.

His father, Babu Grees Chunder Bonnerjee who was one of the earliest Indian Attorneys in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, finding that it was hopeless for his boy to make any further progress in the school, made him adopt his own profession. In November 1861, Woomes Chunder was articled to Mr. W. P. Downing, Attorney of the Supreme Court of Calcutta. In May 1862, he severed his connection with this gentleman and joined Mr. W. F. Gillanders as his clerk, where Babu Gones Chunder Chunder, the celebrated Attorney-at-Law was also articled. At this period of his life, Woomes Chunder saw the mistakes he had committed in his early life and tried to avail himself of any opportunity to rise. The opportunity soon presented itself. It was in the year 1864, Mr. Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jejeebhai of Bombay made over 3 lacs of rupees to the Supreme Government for the purpose of establishing five scholarships to be competed for by Indian youths to study law in England. Out of these, three were to be given to Bombay, and one respectively to Bengal and Madras. The Supreme Government, in order to select a candidate from Bengal, appointed a representative committee having (Sir) George Campbell, then one of the Judges of the Calcutta High Court as its President, and Sir Henry Summer-Maine, Sir John Rose, Babu Prosonno Kumar Tagore, Nawab Amir Ali Khan Bahadoor, and Mr. G. S. Fagan, the then chief Judge of the Calcutta Small Cause Court as some of the members, and Mr. W. L. Heeley as its Secretary there were some twelve candidates for this.

scholarship, Woomes Chunder was considered to be the best eligible candidate.

There were difficulties standing in the way, because in those orthodox days he could not get permission from his parents to cross the *Kalapani* to become a Barrister. Finding that there was opposition on all sides, stealthily did he creep out of his home in Balaram De's Street and lived for a few days in his father-in-law's house after the Durga Pujas. From thence he went to Mr. Cockerel Smith, Attorney-at-Law and a friend of his father and arranged for departure for England. One day he was missing after great search it came to light that he had left for England. Loud was the lamentation in his family but to no effect. Having reached England, he wrote to his father who though did not approve of his adventure, on account of filial kindness remitted sums of money to his son when it was reported to him that the scholarship was not then available for some time.

He studied hard at the Middle Temple and read under such eminent jurists and distinguished legal practitioner as the late Mr. J. Henry Dart, then one of the conveyancing Counsel to the Court of Chancery, (Sir) Edward Fry, one of the Lord Justices of the High Court, with the help of his father's friends, especially Raja Komul Krishna *alias* Nripendra Krishna Bahadur and by sheer dint of patience, perseverance and industry he made a rapid progress in his profession in a comparatively short time.

In November 1868, he came out to India to practise as Barrister. He got the sad intelligence of the death of his father when he was in England. Great was his sorrow when he came in Calcutta but his kind mother assuaged his grief with great difficulty. He could not live with his mother, although his mother requested him to do so. At the suggestion of Woomes Chunder and intervention of his uncle the late Sumbhu Chunder Bonnerjee, he put up at his temporary residence in Wilson's hotel.

In early seventies the senior practising barrister was W. A. Montriou who came out in 1842. At this time Tom Cowie had just given up the Advocate Generalship. He was succeeded by Joseph Graham, who left India abruptly. The Advocate-General then was Sir Charles Paul, who held the office for nearly 30 years until his death in 1900. Among other senior barristers were A. T. T. Peterson who made his fortune

out of the Bengal Coal Company, and John David Bell but already younger men were forcing themselves into the largest practice. There were James Tisda Woodroffe; "Tiger" Jackson, Pitt Kennedy, Charlie Macroe, S. G. Sale, Arthur Phillips, C. P. Hill, C. J. Wilkinson, W. F. Agnew, Ernest Trevelyan, Griffith Evans, Gilbert Henderson. The only Indian Advocates were Messrs W. C. Bonnerjee and Mono Mohun Ghose. On the whole it was a British Bar and exceptionally strong one and worthy of the Judges before whom it practised.

He won his spurs by perseverance, knowledge and ability, diligently cultivated, till at last he rose steadily upwards to one of the highest offices that the Government of India has to bestow that of Standing Counsel. In this high post, he officiated on four different occasions *viz.*, (1) from the 29th March 1881 to 21st November 1882 (2) from 26th March 1882 to 21st December 1884; (3) from 25th September 1884 to 21st November 1886; (4) from 16th March to 9th November 1887. At considerable sacrifice of time and money he defended such popular leader as Babu Surendro Nath Bannerjee during the Contempt case in 1883 and that old, honest and true friend of India—Mr. Robert Knight, the Editor of the *Statesman and friend of India*, in the famous Burdwan libel case in 1887. In fact he was forerunner to Messrs B. C. Mitter and S. P. Sinha.

He edited the Hindu Wills Act of 1872 which is still a standard book in the subject.

In early eighties he became at the instance of Mr. Justice Pigot, then Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, a member of the Syndicate of the Calcutta University. In 1884, he became President of the Law faculty.

He occupied a prominent position in the Masonic Lodge of Bengal.

HIS POLITICAL CAREER.

Mr. Bonnerjee's zeal for the reform of the existing bureaucratic form of Government of India had developed in his mind which he was a student in England, long before he took an active part in Congress movement. It was he who helped the late Babu Grees Chunder Ghose, the late Editor, *Bengalee* in starting the *Bengalee* Newspaper by getting types, press for his friend and patron Babu Kali Prosono Singhee

It is no wonder that when the Indian National Congress was founded by Allan Hume, he found an active supporter in Mr. Bonnerjee. In its very incipient stage, when the people of Bombay held its inaugural meeting in December 1885, Mr. Bonnerjee was elected President. Again in 1892 he was elected President in Allahabad. In 1893, when the Bengal Council was expanded, Mr. Bonnerjee sat in the Bengal Legislative Council as a member from the Calcutta University. In 1886, Mr. Bonnerjee lent his house in Park Street, Calcutta, for the use of the delegates that assembled in the Metropolis. It may not be in the knowledge of the public, that Mr. Bonnerjee secretly supplied the 'sinews of war' for the up-keep of the Parliamentary Committee in England for ventilation of grievances in British Parliament.

Hard work told upon his constitution. He got a partial attack of Diabetes and lived in England in his Kidderpore House Croydon. He could not remain idle there. He lectured in various places on India and her grievances to enlighten British public opinion about India.

In 1876-77, he built splendid house in Kidderpore where he born and lived there till it was acquired by Government for Kidderpore Dockyard. Then he purchased a house, in Croydon, in 1880, England which was called Kidderpore House. In Calcutta, he purchased 6, Park Street (now 24, Park street) which was formerly occupied by high officials and distinguished personages. In May 1892, he lost his mother, who died in Benares to whom he was very much attached. He spent a good deal in charity in celebration of *shrad* of his mother. In 1893, his son Mr. Shelly Krishna Komol Bonnerjee come out as a Barrister. In 1894-5 and thence forward he used to take active interest in the management of the Oriental Seminary. He gave it a permanent footing by registering it under Act 47 of 1829.

Mr. Bonerjee had four sons and four daughters. His third son Sarat Krishna Keats died in 1890. His second son Mr. Kali Krishna Wood Bonerjee is a practising advocate of Rangoon. His youngest son Mr. Ratan Krishna Curran Bonerjee is a rising advocate of Calcutta High Court. His eldest daughter Mrs. Nalini Blair lives with her husband Mr. Blair, a Barrister of Liverpool. His third daughter has married after his death with Mr. A. N.

Chowdhuri, brother of Mr. A. Chowdhuri of Calcutta Bar. His youngest daughter was married with Mr. P. K. Mazumdar, Bar-at-Law, Calcutta.

HIS CHARITY.

The highest duty of man, according to Mr. Bonnerjee, was serving the humanity. His charity was very secret. His principle was 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand does. He helped the needy. He rendered pecuniary assistance to the indigent students.

In 1902, May 2nd, he left for England to practise in the Judicial Committee of His Majesty's Privy Council. He tried though unsuccessfully to represent Barrow-on-Firms in the British Parliament in 1895. Again there was every chance of his return for Wolverhampton in 1904 when he was asked by medical advisers to abstain for politics altogether for the sake of his health. His health was broken but he worked strenuously for the cases he took in his hand. He soon secured a very lucrative practice in England. He worked up to the last. He was suffering from Bright's disease to which he succumbed in July 22, 1906.

The Court-room of the Chief Justice was crowded on July 22, with barristers, attorneys and vakils before the regular business of the different courts had commenced, to hear expressions of regret at the death of Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee which took place in England on Saturday.

On the acting Chief Justice, Sir Chunder Madhub Ghose and the other Judges taking their seats, Mr. S. P. Sinha, the officiating Advocate-General, addressing the Chief Justice and other Judges, said:—

It is my painful duty to announce to your lordships the melancholy intelligence which reached Calcutta yesterday morning of the death in England of Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee who for many years had practised as an Advocate of this Court. Born in the year 1844, Mr. Bonnerjee was called to the Bar by the Society of the Middle Temple on the 11th June 1867, and about a year afterwards he was enrolled as an Advocate of this Court in November 1868. From that time onwards, almost continuously, he practised in this Court until the year 1902. His career at the Bar was one of exceptional brilliance. Within a few years he almost reached to the top of his

profession. On the Original side, I venture to think, there has not been, for at least many years, a practitioner in whom the Judges, the Attorneys, and litigating public had the same amount of confidence as they had in Mr. Bonnerjee. After having attained the highest practice possible on the Original side, Mr. Bonnerjee commenced to practise in the Appellate side and his success on that side was rapid as on the Original side of this Court.

A sound lawyer, a perfect draughtsman, and a brilliant cross-examiner, Mr. Bonnerjee was to many of us the ideal of a perfect Advocate of this Court. His merit was appreciated both by the public and the Government of this country, and in 1883 (*sic.*) he was appointed to act as Standing Counsel to the Government of India, which appointment he held for more than four years. He was also a fellow of the University of Calcutta, and, as a fellow of that University, he sat in the local Legislature for nearly two years. And in every phase of life, Mr. Bonnerjee displayed equal prominence. To us whom he has left behind his name and example will always be one which we shall try to emulate. We can only express to the bereaved family the deep sympathy which the Bar feels for them in their great loss.

Babu Ram Charn Mitter, senior Government Pleader and Babu Kally Nath Mitter the senior Attorney, also pitifully expressed the regret of their colleagues.

The Chief Justice's tribute.—His Lordship the Chief Justice said:—I need hardly assure you that I and my brother Judges have heard about the death of Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee with very great sorrow. Speaking for myself, I may tell you that every word that has fallen from you finds ready response in my heart. The death of Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee is indeed a great loss to the great profession to which he was an ornament, and I may say one of the highest ornaments. By his industry and perseverance, and aided by the natural thoroughness with which he always discharged his onerous duties, he won for himself the admiration both of the Bench and the Bar, and I may also, of the public generally; and he attained for himself a most prominent position at the Bar of the Court, a position which I think had never been attained before by any Indian gentlemen. He also filled the high office Standing Counsel with Crown with great credit to himself for some years. Amongst Indians he occupied, if I may

say so, a unique position. He was held by his countrymen in the highest exteem, and I am always certain that his death will be deeply regretted by most of our countrymen as a national loss. After he retired from this country he practised for several years before the Privy Council, and there also he achieved a prominent position. Even while practising before the Privy Council he always interested himself in matter which concerned India, and, what I value most, he took the liveliest interest in those who went to England for their education. Indeed, to some of them he acted as their kind guardian. I have no doubt, gentlemen, that the death of Mr. Bonnerjee will be mourned by all. I on my own behalf and on behalf of my brother Judges desire to express our deepest sympathy and to offer to the family of the deceased, and to every one of them, our sincerest condolence.

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